

OPALS and AGATE'S



OR
SCENES under the SOUTHERN CROSS
and THE MAGELLANS



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OPALS AND AGATES ;

OR,

SCENES UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

AND

THE MAGELHANS :

BEING

MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS

OF

AUSTRALIA AND POLYNESIA.

With Fine Illustrations.

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THE AUTHOR
DEDICATES THIS BOOK
TO THE
GIRL PATRIOTS, PAST AND PRESENT,
OF AUSTRALASIA,
WHO BELIEVE IN THEIR NATIVE COUNTRY, WITH ALL ITS
FAULTS, FOR THE SAKE OF ITS MANY PERFECTIONS, AND WHO ARE PROUD,
AND NOT ASHAMED, OF ITS POINTS OF DIFFERENCE FROM OTHER LANDS.
SO, TO THEM ARE HEREBY INSCRIBED SUCH
“OPALS AND AGATES”
AS THE WRITER HAS BEEN ABLE TO FIND, BY THE WAYSIDE,
IN HIS
MANY WANDERINGS,
IN THIS GREAT SOUTHERN
WORLD.



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PREFACE.

AT the suggestion of friends, I have herein collated, for publication, some rambling recollections, drawn from a diary that was first started in 1846. I hold that, neither the era of Dampier (*circa* 1690), nor of Cook (in 1770), nor of Macquarie (in 1820), bears so deep an interest for posterity as those fateful, stirring years, during which, thanks to her gold, Australia rose, from being a mere convicts' wilderness, to become one of the most advanced and interesting countries in the world. And, besides this, not only is truth, at times, stranger, and more readable, than fiction, but a book, which is destitute, alike, of dialogue, plot, or hero, and in no way built upon the orthodox lines of the three-volume novel, may still—if it follows humbly in the wake of such guides as “Robinson Crusoe,” or the “Essays of Elia”—hope to find some readers; so, I venture.

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 ERRATA.

- Page 28—"Strutted" should be "strolled."
 Page 121—"Brunton Stephen's" should be "Stephens's."
 Page 124—"Life Guards" should be "Horse Guards."
 Page 163—"They would" should be "would."
 Page 192—"Couple" should be "a couple."
 Page 216—"Seringifolia" should be "*Syringifolia*."
 Page 275—"Army" should be "Navy."



. In sooth she seemed
A marv'lon's wench : gifted and crowned with youth's
Immortal seal of peerless, priceless beauty :
Dower magnificent !—Nor, save once, bestowed
On each fair damsel while she walks *this* earth :
And, then, for brief time only.

The time was just before sunrise : the scene was one of those delicious "bits" of Australian bush, wattle scented, breeze swept, gemmed with hill and dale, soothed with the sound, and enlivened with the sight, of falling water—a place where the "magpie" and butcher bird warbled in blithe *contralto* chorus their matin song, and the pale wood smoke curled slowly upwards from the station chimneys. Wyndômel Station was 80 miles from the sea, placed just where the eastern escarpment of the Great Cordillera of the island continent blends with, and merges into, those swelling downs, crowned with rich pastoral herbage, born of volcanic soil, where the grass alone contains all the nutriment of solid ripened grain, and where the sour thin herbage of the sea-board lands is as a thing forgotten. Wyndômel was a fine "run," and, as a former owner said of it, "If the most experienced squatter had imagined and got made to order, a piece of perfect country, his highest soarings might have fallen short of this." There were little undulating open plains, covered with the sweetest grasses (from a cow's point of view), dotted with blue and yellow flowers for miles at a stretch, till it really from the hills did look like a carpet. These plains were separated from one another by small belts of park-like open timber, which formed here and there into jutting promontories of wood, sloping from the low hills out into the open sea of grass and dividing it into bays, as it were ; the trees were low and spreading on these clumps on the Downs, and it was only as you ascended into the heart of the Main Range that you came to the deep chocolate coloured soil, and were astonished with the huge, straight trunks of the tall and deeply-rooted old forest giants which grew there : fellows 150 feet high and 40 feet round the butt.

Delicious clear little brooks and creeks flowed east and west from the great watershed, 'mid pleasant green wattle country on the cloud-melting shoulders of the Great Cordillera, and were all comprised in the property; for Wyndómel extended to the foot of the Range easterly, and 25 miles from its watershed westerly, where its lowest point was 1,700 feet above the sea; the house was 2,200 feet, and the main peak easterly, the giant Kunghi, rose to 3,500 feet. Fat and well favoured were the cattle and sheep of the owner of the property, and every cow and ewe which brought forth its young was unconsciously adding to the heritage and wealth of his two girls, with the forms of women and the beauty of children, like most of the better *Australiennes*. Lucy and Laura were their names, native born; a Helen of Troy and a fairer Cleopatra of Egypt on their complexions; blonde and brunette, respectively; they were girls who could ride, swim, and perform very well at the piano, and very little at billiards and archery. Lucy was a healthy damsel, with matchless teeth, and cheeks in which a delicate, creamy, sunburnt brown faintly overspread the pink and white groundwork of her skin. She was generally known as "Old King Cole" by familiar friends, on account of her unflagging spirits and good temper. Laura had a more *spirituelle* look; dark, big dreamy eyes, with an attractive half-frightened look in them, and dark as were her hair and eyes there was a freckle or two visible on her fair face; and wherever nature could plant a dimple, whether on ankle, elbow, wrist, or chin, there it was in all its beauty; but, with her perfect *physique*, she was a matter-of-fact girl, intelligent, but not profound, full of health, and natural in manner, and, having little or no sentiment in her composition, was extra dangerous to "spoony" men. I like to be exact in the description of my heroines, so I may at once state that Lucy weighed nine stone, and was five feet three inches. Laura was ten stone, five feet five inches, and each of them was seven times as long as her foot, a proof that they were well proportioned. One striking point about Laura was her beautiful hair. When "down" it nearly hid her from view; when "up" it packed into so small a compass that you would have thought how little she had of it. It was that exquisitely fine straight silky hair, which, when stowed away, shows nothing of itself, but leaves the little shapely head to be seen in all its classic beauty—the pretty head of an Artemis, but not of a Minerva, with its unfeminine width at the back, where that useful, but unsightly, "bump" of caution (vouchsafed to a percentage, only, of the sex) "hangs out."

There was a son, Walter, older than either of the girls, and who at the time was on a visit to England for the first time in his life. The mother was well dowered, and the father, Mr. Delpard, had been a navy man and seen service before the Crimean war, and the fortune he had received with his wife had enabled him to buy and stock the Wyndômel run. Walter was travelling in Europe in order to obtain that knowledge of the world which adds such keenness to the zest with which an Australian born man, or woman, of the better class, enjoys life ; for, the untravelled denizens of Old England are blind to one-third of its attractions and scope for enjoyment.

There was one other resident at the Wyndômel head station, in the person of a young gentleman, only a year out from England. He was the son of one of those iron-nerved Peninsular captains whom the times and the exigencies of the years 1809-1812 appear to have called into action. His father married late in life, and Clement Tyrrell, his only son, and a relative of Mrs. Delpard, had, with some sacrifice, been blessed with a university education. Clement was acquiring what is called "colonial experience," by living at Wyndômel and joining in the station work of all kinds—one of those free gentlemen apprentices who can only in this way learn to become practical squatters. A clue to his character may be obtained from the following incident. There was once a great dinner party at the station, and poor Clement had felt very jealous at the attention bestowed on the fair-haired Lucy (the mistress of all his heart) by some of the wealthy neighbouring young squires, and when he thought of his present poverty, and the years that must elapse ere he could become like one of his rivals, he felt inclined to despair. Better thoughts took possession of him before he slept that night, and he said to himself : "She is not for me ; certainly, not yet ; perhaps never. 'Work' is to be my sole mistress for many years, and after I have worshipped and served *Her* to the full, and when she has smiled on me in mind and body, then I may with better grace approach the daughter of Hugh Delpard."

But I must hark back a little, and tell my readers how *I* came to know Wyndômel at all. Well, in the year of grace 1849 I was a young and restless cockney, with no parents to tie me to England, and with rich relatives settled in Australia. I was weary of walking excursions to Cheshunt on the north, and Chiselhurst on the south ; tired of Hampton Court on the west, and Sheerness and Rochester on the east ; so I found myself one day in the London Docks eyeing the "Mary Bannatyne" for China, and the "Hendrick Hudson" for

New York, with a Robinson Crusoe sort of feeling tugging at my heart, and I got my boxes packed by the deft fingers of pretty cousin Lizzie (long since with the angels, bless her), and shipped me in the "Calcutta" for Hobart with other passengers, Bisdees, Pettingells, and Thomsons on board, bound for Gipps Land, Font Hill Abbey, Jericho, and other classic spots in Tasmania (you must not judge of them by names). The Bay of Biscay was smooth and warm this June, albeit the South Foreland upset our stomachs "a wee." (A drink of salt water, it may here be remarked, is the best cure for *mal de mer*). Dimly the Lizard had faded from our sight, and the light of Ushant was the last glimmer of Europe seen by us. All went smoothly till we were near the Cape of Storms, and then *the* tempest of the century came on us. Never, even on the wild coast of Oregon, or off the breezy Leeuwin, amidst its towering seas, did I ever see such vast waves; one before us, one behind us, each a half mile away, and one on each side, bounded all our view of the outside world; only four waves in sight, but *such* giants as they were. When becalmed and stationary in the watery hollow, a relentless billow struck us abaft, sent the stern boat into chips, drove the "Calcutta's" whole fore-castle bodily into the sea, flooded the decks right up to the rail, and for a moment and more it was a question as to foundering, for "old teak built" was deep waisted, and drew 19 feet of water on a burden of 500 tons only. The water was warm, though in the depth of winter, and it must have come down the Mozambique Channel from hot Zanzibar, and the cross current made this awful sea. But we were not to be drowned that time. The ports were knocked out, and up she rose minus her jibboom, minus her fore-topmast and maintop gallant mast, the bowsprit sprung and the live stock overboard. We concluded to heave to and wait a bit after this hint. What a tale the very sight of a worn out ship can tell to an imaginative mind! There (say) lies the old "Hebrides," with her vast bows and carved quarter galleries on the North shore of the Thames, below Blackwall, ready to be broken up. Grand old "hooker" your history is past! You have lived your life bravely out, and have led no passengers or crew to a watery grave; you never damaged a package of cargo, and your record is a long and a clean one. Poor dead old Indiaman! Voyage after voyage your ample breadth of beam hath defied alike the levelling hurricane of the Antilles and the fierce cyclone of the Maldives. You, the ship who had borne in the days when 1825 and 1835 were the dates on our almanacs, Governor-Generals' wives and fair "coveys" of muslin clothed girls to far off India and matrimony.

But to return to the *living* ship "Calcutta." It is a strange thing—to a reflective mind, and one that takes in the realities of the position—to find oneself far out at sea, and watch the ever receding frothy wake of the ship. It is not so nice as it looks to be, when you realise that there are 15,000 feet deep of salt water under your feet, thousands of miles of it sideways in every direction, and that the nearest bit of hard land near to you is covered with oozy mud three miles straight downwards. So, it is pleasant to turn from such considerations to the nightly whist, and to see the jovial skipper quaff his punch out of a silver-mounted cocoanut shell, which imparts the same flavour to "grog" as does pewter to beer. The "Calcutta's" passage ended at last, and a few days after we had seen the great masses of kelp afloat off Cape Leeuwin (the south-west point of New Holland) we sniffed the delicious land odours from the south-west Cape of Van Diemen's Land, grateful as a new mown hay field to us brine-wearied voyagers. On, past the "Mewstone," which sits proudly on the water like a lion, and quite eclipsing its older namesake in the English Channel. What a dark looking shore it was! The olive foliage, so different from the light green of England. But on we sailed by the basaltic pillared capes, and turned up Storm Bay, past the "Iron Pot" Lighthouse, and so on to our anchorage in front of the gorgeous panorama of Hobart Town, glowing, *a la* Naples, in the sun, and looking like some rich-toned drop scene at the Lyceum in this glorious mid-October. A clean, stone-built, beautifully rising city, but so small after London to my Cockney eyes, as yet innocent of bush solitude. So it was good-bye for a time to Lea bridge and Epping, and the limpid anchorage at Sheerness. But the scene possessed what London did not. The magnificent broad old Mount Wellington as a new background to its scenery, with the snow crowning its table top, and running adown its ravines like a Vandyke collar of white, its summit being 4,200 feet over the beautiful estuary of the Derwent River, on which Hobart is built; and the wonderful stupendous basaltic "Organ Pipes," 700 feet perpendicular, near the top, appearing to support, like pillars, his "diadem of snow." But I had no heart then for scenery. I wanted to see my mother's youngest sister, who had been to me a mother when my own one died years before, and whose marriage to a well-known brewer of Sydney had settled her, and for hygienic reasons, at one of his numerous malting barley farms at Bagdad, 18 miles from Hobart, with another at Ticehurst, near Richmond (V. D. L.)

Ashore went I, and on to the box of a well-appointed four-horse

coach, which ran then from Hobart to Launceston daily each way, 122 miles. The first thing which struck me on landing was the old-fashioned look of the people. The women of the middle and lower class were attired in the "rig" of 20 years back. Battered old velveteen poke bonnets, and shabby plaid shawls; for the "fashions" took a couple of decades in those days to reach all the classes in Australia. Van Diemen's Land was the last place on earth where the real old English four-horse stage coach survived in its full *business* glory of basket, blunderbuss, bugle horn, boot, guard, red panels and all, and it travelled, also, over the finest road in the world, macadamized for 122 miles, arched in the centre and drained at the sides, equal to Oxford or Regent street in "traversability," and all the work of unpaid convicts; and so beautifully graded that its highest point, "Spring Hill," 2,200 feet, was passed both up and down at full ten-mile trot by the splendid coach horses all the year round. It was only the glorious view from the highest part of the road that let you into the secret that you had got to the summit of a mountain range at all. Rival coach proprietors, Page and Hyrons, were employed at the time in sinking £10,000 apiece trying to run each other off the road, and they took passengers the full 122 miles from Hobart Town to Launceston for five shillings, with the finest coaches, horses, and drivers in the wide world.

I arrived at Bagdad, and was tearfully welcomed by the aunt I had last seen early in 1843 at Upper Clapton, and "so like your poor mother" was my first greeting in Australia. I was then introduced to her husband and a visitor, Captain George Harrison, R.N., who, with Captain Wickham, of Brisbane, did much marine surveying about the Straits of Magellan and Northern Australia in the early part of the century. I mention Harrison in order to bring in a story he told us. He was once much persecuted by the vapourings of a "dude" of the period at the Club. A wearisome creature, who decried all Australia, and vowed there was not a building in the country to be compared with his friend Lord Mythman's stables, and so forth. "You are quite right" said Harrison at last to him; "it *is* a beastly country this, and as soon as my time is up I'm off of it. You know, of course, that I got seven years in London for pocket-picking, and it will be over in another 18 months." What the "masher" of 1848 thought will never be known. His face was a study, and no matter whether he realized the hoax, or believed the tale, Harrison got his wish, and was troubled with no more boredom from that quarter.

I found myself in a new world at Bagdad. The trees were laden

with lovely parrots and parroquets, then worth a guinea apiece in London, but as common as larks or sparrows here. There was a hawthorn hedge round the garden, and huge sweetbriar trees growing wild by the road side and big haystacks in the farm yard ; but the house was quite a gentleman's seat, with beagles in the yard and hunters in the stable. My bedroom was a novelty to me, panelled with sweet-scented woods, never seen in England. The toilet service (from Canton) was scenic china on a foundation of sheet copper. When morning came the breakfast surprised me. Never before had I seen such tiny "merino" mutton chops, and sardines (then a new luxury in London) were here too. But all was not "skittles and beer," for cooks "did not grow on trees" in Van Diemen's Land in '49, and the pie crust was "adamantine." I had brought with me in the "Calcutta" a renovating supply of glass and china in huge hogsheads from Spode and Copeland, at Lambeth, for my aunt, as convict servants were great as smashers of crockery, and though she often lured the steward, or cabin boy, of some English packet ship to take service at Bagdad as footman or "buttons," still, as a rule, the colonial "prisoner" article had to be fallen back on ; and all the farm hands, except the overseer, were of that class. But, despite all drawback, life was pleasant in Tasmania then, and the society, like the roads, was the best in Australia, and plenty of it did I meet in the old house at Bagdad. Amongst the elderly was the widow of Commissary Laidley, of Sydney, in 1829. Amongst the young was a midshipman of the frigate "Havannah," then lying at Hobart, the Hon. Mr. Ashley (son of the philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury, who, unlike some Earls, laboured for and loved his fellow creatures for two-thirds of a century), and who now, I believe, is the Earl himself ; Major Tylee, R.E., and others ; but it was all the same wherever you went in Van Diemen's Land. Nice houses, some with marble pillars in the hall, like Cox's at "Clarendon ;" carriages, some with postillions on the horses (as Mrs. Dunn, at Hobart, had) ; and the backbone of society composed of retired army, navy, and commissariat men and their families, than whom no better colonists can be wished for. And it is just as good, too, in the north of the island, and around Westbury could be found families that vied with those about New Norfolk, in the south, in all that tended to hospitality, social happiness, and refinement.

Victoria at this time was chiefly settled by emigrants from Tasmania, whose original flocks of 200 each had increased to 20,000, and more, apiece, and who were now full blown "squatters." New

South Wales was wealthy, but still struggling with the old Botany Bay legacies, and their inevitable train. South Australia, save for the "Burra Burra," was yet in the infancy of her copper and wheat achievements; while Queensland and New Zealand were in their babyhood also.

By way of bracing myself for a colonial life, I made, with Dr. W. L. Crowther, of Hobart, the perilous ascent of Mount Wellington. I say "perilous," for, some time previously two midshipmen of the "Zebra," man-of-war, had gone up. One was never again seen or heard of, and the other was found, a week later, raving mad from terror and privation, through being lost in the dense bush. He turned up at a small settlement, seven miles from the mountain, but could give no account of his later wanderings. However, this did not deter us. We started before daylight from Dr. Crowther's house and his cherry garden, and here a word or two as to the climate of Van Diemen's Land at Hobart Town. It resembles that of France more than that of England, though at mid-summer and at mid-winter it corresponds exactly with that of London. But where the difference exists is, that the spring comes on six weeks earlier than it does in London. The autumn is longer and the winter shorter than in Middlesex. The English potatoes we brought from the Thames in the "Calcutta" had perished by the time we had been six weeks at sea, while those brought home from Hobart on the voyage *before* ours lasted us good *all the way out again*. Such is the vitalising effect of virgin soil. Well, to resume.

Dr. Crowther and I, armed with some sandwiches and a flask of brandy (of which more anon), began our ascent in the small hours before the dawn. Passing Degraives's brewery, we toiled up past the sassafras bushes to the Fern Tree Gully, fully 2,500 feet, where we concluded to breakfast; but, upon uncorking the brandy, we found it had been put in a bottle that once held turpentine. Anathemas! and then, happy thought! we handed the bottle over to a poor man, clothed in the yellow and black harlequin suit which marks the lowest grade of convict, and who was picking and shovelling a better road up the mountain, and as he had never tasted spirits for ten years at least, he did not object to the "turps" as long as there was *some* brandy in it, and so the worthy medico and I determined to breast the hill on cold water alone. On we went, and up we went—we were 2,500 feet high by 8 a.m.—and arrived at the "Ploughed Ground" in due course. This is a risky plain, quite covered with huge boulders, rounded, and some of them

20 feet in diameter, and you have to leap from one to another, and any slip between them would bury you out of sight, like an ant in a bag of marbles. Luckily they are not slippery, so we got over them all right, and by 11 a.m. we were on the summit of Mount Wellington, alongside of Lady Franklin's "cairn," and 4,196 feet over Storm Bay. The view from the top of a high mountain is, to me, disappointing; it is always far more picturesque half way up; everything is below you and merged into one level. There was the giant "Dromedary" (the height of Helvellyn and Skiddaw) out by my aunt's place at Bagdad, and near Glenorchy, and it looked like a black spot below us, the said spot being the summit centre; the "Dromedary" and Derwent are like Helvellyn and Thirlmere. Below us was Hobart Town; the streets like a map; the ships like emmets; the "Iron Pot" Lighthouse, on its long, low, narrow, sandy islet, looked like a man sitting up in a wager boat. I was very tired with the climb, and would have given much for a glass of sherry, but I had to be contented with some melted snow water, pellucid and prismatic as the liquid shown at a filter seller's shop in the Strand of London. The snow, where drifted against a rock, was in large crystals, like the squares in coarse salt. Away to the north and west of us stretched the endless tiers and ranges which lead to the "Frenchman's Cap," a crooked peak of 4,850 feet, and out beyond it to that dismal wilderness where nineteen escaped convicts and twenty-seven soldiers, who went in pursuit of them, were, it is said, swallowed up alike, and seen no more by mortal men. But the story of convicts and bushrangers is an old and oft told one, and I am not going to inflict it here. The doctor and I, having seen all that was to be seen from the top of the mountain, and having finished the sandwiches, began the descent by a more direct cut through the forest than the easier graded one we had ascended by, and here our troubles began. A mountain mist gathered and rain began to fall, and our way became uncertain. It was a fearful forest to struggle through, full of deep pits and fallen timber of enormous size. If you found a forest monarch, 150 feet long by six feet thick, lying prone, and barring your path, it would never do to waste time walking round him, but over him you had to climb, and perhaps to fall into a deep hole on the far side, clutching at coarse blady grass as you descend, grass which cut your hands like a knife would. Never in my life before, or since, did I perform so many gymnastic feats in the same space of time. Now a passage through dense underwood would tear my clothes, for I had to press on and keep in sight of the doctor, who had been up Mount

Wellington often before and was pioneering in front of me. Once I passed a huge lump of flesh in the bush. Was it a bit of the "Zebra's" midshipman, or only part of a kangaroo? *Quien Sabe?* *Es muerto*, whoever he was, and I had no time to stop, or even think, in that mad hurried descent of the awful south slope of "the Wellington." Let me draw a veil over the whole scene, which lasted from 11:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. on that long midsummer day of December, 1849. By the time we were clear of the mountain (for in the mist and rain we had travelled twice the needed distance) my new Wellington boots had turned their heels right up, and the little nails were looking me in the face. My trousers were tied, the tops to the bottoms, with pieces of string (torn asunder by the thickets at mid-thigh); the dye from my black vest was transferred to my skin in dark purple. I was so utterly unpresentable for the streets, that we had to send for and take a cab into the town, and here ended my first mountain climb in Australia, a matter of seventeen hours hard tramping and acrobatic work, without a rest or adequate sustenance. Dr. Crowther once took his mother up with a party, and they got into much the same trouble in descending that we did, and it was only with the aid of the powerful stimulant, opium, which he fortunately had with him, that the good old lady found strength to pull through the ordeal.

There was, at the time I write of, no "opening for a young man" in Van Diemen's Land. The country was all parcelled out, and still is, amongst the great families of the island, and those who wanted to "expand" had to go further afield. My ever kind uncle and Dr. Crowther were at that time fitting out a ship—the "Eudora," Captain Gourlay—for California, laden with timber, houses, and shop fronts, onions, and potatoes, all so saleable in the then new El Dorado, where onions had been 4s., and potatoes 1s., a lb., and they offered me the post of super-cargo, which I joyfully accepted, and before I bid adieu for a while to the south, let me give a proof of the surpassing excellence of the roads and coaches of Van Diemen's Land in those days.

One day I went across from Hobart to Launceston, 122 miles. We had General Wynyard and his daughter as passengers, and Frost, the coachman, was so pleased with his aristocratic freight that he kept the nags going, and put us through the journey in ten hours, including all stoppages to change horses and the mid-day meal at the Oatlands Hotel. *This* was "travelling," as all must admit, and over high mountains as well for part of the road (as before described).

I, of course, went to see the Hobart Town Anniversary Regatta of December, 1849. Dr. Crowther and I were moored where we could see everything. The whale-boat race was most interesting. The boats gaily painted, and with the "nose" at each end of them, always of a different colour from the middle, and every competing boat with its five 18 feet oars, and its 30 feet steer oar, had to carry harpoons, lances, lines, &c., down to the very last item, as if really after a whale in mid-ocean; or, it was disqualified. Geo. Chase's crew, in the "Aborigine," used to win frequently; the "Traveller" also, was a good boat. But, in one regatta, Sydney sent a crew of its champion scullers—men like Green and Mulhall, Punch and M'Grath—and pulled it off from Chase and Company. It mattered not that they were not all *bonâ fide* whalers, so long as they carried the lances, harpoons, &c. The ferry-boat race was a good one also. Little fore and aft schooners of 15 tons burden used to ply between Hobart Town and Kangaroo Point, across the harbour, in those days, and a race was always made up for them at each regatta.

A few words here as to the hotel at Oatlands, on the centre of the island. No part of Australia exactly resembles England; the differences force themselves on your notice wherever you go; but if a man would draw down the blinds, and refrain from looking out of the window at the scenery, grandeur, and gloom of the Table Mountain over Bothwell, he might, for once, fancy himself "at home" in the old country while dining at the "Royal Hotel," Oatlands, Tasmania, in 1849. The old-fashioned green woollen embroidered dinner mats, with knives and forks to match; the funny old hunting pictures on the walls of the room; the quaint sideboard, with its out-of-date appliances, in the shape of bygone electro-plated ware; the very English-smelling roast goose and rhubarb pie; the "Cascade" draught ale, brewed at Hobart, would all combine to make one think of the far away fishing and other dear old inns of the motherland, with her beechen glades and her trout brooks, unknown in Australia.

And now, at length, behold me fairly embarked on board the "Eudora," Captain Gourlay, for San Francisco, with my bills of lading securely fastened in the inner recesses of a pocket book. The good ship heeled over to the breeze as we slipped down Storm Bay, and, shortly, only the snow on Mt. Wellington could be seen from our decks. I pass over the sorrowful parting from my kind, fond aunt, who did not want me (at nineteen) to risk the dangers of early California any more than her loving mother in England wished me (her sole comfort) to go to Australia, even to her

daughter ; but young men are hard hearted when unknown lands and adventures lie temptingly before them ; and I never realised, till I grew older myself, the wrench to other hearts which I was the cause of, and so it will be, I suppose, to the end of the chapter. I was fearfully sea sick all the way to New Zealand, and a packet of musk in my cabin (which was the larboard stern one) made me still worse. We were off the "Traps and Snares," the southern point of New Zealand on New Year's Eve, '49-50, and coming on deck about 11 p.m. in the clear full summer moonlight, I was surprised by an unwonted sight. Some exemplary Scotch people, whom I never before, nor since, caught forgetting themselves, were employed in a sort of free skirmish all over the decks, cuffing and wrestling with hearty good will. Crew and passengers, some, but not all, were involved in the fray, while an English sailor, John Mayfield, held the wheel, calmly steering over the smooth, moonlit sea, looking on with supreme indifference at revels into whose spirit he could not enter, not being Scotch. Now, for myself, English as I am, I revere the Caledonian character, with its ingrained self-respect and plodding, self-denying perseverance (not to continue the catalogue of good qualities), and I fairly worship Scotch music, reels and plaintive airs alike, and never fail to lift my hat to the world-uniting hymn of "Auld Lang Syne" as I would to "God Save the Queen ;" but, for the life of me, I never yet could make out why Scotchmen should go mad and cease to be themselves on New Year's Eve. We had intended to touch, and fill up with water, at New Zealand, but deceived (like the captain of St. Paul's ship) by a spanking fair wind, we held on past it for Tahiti, and were, soon after, caught in the repellent embraces of Euroclydon, a ceaseless north-easter, and with 80 souls (crew, cabin, and steerage) on board, we were soon on the famine allowance of a pint and a-half of fresh water each *per diem* for all hands, fore and aft, served out at 9 a.m. on the poop by the steward, to do what we liked with it, and this, in January and February in the southern tropic, is a matter which must be endured in order to be realised. Salt water soap allowed us to bathe still, but as for soup and tea, and the like, they "ceased;" the cook would have boiled it all away. We had champagne, claret, and bottled beer, all useless for thirst, and it was melancholy for us at midnight to hear through the saloon bulkheads the thirsty babes and children talk in their sleep and murmur "Drint o' yorter, Ma." My plan was to mix a little lime juice and sherry with the water, and drink once only in the 24 hours, and then out of a bottle. Nobody died ; some suffered and some did

not ; I was amongst the latter. I am very patient of thirst, and I never even carried a pannikin in my thousands of miles of solitary bush rides in Queensland summer time, but if some of us young fellows had not "subscribed" a daily gill apiece out of our scanty allowance to aid the "hot coppers" of the confirmed old "pawnee" drinkers on board, some of *them* might have gone under. We were kept at sea, baffled by this wind, till we got down to ten inches of water in the last tank—which, all must admit, was rather a "tight fit" for 80 people in such hot weather—when we sailed into the fairy bay of Papiete, on Otaheite. What a jump! From Regent street to Otaheite, and bread fruit. The day before this, I had climbed to the top-gallant yard to view the conical spiky peaks of the island of Eimeo, and, when I came down, my example was followed by young Wales, the son of the Police Magistrate at Morven, Van Diemen's Land, and two of the sailors (not liking this intrusion on their domain) followed him up the rigging with rope yarns round their necks, wherewith to bind (till he paid a forfeit) this too-aspiring youth ; but he was "clear grit," for, coolly waiting till "Johnny Flatfoot" was within a few inches of him, Wales slid like lightning down the top-gallant backstay to the deck, ruining his "pants" with tar and "barking" his palms a bit, but triumphant as a native Australian "Hamilton Tighe," should be, and leaving his would-be captors lamenting, and laughed at by all hands. The boy had "been to sea" before.

Tahiti has the full tropical beauty of Ceylon multiplied by three, with the *per contra* tiger and cobra business totally eliminated. The harbour of Papiete is a semi-circular bay, like a bow, the string of which is a coral reef with one opening in it, enclosing a harbour smooth as the Docks of London. I now found myself in an atmosphere and temperature like unto the palm house at Kew, or Loddige's hot house at Hackney, with the odour of guavas and oranges hanging about.

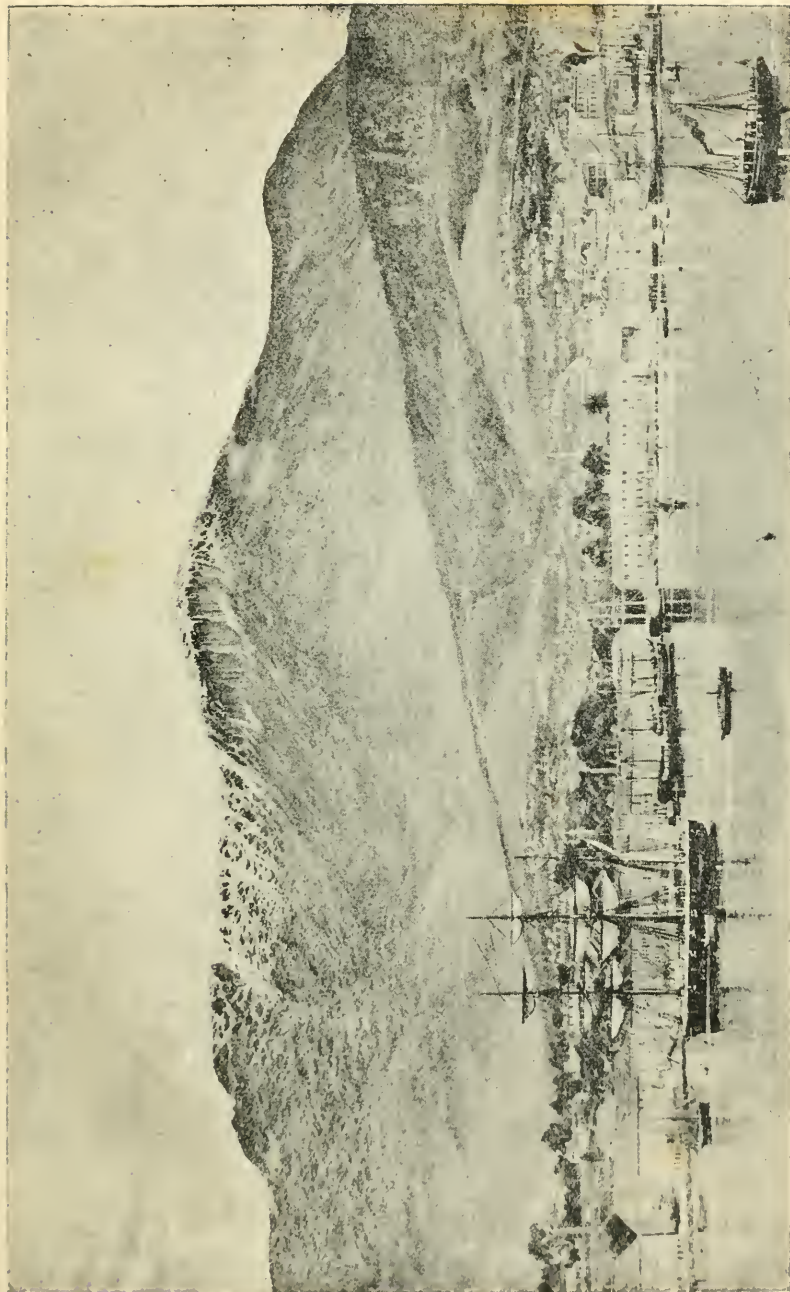
Otaheite was pronounced a thorough "success" by all hands, fore and aft, in the "Eudora." A pretty island, with a tiny palace on it, adorned the centre of the harbour, and Papiete was not half the dull place one would have looked to find, 40 years ago, in a remote Pacific island. The French had taken Tahiti by force from the natives. There had been a fight on a large scale, and under a lofty monument, duly inscribed, reposed a number of the officers and men of the "Uranie" frigate who had fallen in the conflict, quite as disastrous as a subsequent German loss at Samoa. The middle-aged queen, called by the family and titular name of "Pomare," had a

husband much younger and handsomer than herself. The men *are* handsome in those islands, for when I came down the day before from the "Eudora's" cross-trees we were boarded by young men in an outrigger canoe from Eimeo, who, as they sat on our bulwarks, showed the profiles and heads of Antinous and Achilles, with an air of unconscious and unpretentious dignity and manners only to be met with in the higher class of European youths. They bartered with us their beautiful mother-of-pearl fish hooks for any trifle we could spare, and their noble heads, bound with fillet and a feather, disappeared over the side as we sailed onwards for Tahiti, whose queen was distinguished by a black satin cassock. She was about 40, and her aquiline husband 30 years of age. The small-eared beautiful girls of Tahiti wore cassocks also, but made of gaily coloured cotton prints only, and with a flower in each ear for a pendant, and some sweet-scented native flower oil on their long straight black hair. Never walking far, never carrying burdens; always swimming, or canoeing, they had diminutive hands and feet to match. Not so, however, with some old chiefs, who were pointed out to me as having remembered Captain Cook's visit, 70 years before, in their early childhood, and their white heads, and their legs and feet swollen to the size and shape of a log of wood with *elephantiasis*, certainly gave them, as they sat in a row, an air of great antiquity. They appear to be a longer lived race than the Sandwich islanders, as well as far handsomer. The kings of Hawaii follow each other in quick succession, as well as the queens. I met one of the latter, once Miss Emma Rooke, a slender creole-looking half-caste girl of 14, later in 1850. I sold to her father, Dr. Rooke, of Honolulu, a frame house, ex "Eudora," and on my calling to collect the doubloons, she officiated for him, as he was out. She was a grand-daughter of John Young, one of the companions of Vancouver, and she married the fourth Kamehameha, and she became the plump and popular Queen Emma, who was made so much of by Queen Victoria in England in 1865-66, and who deserved it, for she went home to beg for the missionaries. She had the same large, kindly, luminous, half-sad, half-winning eyes when I saw her as a girl, and all through life, and she died untimely in 1885, the death of their only child having killed her husband with grief many years before. But I am digressing, and forgetting that I am at Tahiti at present, and not yet at Honolulu. I met at Papiete the yacht "Wanderer," of the R. Y. S., in charge of her owner, Ben Boyd, Esq., of Twofold Bay, New South Wales. She was a pretty and luxurious vessel, with a richly furnished cabin that extended nearly her whole length, and full of

skins and garnered curiosities from all parts, to say nothing of piano, bookshelves, and sofas. On deck, amidships, was a long smart-looking brass 18-pounder. I had some earnest talk with Mr. Boyd, who had just come down from the North Pacific, and was on his way back to New South Wales, which, by the way, he never reached, for he was murdered soon after, *en route*, by the savages at Guadalcanar, Solomon Islands, and I was one of the last white men who saw him alive. He told me it would be useless for me to take my Tasmanian hardwood timber to glutted San Francisco; that the Yankees would not use it for firewood even; that they had not a tool amongst them that would touch any but the Huon pine which I had with me also (a more beautiful wood than bird's eye maple), and that I had better call in and sell out at Honolulu, where a good and virgin market existed, and I took his advice. Tahiti was anything but dull at this time. The French military bands, and those of the men-of-war, rendered evening music on the beach, such as neither the Melbourne, nor the Sydney, of those days could match with their regimental bands. The massive foreyard of the "Sybille" frigate, like a fallen gum tree, lay on the shore where it had been floated for repairs. A well-kept, tropical-thatched French hotel on the beach dispensed glorious claret with a divine rough *bouquet*, and one drank it rapturously out of coffee cups, or whatever came handy; it needed no coddling in any shaped glass. They had a cunning method, too, of frying tomatoes in eschalots and vinegar, and could work up bananas into all sorts of artful pastry, for the Frenchman's mission is to cook, the Briton's is to eat, ask no questions, and be thankful. The thin, pale, sour, bottled ale from Paisley was execrable, though the *parfait amour* and other liqueurs were quite up to the mark for a Polynesian island far from civilization; but I am free to confess that, while at Chilian *posada*, or East Polynesian hotel, one misses the dear old malt and hops, for which the *aguardiente* and the red, yellow, and green liqueurs are no earthly substitute.

A "wag" amongst our passengers vowed that the Tahitians *must* be of Irish extraction, for their form of salutation was invariably, "Yure 'anner;" and, joking apart, there *are* in some Pacific Islands certain rites observed, analagous to those enjoined by the Mosaic law. Query? How did they travel from Mesopotamia to Polynesia? or were they originated in the latter place? *Quien sabe?* We passengers of the "Eudora" got a noble dinner served up to us in that hotel *a la Francais*. Queen Pomare's 70 feet carved canoe was sheltered from the sun under a thatch roof on a bed of bamboo

leaves, and it was here that, for the first time in my life, I heard the romantic hum of the tropic mosquito, a cousin of the gnats and midges of the dear old Essex lanes. It was an Æolian harp-like sound, that suggested ideas of verandah courtship by starlight, the glass at 80°, what time the land breeze would cut off the head of every roller, that, day and night, ceaselessly moaned and beat on the guardian coral reef of enchanted Tahiti, and would blow the top spray out to sea again. We had to stop several days here in order to get in all the water we required for 80 people, with the primitive local appliances, so an excursion was planned for three of us—namely, Wales, myself, and Turner (a surveyor, who afterwards settled at Oahu), to ascend to the mountain stronghold of the island, the last defence from which the natives had been driven, and only then because they deemed it inaccessible, and therefore impregnable, and not necessary to be guarded. But they had, alas! to deal with that active Zouave breed of biped cats, who, six years later, scaled the “Malakhoff” at Sebastopol and dropped inside, a veritable Niagara of 30,000 irrepressible red breeches; and the Tahiti warriors (who had never heard of such things as ladders) found the enemy, armed to the teeth, suddenly in the midst of their garrison, and all was over. It was to this mountain fastness, nearly 4,000 feet above the sea, that we started to climb. Five times we had to cross a beautiful little crystal river, 80 feet wide and three feet deep, and didn't I get a fine sore throat next day from the wetting; but our doctor (a brother of Eusebius Lloyd, of St. Bartholomew's, London) soon sent it “flying” with a gargle of dilute sulphuric acid. Lovely was the scenery, and fertile the soil, as we began and continued the ascent. Cones of rock, 1,000 feet high, rich in lichens, and veiled with flowering creepers, towered by the side of our route. The wild ginger threw out its gnarled tubers under our feet. Grand timber trees, solid and hard as teak or ebony, made up the forest, in company with the bread fruit, guava (which scented the air), “mammee” apples, papaws, oranges, limes, lemons, bananas, &c. It will be noted that, unlike the forest of Australia, nearly everything that grew here was food of some sort, and it, with the easily caught fish and pigs of the country, made up a bill of fare, which caused anything like hunting, or hard labour, to be as out of fashion and uncalled for, as hunger, thirst, and want, were. Amongst the foods of Polynesia I must not forget to mention “po-i” (two syllables, please), a kind of blue arrowroot, made up by pounding, after cooking, the “taro,” a glutinous blue and turnip-looking sort of bulb (an *alocasia* or *caladium*, I think). It becomes as



MOUNT WELLINGTON (HOBART), WITH SNOW IN THE SPRING.

(By Permission of Mr. Beattie, Successor to Anson Brothers, Hobart.)

thick and as sticky as treacle, and is eaten in much the same manner as the Italians use with macaroni. Each person dips his finger in the dish, winds it round two or three times, and drops the food into his mouth, dipping his fingers into clean water between each raid on the dough.

We were made heartily welcome by the Gallic Lieutenant and his company of soldiers, who kept the "Pah Fattawah" as the fastness was called, and some excellent cognac, with pure cascade water, made Turner and me recollect our French and find out all the history of the capture of the place, which happened as before described. Full in view of the officers' quarters was the loveliest waterfall imaginable; not a broken one, or in a mountain gully hidden by underwood, and only visible here and there, but a sheer fall of 700 feet over a clean perpendicular wide wall of rock, and, poised high in the air above it, hovered, clear cut against the sky, a solitary beautiful tropic bird, with one long coloured feather in its tail, the feather from which, the priceless state cloak of the kings of Hawaii has now been 200 years a-making, at the rate of one bird one feather, and no more. This wall of rock bounded our view in that direction, and the tumbling water became mere mist and spray ere it reached the foot of the fall. But it was a sight never to be forgotten, and we dwelt on it as long as we could, compatible with the necessity for being back in "town" before gunfire, and on board our ship again, for matters were strict and martial law was not quite in abeyance, and the institution known, in "nigger" countries, as the "calaboose" (synonym for watch-house) was open for the reception of belated travellers, who might be away from their proper domicile, at night, without a passport. A Frenchman named Hort was the leading mercantile man of Tahiti at that time.

Before proceeding to describe my further voyage up the Pacific, I would here narrate a phase, or two, of life, from a convict point of view, in Tasmania. The mention of martial law puts me in mind of them. A youth of 14 (son of old Captain Brookes-Forster, R.N., police magistrate of Brighton in that colony) rode, with white, scared face, one day, into our front garden at Bagdad, and reported that he had just been robbed by a "bolter" (or escaped convict) of six-pence, a pencil case, and handkerchief. No violence, or weapon, was used, and the property was of small value, yet the man was hanged for it soon after. It was held, then, that, having transported a man for life, if he did any more wrong, there was nothing left but to hang him, as he could not be transported over again, a truly Draconian code, but the way of Van

Diemen's Land in 1849. Another incident was as follows : I used, at that time, to go in from Bagdad by the afternoon passing coach to Hobart, to take tea with Dr. and Mrs. Crowther, and come back to Bagdad, 18 miles, by the 7 p.m. night coach for Launceston, which would drop me at the gate, about 9 p.m. One evening I missed the coach in Hobart, by a quarter of an hour, and resolved to walk out, for 18 miles was nothing to me then, and I would be home before midnight. When I got five miles out, at O'Brien's Bridge, I was accosted by a tall figure in blue serge shirt, cross belt, musket and bayonet, the greatest possible contrast to the London policeman of that day (who wore a tall black hat, blue-tail coat, and pewter buttons), and the following colloquy ensued : He : "Where are you going, mate?" I : "To Bagdad." He : "Where do you come from?" I : "Dr. Crowther's, at Hobart Town." He : "Bond or free?" I : "What?" He : "Bond or free?" I burst out laughing here. He said : "You must not laugh ; we are obliged to ask these questions after 8 o'clock (curfew time). What ship did you come out in?" I : "The 'Calcutta.'" He : "That will do, sir," and on I went, the name of the passenger ship which (he knew) brought no convicts, acted as my password, and I was free of the constable sentry at the bridge. The same form of dialogue took place at the Brighton Bridge and causeway over the beautiful Derwent, 14 miles from Hobart, and again I laughed and was rebuked for my levity. By this time, about 11 p.m., I was "amazin" thirsty, and I regret to say, that I took a drink from the font outside the new church at Pontville, and got to Bagdad at midnight. It will thus be seen that anyone out of doors after 8 p.m. in 1849 in Van Diemen's Land had to be a free man, or have a special "pass." To resume :

Beautiful, glorious Tahiti, with its lovely sister islands of the "Society" group, stands alone and unrivalled in the world, for fairy-like enchantment in scenery. The Navigators and Samoa have handsome women and brave men ; the Marquesas Islands and Nukuheva have kindred waterfalls, with deep, narrow, tree and plant-clad, gorges of measureless height and but little span of width, and eke a race of giant men and fairy women ; but, after all is seen, the prize rests with Otaheite and her sister isles. Eimeo, with its "Ortler Spitz" peaks, and its Greek Gods of men ; Huahine, with its lovely Queen, her lady-like face set off by a rare Parisian straw hat, more refined, even if less workaday and sensible-looking, than her half-caste sisters of the "Bounty" Mutiny, and Pitcairn's Island. These last are pretty, with the steady beauty of domesticity, and a practical agricultural life ; they are the bees to Huahine's

butterfly ; and then, Raiatea ! What shall I say of that gem island of the sea ! It has the very peaks of Otaheite, lost in the clouds, 7,000 feet, 8,500 feet, and what not, in height. It has the inaccessible table lands of the mysterious interior, which men cannot climb, nor fly to, girt with keen-edged buttresses of lichen and flower-clad rock, high and narrow, vast and steep, that form no right-of-way for living foot to traverse ; tier above tier of precipices, each above and behind the other, for thousands of feet, and, above them, again, a land of lakes, and fish, and birds, and wild fruits, whose men can rarely come to us, or we go to them, but whose waterfalls rush down the unscalable ravines in cascades of 1,000 feet at a time, making the sunlit island loom from the far off sea like an emerald seamed with veins of silver, or white Honiton lace laid deftly on green velvet. Below all this, a wilderness of palms borders the sea, where, if a gap exists in the encircling reef anywhere, the wavelets rush in, and break, in gentle surf, on the beach, rocking the outrigger canoes, laden with fruit, fowls, pigs, and pretty girls, flower-decked, flower-scented, and clad in the invariable smock frock of coloured and flower-printed calico ; all heads bare, as well as their little feet, so much more used to swimming than to walking. Who *could* “mix up” those islands, their scenery, and their people with the ugly savages of the New Hebrides and Malicolo ? Animals, some of them, with a skull development below that of an enlightened terrier dog, the forehead at times running straight back from the eyebrows. No wonder *they* are murderous cannibals. There is no disputing it, that the Society Islands, now annexed by France, are the sole remnant of Paradise, in point of beauty, left on earth. The mountains, under 10,000 feet in height, are not the highest in the world, but are—each island a cluster of verdant “Matterhorns” in the tropic sea—decidedly the most peaked, the most picturesque, the steepest in precipices, the sharpest in outline, and the most wonderfully clothed with fruit and flower, considering their abrupt sides, leading men to wonder at the richness of the decomposed volcanic soil that can nourish plant life under such difficulties of angle. The peaks rise like an island above the clouds in some weather, but at times show from sea to summit in glorious completeness. The universal odour of guavas and oranges is one feature, and the little fresh water crayfish another. The breadfruit is not inaptly named, and is much more digestible than its “sodden” feel in the mouth, would lead one to expect in ordinary bread. An honest, trading, race are the Tahitians, and one of them offered me a ship’s long boat full of oranges for my little

brindle bull terrier pup from Hobart. In short, except in the fanciful pictures of artists like Mallord Turner, or the scene painting of Grieve, Telbin, or Beverley (all of which, of course, is ideal and fanciful) you see nothing quite like Tahiti, Eimeo, and Raiatea elsewhere on the planet, and they and their hues, and outlines, and atmosphere are substantial entities, not ideal sketches. A friend of mine, who went with me to Tahiti and California in 1850, and who returned by way of Samoa to Australia, and who had his wife (a pretty Hobart Town girl) with him on the voyage, told me of the girls of Samoa, and spoke of some who walked into a missionary's house while he was there (whether at Upolu, or Tutuila, I cannot now remember), but he described them as nearly nude, but modestly, innocently unconscious of any impropriety; and their magnificent physical health was attested by their limbs and bodies, which, though they were symmetry itself, were as firm and elastic, as if carved from cork, or indiarubber; and, as he said to me, "What white woman, especially one bred in a city, ever reaches this standard of health?" But the Tahiti and Eimeo girls were admitted to be "something more exquisite still;" for my friend saw *both* places. What a pity it is that England does not buy the Society Islands from France, or make an exchange. Perhaps it is because they would not "pay." Certain it is, that the natives there, men and women alike, hate the French and like the English, and would give anything to be under different rulers in this respect.

Much has been written about the girls of Tahiti and Eastern Polynesia, but it is difficult to convey a correct idea of them, to those who have never been there. Their decided beauty, dainty little ears, hands, and feet, wonderful eyes, gentle child-like manners, clean, semi-aquatic life, and freedom from the spleen—which haunts (more or less) the women of other lands, where conditions of life are harder—all combine to add a charm to them, and to render it a pleasure to realize that such a race, either pure or mixed, exists at all in the world. Their half-castes are at Pitcairn's and Norfolk Islands, and tend to show that the race, grafted on the white one, is a success, physically and mentally. A European woman who has become too free in her life, has her fits of brazen, rabid reaction, the inevitable outcome of outraged feeling, shame, and conscience. There is none of this in the freedom of the girl of Tahiti, Nukuheva, or Samoa. Her freedom is so native and natural, born in the heart, that no reaction in her, is possible. They never go the extreme, either of modesty, or shamelessness, that some white women do, and in this

respect they are simple children. The word "Pomare" is not the name, but the title, of each Queen. The dress of the native girls is, evidently, a gentle missionary device to ensure modesty, but, in a strong breeze, it "clings" in a manner to display, rather than conceal, the form of Venus, or Diana.

And, now, to follow the "Eudora," as we sailed north from Otaheite. One night, as we approached the latitude of 9° south, in this month of February, 1850, about 9 p.m., "the shipmen deemed that we drew nigh to some land," for, every yard in the ship was covered with birds, as if by magic, and the skipper said that we must be near some island. He looked at the chart, and found that we were approaching "Caroline Island," discovered by the British in 1795, and, surely enough, next morning the birds were gone, but there was a low green island right ahead of us. We resolved to make up a party of volunteers to go ashore, and try to shoot some pigs, so, with six passengers and four of the crew, including a "Rotumah" man, we, ten fools, set out in the deeply laden square stern 16-foot dingy for the island. I had an old Sierra Leone rifle and a pair of pistols, and "this cockney" little knew the treat in store for him. It was high tide when we arrived at the reef which begirt the island, the main coral being like red granite to look at, and a smart wave catching our flat stern sent us well up at high water on the reef. We jumped out as the wave receded, and walked our dingy ashore in the shallow water. The edge of the reef went down a sheer 1,000 feet into the sea, with no soundings at 200 fathoms. But let me not anticipate. The reef was covered with Tyrian purple and other shells, and pretty white coral under the shallow, pale green water, but neither soil, fresh water, pigs, nor goats were to be found, and no trees except the mangrove. But, oh! the birds! Millions of them, of all kinds. White storks with crimson ruffs round their necks; birds like albatrosses, only smaller. Birds! birds! everywhere, their eggs and nests littering the ground like hailstones after a storm, and so tame that they had evidently never seen a man before. If you ran in amongst them, with a wave of the arms and a shout, they would rise so thickly that you could catch one, or more, in each hand, like you could the gnats by the brook side, in Walthamstow's lanes on Sunday afternoons in the summer time. There were heaps of land crabs about, too, but nothing else, eatable or drinkable, except some turtles' eggs which we raked up in the sand. So, after a couple of hours, or more, of shell gathering, we concluded to go back to the ship again, as she was standing on and off, and waiting for us; but

the tide had fallen greatly since we landed, and we had to face the rollers, for, when the sea receded from the edge of the perpendicular red reef, a fearsome gulf yawned between, and when it returned, towering and curling 30 feet high, ere it broke, it gave one a lively idea of the fate of being caught in a small boat down between the high wall of red rock on one side and the high wall of green water on the other. It was totally different from the gentle, easy break at high tide, and very dissimilar was the rush and roar of the terrific roller that came to cover the dripping, bright red, scarp, once more, especially to those in an unsuitable boat like ours. It would have tried the mettle of the best manned surf canoe, or whale boat, that ever floated, to have quitted *this* place at low tide, even with the powerful lever of a 30-foot steer oar, and the fate of *our* squat, square-built, doep-laden dingy may be foreshadowed, when we came to face "this little lot." Out we went, bravely facing it on the top of the highest wave, but, ere we could get any "offing," down sunk the water, leaving us like a boat deep in a Thames lock, but with somewhat more lively surroundings, and, before we knew what was the matter, we broached to with broadside to shore, were just lifted clear of the awful wall of scarlet rock, but we shipped a sea that filled us. We got out and waded the boat into shallow water and baled her out. I could not swim and did not like the outlook much. Some took off their trousers, and some their coats, ere we made the second attempt, and they evidently thought they might have to swim for it. I took none of my clothes off; it was all the same to *me*. We went out again on the top of a receding wave, and might, I think, this time have got off, straining might and main, had not one of the four oars broken. This stopped our way and gave us a second cant round, and broach to, and fill up to the gunwale. Guns and pistols and powder were flooded, and the tide was falling all the while, and, by the time we had again baled her dry, the outlook, where reef and sea alternately met and parted, was something terrible. Coats, hats, and trousers had already floated away, and at it we went, once more, like bull-dog Britons. Wider and deeper yawned the seething gulf between the red bastion and the sea as the latter retired, and to break through it now seemed a foolhardy attempt; but we made it, none the less. I sat in the "nose" of the boat and had a fearful view of the red coral edge behind, and the green water wall in front of us. Old ocean seemed fairly angry with us, at last, for thus doggedly challenging and tempting him so often, and, this time, the towering return wave fairly lifted us on end, nose up in the air, on the, all but perpendicular, side of the

incoming billow, and pitched the ten of us right out, like a sack of coals, pell mell on the top of each other, into the water, *on* the reef, luckily, and *not* outside. The boat, thus freed, righted herself as she turned over and bumped a big hole in her planks this time, on a boulder of coral. I was thrown on the top of Wales, who was swimming well on his back, and he kept me up till the water again receded, for, as I said, we had providentially been thrown on to the reef again. Once more we waded the boat—to whose gunwale we all hung, as the next wave lifted us off our feet—on shore, to the beach this time, for she needed a carpenter ere she could carry passengers again. Any one who would like to picture the scene and tumult, where reef and ocean met at low tide here, can get a faint idea of it by looking at the *first* engraving in *London "Punch"* of 1892. Damages sustained were, three oars gone out of four, one man (Mr. Irwin) had lost boots and trousers (he had a wife and pretty daughter on board, who married one of the firm of Crabb and Spalding, of Honolulu); three of us had lost hats and coats. I lost my manilla hat, and one man lost his watch as well. The ship was close in at the time, and we spread ourselves out on the beach in a row, 30 feet apart, just to show those in the ship that we were all there, and no one lost. All our guns and powder were, of course, soaked, and, having swallowed a quantity of salt water in the surf, we were all most horribly thirsty. My sculling experiences on the placid Lea, amongst fat bream, chub, and barbel, under the pollard willows, had never prepared me for this experience. The bootless and trouserless unfortunate had a "high old time" of it, all night, with the attentive land crabs, who tried to eat him. The Rotumah man rubbed sticks together, made a fire, and we ate roasted turtles' eggs, and sucked birds' eggs, raw; but it would not do; thirst reigned supreme, and I wished myself in the lowest Whitechapel tap-room in London, within reach of ginger beer, or the claret cup of Blackwall, rather than on Caroline Island, an "atoll" in the South Pacific Ocean. The humblest drink would have been "accepted at sight;" but it was no use wishing; there I was; I could see no chance of getting off again, and I wondered what Mr. Tooth and Dr. Crowther would say *re* my "gallivanting" on coral islands, whilst in responsible charge of timber, &c., on the "Eudora," and I was a sad and sorrowful London youth of 19 summers all that night on the coral isle, you bet. I couldn't see where the joke came in at all, or "the sweet *siesta* of a summer day, the tropic afternoon of Tooboonai" either. Then, as to the sleeping arrangements, some of us preferred the soft sand for a bed, and "chance" the land crabs, while I chose the hard

planks of the broken boat, with the "crustaceans" left out of the programme.

No one slept much (mosquitoes, to wit), and, early in the morning I took a stroll along the beach with "Rotumah Tom," whose experienced eye saw a spot on the beach, above high water mark, where he scooped a hole, which filled up with milky-looking, but fresh water, some of which I drank, sparingly, out of a shell—it was not the stuff which an Indian staff surgeon, who understood troops and dysentery, would prescribe in large quantities—and then I went for a bathe with John Guthrie (owner of the "Eudora") in the shallow beach sea, amongst a lot of small seven-foot sharks, who took no notice of us, not being able to get *below* us; and, then, who should we see but Captain Gourlay, who had come ashore in the whale-boat with two hands, but had brought, alas! no "grub" with him. We upbraided him, but he replied that he came to scold *us* for stopping ashore and detaining the ship, he not being aware of our misfortune and dilemma, till we showed him the stove and broken boat, and, while we talked to him, we all became conscious of a white flag, and three men, coming towards us from the eastern point of the island, we being on the south side of it. Here was a new trouble. Savages, perhaps, or treacherous pirates, and not a gun, or pistol, amongst us, that would go off, but all saturated. However, I said, we need not let them know *that*, so I tied a red handkerchief round my hatless head, put two pistols in my belt (Wales had my African rifle), and off we 13 marched to meet the "enemy," in the persons of the three new-comers, who might, for all we knew, be the heralds of 300 more, ugly customers. When we came up with them, we found one to be a striking Robinson Crusoe looking figure of a man, with long grizzly beard, wrinkled skin, burnt to leather colour with the sun; his garments in the last stage of dilapidation, and only held together with pieces of twine. Such a costume was never imagined, or made up, even at a theatre. The other two were handsome native "boys" from the neighbouring group of "Chain" Islands. He explained to us that the island was a ring of coral, five miles across in the central lagoon, and half-a-mile "thick;" that he had a splendid cocoa-nut plantation on the opposite side to where we were; that his name was John Lewis; that he was an American sailor, left there, by the Tahitian firm of Lewsett and Colley, to make cocoa-nut oil, for which they sent a schooner once a year, with a fresh supply, for him, of rum, tobacco, tea, biscuits, sugar, canvas, needles and thread, with 30 dollars a month for wages. He liked the life, and, it need hardly be said, was saving

money at it. He had plenty of pigs, and fish were abundant. He had a fresh water cistern in the coral rock at the plantation. He and the two boys each had a girl "wife," the youngest and prettiest, with long eyelashes, voluptuous form, black eyes, full of sub-latent amber fire (I never saw such glorious eyes), and feet barely a span long, a coy, jolly girl, and veritable "Maitai whahini," was our Yankee friend's Sultana, and "sweet sixteen" (sly old dog, Lewis); while two soberer looking, but splendid, damsels, belonged to the boys, with finer eyes, but not finer forms, than the Tahiti girls. It was told us that there was a smooth water break in the coral reef on the side where he lived (the coral insect, somehow, always leaves one opening, at least, in every reef). The captain was recommended to go off in his whale-boat and bring the ship round to the other side of the island. Two sailors were to walk the broken boat in shallow water round the beach to Lewis's place, and the rest of us were to wade across the lagoon in a "bee line" to the same haven of rest. Lewis and his boys piloted us through the mangroves and across the lagoon.

I may here remark that I registered a vow on Caroline Island which I religiously kept for a time, and it was to the effect that never again, so long as I lived, would I go ashore at any place again, unless there were a civilized wharf, quay, or licensed watermen's skiffs and steps, or some such properly constituted landing place there.

And now, we will follow Lewis and his "boys" across the half-mile mangrove belt and the salt water lagoon, five miles wide and three feet deep, on a coral bottom. Lovely shells of the cone variety, purple and pink, were plentiful. The coral was snow white, and of all shapes; some like stags' horns; some like a coachman's wig; some like a porcupine; some like knife blades; and some like a salad lettuce in shape; and huge "clams," 400 lb. in weight, like those on the Queensland barrier reef, lay under the water, open mouthed, and able and ready to snap off any human leg that came within their gigantic oyster jaws. Beautiful little ones of the same class (*Tridacna*) were there also, with their neatly toothed bivalve edges. Fine ornaments would a pair of these giant clam shells make for a West End, London, oyster shop, and like the 600 lb. clam from a "Key" in the West Indies, which used to figure at Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, even as tusks of the elephant do at a cutler's shop. But Londoners *would* stare if *the* champion clam of the planet, could be taken thither to grace a garden, or fish shop. He lives and holds his court, on an island in Torres' Straits, and

weighs half a ton. But no one cares to disturb *him*. The weight of his "oyster" can only be guessed at, but a good ordinary sized Queensland one has an oyster of many pounds weight on it.

It was now that two of the party began to feel uneasy. One was poor Mr. Irwin, who, bootless and breechless, found the sun scorch his legs, and the coral cut his feet; while I, the only one of the party with high boots on, found the weight of water lifted at each step in the tops of them (fully 40 tons lifted in that five miles) a terrific burden, but I dared not face the coral barefoot. Yet, the water weight seemed to drag my legs off, ere I had gone one mile out of the awful five, and it was in February, and 9° south latitude, too. Talk about thirst! Even *I* felt it. But all things mundane come to an end, and so did our long wade through this pretty, but wearisome, lagoon of clear sea water, with all those handsome, but sharp, cutting things at the bottom of it. The welcome cocoa-nut grove hove in sight, and big "drinks" all round, became an assured and delightful fact. Rotumah Tom and the two "Chain" boys were soon up the slender hard trunks of the graceful nodding trees, and down came a shower of green nuts. I drank the milk of seven of them, before I felt my thirst relieved, and, here, let me remark that the pure, sweet, milk of a green nut varies considerably from the rancid oil of the maturely ripe one, as seen in London and Melbourne. Our friend, Jack Lewis, soon put a small pig to death, and baked it in hot stones under ground; but it was not half so nice as the dew and parrot fish, fried in lard. Hunger and thirst had vanished, and we were introduced to the three ladies before described. Their eyes and lashes *were* a caution. If fire *could* be black it would depict those eyes, deepened till the amber tint merged into coal almost. The men's eyes were good, but without the female wealth of eyelash. In order to properly imagine the eye colour of these girls, you must picture to yourself a clear amber, deepening into darker shades by successive degrees, till it threatens at last to merge into pure black, but arrested just *before* the beautiful brown lustre disappears.

Our skipper, who had brought the ship round to this side of the island, came ashore through the smooth water passage, bringing rum, biscuit, and salt beef, all of which Lewis was "out" of (the annual schooner being due in about a month), and I regret to say that some of our people made old Lewis "tight" that evening. The skipper had, before leaving the ship, told the mate to hang a lantern at the gaff, to guide him back at night, so that he might not miss her in the dark, and when dusk fell, he announced to us his

intention of going back to the ship, and asked who would go with him. Mr. Irwin, whose red and peeled thighs needed the doctor's care, made one, and I another; the rest made a night of it, ashore. Piloted by one of the Chain Island boys, in a canoe with a lantern, we rowed out through the break in the reefs, and so to sea. After pulling out about a mile from the shore (the groans of poor Irwin responding to every pitch the whale-boat made) we found, to our disgust, that we could see neither ship, nor land. Here was a pretty pickle! Out at sea at night, no compass, food, or water in the boat. "Out of the frying pan into the fire" with a vengeance in that desolate main. Providence favoured us, however, for, the skipper saw a momentary flash on the horizon, and, noting the star that it was under, steered us for that star, and was rewarded, for we found ourselves right under the ship's beam as she braced about to go her "in" board to the island again. The mate had neglected to hang the lantern at the gaff, not thinking we should come off; and the light we had seen was the sperm candle lamp in Mrs. Guthrie's cabin (the stern one, next to mine), and the port was open, as the night was hot, and, but for this, it is difficult to say what would have become of us in the empty boat in that solitary sea. I don't know what the skipper said to the mate, but, catching a rope that hung over, I soon was on board, drank a breakfast cup of the Tahiti claret, out of the hogshead we bought there, and went to bed. I have been told since, that, when jocosely asked about my adventures and general health, I briefly replied "that I would not have done it for £5, had I known beforehand;" and my former faith in the "Robinson Crusoe" business was, already, severely shaken. Next morning the rest of our people came off, with supplies of pigs and cocoa-nuts from the island, for which we gave due barter; and once more the "Eudora's" nose pointed northwards to Honolulu. Old "Ursa Major" hove in sight again, and the dear "Cross" sank from our view.

We crossed the line again (no shaving *this* time), and were long past the meridian of 180°, and, in due course, the lofty peak of "Mauna Loa," 14,000 feet, loomed high out of the sea, for we were off the islands where Captain Cook met his fate, in 1778, and where Hilo and Lahaina see, at times, the glowing lava come down in mile wide streams, like an ocean of slow moving, but red hot, treacle. (Excuse the homely simile). Mountains, that rise to this height from the sea, or from a plain (like Ararat), show to better advantage than those of greater height, but hemmed in by others around their base. On, past Maui, and the giant volcano, the biggest crater on

earth; and so to Oahu and Honolulu, where I resolved to unload the "Eudora," and not face the glutted 'Frisco market.

One of the first sights which met me on landing at Honolulu, in early 1850, was one which seemed to belong more properly to the Atlantic, than to the Pacific, side of North America, as it vividly recalled the Vaudoux and Obeah sacrifices of dark Hayti, or distant Papua. An African negro, lightly attired, and puffing a cigarette, had, on a circular platform raised about four feet off the ground, nearly a dozen large hogs, with huge tusks, and securely bound, foaming with rage, and lying on their sides; and as he leisurely strutted round the platform, with a keen knife, he administered a stab to each of them as he passed, and repeated it the next time round if he thought it necessary; but he was only a butcher, and not a priest, after all. At Honolulu I first met with those two Brisbane "institutions," the *lantana* weed bush, and "hop beer," the latter called for with the words "Chin Chin" to Hop Wah, or some other vendor thereof.

Honolulu was even more lively than Tahiti, but not half so picturesque. It was evidently a place of call for shipping even in those early days. Chinese merchants—Hop Sing, Hop Wah and Co.—sold silks, and tea, and pumpkin pie; hop beer shops were plentiful; and goat's milk superseded the cow's ditto, and was far nicer, at a "real" per bottle (6d.) in the market place, with cocoa-nut fibre for corks. Here, tomatoes and bananas also figured. Native girls rode astraddle, and tied on, with gay shawls and sashes wound round their legs, to their spirited little horses, and galloped fearlessly, if not prudently. Paki, the gigantic seven-foot chief, in black suit and hat, watched our ship make fast to the wharf. The lights of Honolulu had glittered before us, the night before, as we lay outside the reef, and some of us went ashore to Macfarlane's Hotel, where I first saw the American custom of selling wine and spirit by the bottle, on which the buyer's name was put, and he could come back, and help himself again when he liked, from the duly labelled, and put away, and paid for, bottle, in the glass cupboard behind the bar. Upstairs, to a game of billiards, which I had never before seen played, when in London, so as to know what it meant. Wales, in attempting a dangerous "screw," tore the cloth for 11 inches each way, and as billiard cloths, and men who could mend them, did not exactly "grow upon trees" in Honolulu in early 1850, and as the rule and fine there, and in San Francisco, at that time were, for the ripper to cover the rent with gold doubloons, it looked serious for the luckless wielder of the cue; but the matter was afterwards compromised for something less than this.

Honolulu was not so pretty as Papiete, but there was far more business doing. It supplied a good part of the potatoes which San Francisco then used, and it was the laundry field of the Golden City. Washing cost, in 1849 and 1850, 48s., or 12 dollars, a dozen in San Francisco, and new shirts, in that glutted market, could be bought at half the labour price of washing an old one. Hence, people sent their dirty clothes 4,400 miles by sea, to Honolulu and back, to be washed, as it could be done there by the native girls at one dollar per dozen, and the schooners, in the potato trade, carried heaps of dirty and clean clothing, backwards and forwards, between the two places, and, I suppose, this forms the only instance, in the world's history, of clothes being regularly sent 4,400 miles (there and back) by sea *to be washed*. Soon after we got to Honolulu, there arrived the English man-of-war "Herald," fresh from an unsuccessful search up Behring's Straits for Sir John Franklin.

The girls of Honolulu, like the New Zealanders, are not so pretty as the Tahitians, but they manage to secure better husbands. The swarthy beauties and belles of Lunaliho and Lahaina, aided by their seductive climate, aided by their faultless cleanliness and semi-aquatic life, aided by the garlands of scented flowers with which they are always decked, diffuse an incense and glamour, before which the white men bow; and, when there is a "property" to boot, even men of position will offer the wedding ring freely; and this kind of thing is not altogether unknown in Maoriland, I believe. Charley Vincent, an American builder and contractor of note (once a whaler's carpenter), married, at Honolulu, a native princess, who had 800 head of cattle, besides land of her own; and in addition to his being a rich and honest man, he was a "brick" of the first water. Captain Joe Maughan, the English harbour master of Honolulu, married a handsome native lady, and had daughters to match, and with their mother's ancles, too! I have called Charley Vincent a "brick," and I will now proceed to prove it. He gave me 250 golden "onzas" or doubloons, worth £3 16s. each, for some of the frame houses, *ex* "Eudora." He begged me to talk "dollars and cents" to him, and to spare him the intricacies of the non-decimal £ s. d. of old England. A whole row of cottages in Nuuanu street were built of my timber. But Vincent's goodness was otherwise proved. I had brought with me, from Hobart, the most clean cut, close mouthed, brindle, bull-terrier pup, you ever saw. A chief at Tahiti, weary of the spaniel mongrels of that isle, had, as before stated, offered me, in vain, a ship's boat full of oranges for

"Towzer," for I thought the latter might be useful to me 'mid the rowdies of "Forty-nine 'Frisco." I took the dog ashore for a run at Honolulu, where he got sunstruck, and ran off shrieking into the jungle, and I saw him no more. Vincent had, before this, offered, but in vain, to buy the pup from me, so I went and told "Charley" of my loss, and he, unsolicited, had, at once, 500 handbills printed, and posted all over the island of Oahu, in the English and native languages, describing "Towzer," and offering a liberal reward for recovery (like a *Chevalier Bayard*, as he was), but to no purpose. However, "Towzer," the faithful, made his appearance one morning at the butcher's shop, wagging his tail to some of our passengers, who brought him on board to me, and I made him—as was only becoming, and not to be outdone in chivalry—a present to Vincent, and he grew into a splendid dog, the terror of all plebeian Hawaiians and their bare legs, if they ventured too near his chain. Charley Vincent was a great actor, and used to perform in the coral-block built theatre of Honolulu, not far from the dismantled fort, which the ubiquitous French had bombarded some months before. Bless me! how everything *was* knocked to pieces, and how fragmentary was the *debris* inside that fort. "Smithereens" was no name for it, even with the comparatively "pop gun" artillery of those days. I wonder how any place would look after a thorough visitation from the artillery of to-day, if only sent in with the same hearty good-will, as were the French compliments to Honolulu 40 years ago.

The United States war schooner "Dolphin" called in at Honolulu while I was there. I saw the captain land, and never before, or since, did I behold so much bullion and gold lace on one uniform. No British Admiral, even, so dazzled me as did this commander of a mere revenue cruiser; but I suppose it was necessary to impress the Hawaiian of that date with the majesty of "Uncle Sam," and hence this lavish display of "upholstery."

The church at Honolulu, and all the public buildings were made from squared blocks of coral in 1850, and an English ship came in from China, whose captain had *two* Chinese lady wives on board.

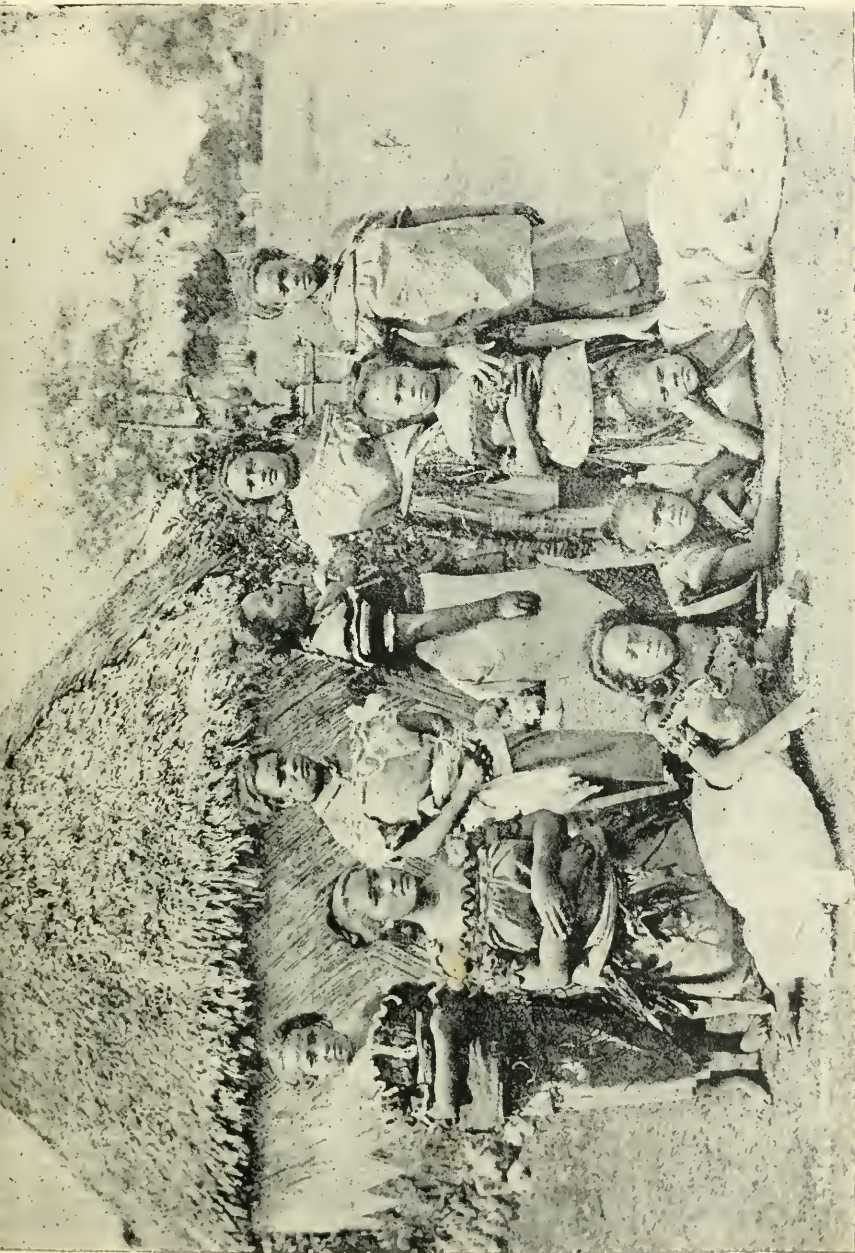
A nasty shipwreck took place while I was here. The captain of the English barque "Caroline" anchored outside the harbour reef, with a gale dead on shore. Our skipper rowed out to him and advised him to cut his cable at once and come inside. He asked our captain (Gourlay) whether the latter thought that the underwriters would pay for cable and anchor, if he did so, and he was told, in reply, that they would have to pay for *them*, and for the *ship* too,

if he stayed out there much longer, and so we left him. Presently, I saw the vessel strike, and the three masts jump out of her, for all the world like three men jumping off a wall, and a Russian Finn, the best swimmer in the ship, was drowned as he executed some order alongside, with "Ay, ay, Sir," the last words he ever uttered, briskly and cheerfully. I saw his body brought ashore, two days afterwards, by the natives, who had found it on the deep inner side of the reef. They carried it on a litter; it sat upright, with its arms and legs twisted and dangling, in the same objectless fashion as with a stuffed figure of Guy Fawkes when carried about on the 5th November. The face and head were swollen to double the usual height and size, and were purple mulberry in colour. The neck was long, and the eyes, nostrils and mouth were all filled with snow-white sand—an awful sight, which (as I had never before seen a corpse) dazed me with horror, and even the brave young Wales turned pale, as our eyes met, after a glance, each, at this hideous, piteous, travesty of life.

There was another queer sight I saw at Honolulu—tragic, but not so terrible. A Chinese pirate "lorcha" came in, and was seized for irregularity of papers. Her captain was a Dane, and her crew of every nation under the sun, and only one Englishman, and he had been shot on Christmas Day, 1849, and had never seen a doctor till now (March, 1850), so, I sculled Dr. Lloyd off in the dingy, to see him. He screened his wounder, and would tell no tales, but professed to have been accidentally hit on shore, when firing at wild goats, with his mates, in a dense forest; but, in reality, he had been pistolled over a little dispute, which the pirates had had over some bright-eyed, pretty native girls whom the fellows had kidnapped at the "Bonine" Islands, a group somewhere north of Australia. He *was* shot, and no mistake, for, a little round blue hole, which had cut the left pectoral muscle in two, was matched by another little round blue hole to the right of his back bone; and yet, there he was alive, 12 weeks later, but thin enough, and full of "funk." Our doctor simply put two pieces of plaster on him, before and behind, to keep the air out, and bade the man eat, drink, and be merry, for that he was in no danger at all, no vital part having, strange to say, been touched. Here I am going to digress, and anticipate, again, and to tell how I saw the man, fat and well, the following June, in San Francisco, nothing but fright (which the doctor dispelled) having been the matter with him, and his wound having procured for him an escape from the fate of his shipmates, and their punishment.

This same June there was a New York and Havre liner burnt

as she lay in the tier with her sister "liners," amongst the 800 crewless ships, which adorned the big, land-locked bay of San Francisco. They cut her loose, chopped holes to scuttle her at the water line, and, hung on to by a swarm of those lovely, gaily painted, straight stemmed watermen's skiffs, called, in New York, the "Whitehall" boats, she drifted on to *Yerba Buena* Island, out of danger to all but herself. I saw that something else was wanted, so, young Marsh (of Hobart) and I launched a whale-boat from the old "Maguasha," seized a pair of 18-foot oars, attached the painter of a big ship's long boat to our stern, and pulled, like eager harpooners, for the burning ship. Marsh could not talk the while, and he told me afterwards how he wondered I could chatter all the way, as we rowed our hard, weary journey, but the excitement kept me from feeling fatigue. We got to the ship at last, and we did what the useless flotilla of pretty wherries could not do, and the big liner's sails, band of music, and ship's stores (I especially remember the loaves of sugar wrapped in blue paper) were soon stowed in the long boat, and away pulled Marsh and I back, to her sister ships on the tier, and delivered the salvage. Being Britishers, we only got thanks. Had we hailed from Brooklyn or Buffalo, something more substantial would have resulted, no doubt. But this fire was as nothing to the one, which broke out a few days later. Beginning at 8:30 a.m., in a baker's oven, it had the whole city in cinders by 2:30 p.m. A space greater than that of the London fire of 1666 was swept of all but brick buildings with iron shutters, and they were but few in number, for, the Boston blue fire bricks had to be "carted" round "the Horn" in June, 1850, and were too costly, even for golden California. The scene and sound of the fire (fanned by a fierce north-west Oregon dry gale), and which destroyed six millions of dollars worth, were simply indescribable. An incessant rattle and crackle, like the noise of 100 railway trains in rapid motion, intensified by the occasional explosion of some place where gun-powder was stored, and supplemented by the ceaseless clangour of 800 ships' bells rung all the while, made up a din such as, surely, was never before, nor since, heard, and not a drop of water procurable. It was a pitiful sight to go ashore after the fire, and remark the *uninsured* loss. Here were bales of rich Genoa velvet, the sides and edges all charred, and the fabric cut, by fire, into yard lengths. Next to this, would be the *debris* of a gunsmith's shop, with rifle barrels all twisted into shapeless iron by the fire heat. Then, would come the ruins of an erstwhile restaurant, and here were the hungry loafer and the luckless digger, devouring the half opened,



GROUP OF GIRLS, TONGA, FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

By Permission of Burton Brothers, Dunedin, N.Z.

and still warm tins of green peas, &c. Delue and Grellet, the famous pastry cooks, from Paris, were burnt out, and their niceties, notably their pies of mince meat, mixed with rice, boiled in milk, ceased for a time. Shrewd and sharp were the Yankees, and, long before the fire got much of a start, they had rowed off to the "Iowa," of Boston, and other huge ships, full of unsaleable "clear pine," and had bought the wherewithal to rebuild their stores, *before the price went up*, and the gale which blew showed that the entire town was "bound to go," and so they were wise in time. As soon as ever the fire had swept past, small cards, in cleft sticks, such as are seen in English and Australian front gardens, to mark the spot where the choice flower seed is planted, were stuck on the ground on the site of the burnt building to notify, to all concerned, that Adams and Co., or Folsom, or Belknap, or Otis, could be seen and consulted, and business done as usual, in some tent or shed in Vallejo, Kearney, or other street, or up the hill, till the "repairs were effected." Not a moment was lost by the "Yanks," over a fire that would have paralysed a Britisher for a fortnight at least.

Your true West Coast and island "swell," dresses very differently from the London and Paris "masher." His Panama hat, elegant in shape, is worth up to £30, and will wear and wash for years, so tough and fine is the grass thereof, and a black ribbon forms its sole ornament, and a black ribbon is his only watch-guard, though there is a £100 watch at the end of it; there are no finger rings, but an £80 solitaire brilliant stud fastens his shirt front, and, for the rest, he is dressed in a sort of a white muslin suit, the only colours being white and black. Business and earnest resolution stand written in his face; he is an adept with fist, revolver, or knife, for he has to meet strange, *coloured*, folk at times; and on the whole he is a cleaner looking, purer type of man, than the average European, or, Eastern American "swell," and he is the growth, solely, of the islands and western shores of the Pacific, north and south, be he planter, merchant, or what not. The American stands high in the opinion of the Hawaiians, those champion swimmers and divers, whom I have seen play "follow my leader" out of pure sport, and dive off the top-gallant yard of a 500 ton ship into the harbour water. They dive feet first, with legs interlocked, wedge like, and at angle of about 75°, with one arm uplifted to aid the impetus, and the other holding their drapery together. If they dived perpendicularly they would sink too far; if they dived more horizontally they would have the breath knocked out of them; but 75°, or so, is the happy medium. The angle of entrance into the

water rapidly lessens by its resistance. They can soon be seen rising, with eyes and mouth open, and teeth glistening, under water, which is expelled from the lips on rising to the surface, and up they go again, to repeat the sport off the lofty yard arm. Captain Webb's feat, of swimming from Dover to Calais, has often been rivalled by unknown, and unsung, male and female Hawaiians.

A married couple, with their child, started, in an outrigger canoe, to cross, 22 miles, from one island to another. When four miles out, a strong following gale sprung up, raised the sea, and broke the outrigger. Down sank the canoe. The gale was too strong to swim back four miles against both it and the sea, so the parents swam, 18 miles, for the island of their destination, carrying the baby, alternately, on their backs. They arrived safely, but the child was dead from exposure. And now to return from my digression.

The wharf at Honolulu was soon covered with the "Eudora's" cargo. Charley Vincent took the bulk of it. Dr. Rooke (Queen Emma's father) took another house, and she paid me for it; and an Englishman, who had worked at the Thames Tunnel, bought another. Strange, and mixed, was the money I got in payment. Doubloons of Mexico, Spain, Bolivia, Columbia, Ecuador; dollars of Spain, Mexico, and United States; coins of Russia, France, and Germany. I amused myself by testing the purity and value of the coins of different countries. Mexico heads the list. Her heavy dollars and doubloons are so pure, as to be quite soft and ugly in the die, and her dollar weighs nearly an English crown. Spain comes next; then England and the United States rank together, a little ahead of France and Russia, far behind whom came Prussia and Austria, in the poverty of their coinage and assay of metal. The handsomest coin of the lot was a Russian sovereign, called, I think, an "imperial," which, for clean cut and artistic die (English made, I'll be sworn), quite outshone all its compeers in 1850.

Half our passengers elected to stay and settle in Honolulu, and we filled up their places with those from the "Emma," a New Zealand brig, which went no further. Amongst these, was a handsome Maori woman, the wife of Mr. M'Cabe, a merchant at Sacramento, California, and her little son; her chin beautifully tattooed in blue; also, two Americans, William Brando, of Vermont, and Jerome Feary, with two pretty Honolulu girls, their wives. They had done well at Mariposa and the north fork of the Yuba River, and were going back for more gold. Big Bill Brando was a fearless fellow. I saw him once, in 'Frisco, when the terrific tide swept a couple of 800 ton ships, swinging at anchor, rapidly broad-

side on to each other, leap, just in time, into a pretty gig that lay, and would have been crushed, between them, and "prize" it out, with his hands, clear of them, just one second before it would have been cracked like an egg shell, and he never seemed to think of what would have become of *him*, between those two high, flat, wooden walls, if his strength and skill had *not* been in time for the "shove clear."

We had baffling, easterly winds, and a long trip, from the islands to the Golden Gate, and were driven far up the coast, towards Oregon, 'mid clear skies, high winds, and towering seas, this same May of 1850. At last we sighted a rock, covered with seals, and entered between two heads, and, after a time, "slewed" to the right, and found ourselves anchored, with 800 other ships, in front of a straggling town of sand hills and wooden structures, called San Francisco. A cold, strong, north-west wind blew daily, and a terrific tide ran, for the bay was a land-locked affair, about 70 miles by 12, and the entrance was narrow in proportion to this. The old "Niantic," of Boston (with scores of others), was newly beached, and built over for a store ship. The wharves extended out to her when we arrived, and had left her far behind, almost in the middle of the town, six months later, so rapidly did the building of wharves, and the covering of the shallow waters with new stores, progress in those days. The old "Niantic" was "dug out" again in 1872, a venerable relic of the past.

The sand hills yielded no water for ship, or shore; but a bore, put down through the sea water, and the mud and clay below it, yielded, through an iron pipe, water fairly fresh; not very wholesome, but enough for ordinary purposes. The nearest good water, then, was at Saucelito, an anchorage in the bay, sacred to men-of-war only.

I had "no work to do" in San Francisco, till the "Lady Leigh," laden with potatoes from Hobart, and consigned to me, arrived, so I went ashore, and looked about me at the strange, new sights and sounds of an American town, just conquered from the Mexicans, not yet incorporated with the Union, and near which gold had just been found in fabulous quantities, and was shown in bowls in the bank windows. Here, as police magistrate, still sat the Mexican *alcalde*. Here, in the Plaza, were massed 300 mules, and a man on horseback showed his skill with the lasso, by throwing it unerringly over the neck of any one animal in the crowd that any spectator might point out to him, for a wager. And now a glance at the gambling saloons, which, bar the Custom House, were the finest, and almost the only

fire-proof buildings in the city. Fancy a room 100 feet long, and 40 feet wide, with a bar in the middle of one side of it, where all the cocktails, juleps, and cobblers of Yankee land were dispensed, with crackers and "punkin pie," and, for the rest, three rows (from end to end of the room) of gambling tables, each one covered with piles of dollars and doubloons, with no room left on any table, except for the cards and the stakes. "Monte" was the one monotonous game played (needless here to describe), and cloaked and stolid Mexicans (to whom gambling is "board, lodging, and washing") stood the live-long day, and won their money and lost their money with a set equanimity, born of life-long habit, which would puzzle any Celt, or Gaul, to imitate, under like circumstances. The banker lays two Spanish cards on the table, possibly "el Re" (the King), and the "Cavalier" (for their cards are picturesque, and unlike ours), and each is staked on, and the one, King or Cavalier, that next turns up, wins from the Bank, and the other forfeits to the Bank. The above, which supplies a description of the "Empire" saloon, will suffice for all the other similar ones which swarmed then openly in San Francisco. I next went to the Post Office, and found there only two windows, one for the general male public, and one for ladies and clergymen only. Woe to the layman who intruded at the second window, and woe, knife and bullet, also, to him who "crowded" at the other one, where, it was the inexorable rule, that all "ranks and stations" should stand in Indian file, each strictly in his turn, merchant or loafer alike, and take his place, and leave in the same order as arrived in. On mail days, when the "Tennessee" or "Isthmus" steamers came in from, or went out to, Panama, the Indian file extended round the corner, into the next street. Anyone who attempted to usurp the place of another man would be at once shot or stabbed, for all carried arms then, and "etiquette" was so much *de rigueur*, that "all hands" dreaded the possible result of even the inception of overt rowdyism; and I never was in such an outwardly quiet spot in the world as was 'Frisco, between May and September, 1850. Everyone knew the penalty of ruffianism, and no one cared to incur it; only once, in five months, did I hear even an oath in the streets, and that seemed quite justifiable. It was one Sunday morning, and I was walking down a bye-street, when a door suddenly opened, and a man was forcibly ejected, followed by four more, who began to throw stones at him. He drew a revolver, and said he would shoot the next (adjective) man who threw a stone at him. I suppose it was some brothel row; anyway, it was the only profanity I heard in a

town where the arch ruffians of the earth, armed to the teeth, were congregated.

I must not forget a lively young American news agent, whose shop was in a street just outside the "Plaza," and who (when he handed you the "*Alta California*," full of arrivals of "bbls.," alias barrels, of Haxall and Gallego flour, the leading brand, and saleratus, &c.) did not forget to proffer you what he, in his "Ne' York" accent, called the "*Jernal dez Deebatts*."

A strangely-named old ship, in San Francisco, was the "Balance." She had a history, and belonged to an American, but was British built. Her owner's father had had four of his ships captured by the English in the war, and had taken five of theirs, with a privateer; so he kept the odd one, and called it the "Balance" (to the good), of "profit and loss."

The daily necessity of rowing ashore, good part of a mile, in order to get meat and bread, taught me to become an oarsman. I had to row past the bows of a score, or more, of ships, no matter which way I took, and, in that terrific tideway and current, the anchored monsters would surge on their chain cables, like uneasy giants, anon slacking up after an extra taut wrench, when the chain would be submerged for a while, but woe to the unwary one who was deceived by *that*, for, the next minute, the iron links would lift like a tightened harp string, and toss any boat, that lay across them, up high like a pancake; so, every figure head had to be given a wide berth, and the rudder of the ship ahead kept close to. I grew so skilled by this at last, that one day, when I put some passengers on board the brig "*Waterlily*," of Hobart, her owner, the well-known John Thomas W——, struck by the professional way in which I laid the boat alongside, said, "Really, Mr. Bartley, you're quite an accomplished waterman." The real hard work made me grow heavier than I ever was before, or since, that same time in San Francisco. You had to *work* for your rations *there*.

Quaint, high beam engine, paddle-wheel steamers were the "Tennessee" and "Isthmus," which plied to and from Panama, and so, also, were the "Senator" and "New World," magnificent boats of their era, which ran up the bay to Sacramento, and the San Joaquin. I have spoken of the crowd at the Post Office window on mail days, and many a broken down loafer, who expected no letters, would take his stand in the ranks, and sell his place near the window to a merchant for 10 dollars (£2), when the merchant, arriving late, would prefer to pay the money rather than lose one hour out of the four which intervened between the income and the

outgo of the mail, from and to Colon and New York. Any man could sell, or give away, his place at the window, but no one dared "rush" it.

And now, a glance at the restaurants of that period. Curious seemed the food, to an English palate. The white bread, made of Haxall or Gallego flour, was inferior in gluten to the matchless wheat of South Australia. The butter, from "Goshen," in Indiana, was superb, and packed to perfection, and a veritable nosegay. There was a native red wine, from Los Angeles, like pale port, which was all that could be desired, and it spoke volumes for the old monks who introduced the vine into California. Buck wheat cakes (a cousin of the London crumpet) were nice; bear and venison steaks were crisp, delicious meat, compared with the wretched Mexican beef, which fried white, and boiled red, and disagreed with the white stomachs, and was decidedly "uncanny." The only American pastry seemed to be "punkin" pie.

I went for a stroll outside the town, across a pretty little valley stream, about five miles, to the "Præsidio," an old Spanish fort, now, I believe, the site of some grand hotel, the "Cliff House," overlooking the sea, and close to the "Golden Gate," or Heads. I heard what I thought was the twittering of birds in several of the bushes as I passed along, but I could see no feathers. I was not aware, till later, that my cockney ears had mistaken the tail of the rattle snake, and its merry chirp, for the conversation of feathered tribes. A young and tame grizzly bear, sitting up out in the road, opposite the "Half-way" Hotel, was about as big as a St. Bernard dog, and made me laugh by the way it invariably over-balanced itself, and fell over, every time it attempted to scratch itself with its hind legs. There, verily, is nothing on earth so uncouth and comic as a juvenile bear. There is nothing very funny, however, about the full grown "grizzly" of a ton weight, with a forearm about 14 inches thick, and hard as an oak limb, and which could crumple up any 500 lb. lion, or tiger, that ever lived, with the greatest ease.

My next trip was to the Custom House, where I was horrified at the immense *ad valorem* duties on our English goods, and I realized, for the first time in my life, what a fearfully heavy breach that was which took place between Lord North and the American colonists, about 70 years before, when Stars and Stripes replaced the Union Jack, and two sets of once united English speaking people suddenly became ceremonious strangers to each other. Well! well! Let us hope it will never happen again. I sincerely wish that England and

Australia were as much united to each other, as they are in *my* heart, and I see no reason why dear old America should not "chip in," and form one of the crowd, either.

What an American "twang" there was about the names of the ships then in harbour! The "Roanoke," the "Probus," the "Decatur," the "Susan Drew," the "Patapsco," the "Tecumseh," the "Montauk," with a flavour of Cooper's novels through them all, a name and a history to each place and patronymic. There are certain songs which, like certain viands, can never be properly "tasted" outside of their native land. Of such is the "Canadian Boat Song," which sounds, on American water only, with a native flavour, which it never does when transplanted to England and Australia; and then, again, there are nigger and plantation songs, peculiar to Yankee land, which were never, and never will be, transported to England, such as

"On de Ohio bluffs, in de State ob Indiana"

all racy of the banjo, the tobacco plant, Tennessee, the corn patch, and hoe, and whose native flavour is totally lost if exported. The guitar twanged also in those days, and "Mas Querida de mi corazon" was the burden of many a song from the American youth to the Mexican maid. Our Yankee Customs' officer on the "Eudora" was an "emusin' little cuss," from Albany (N. Y.), who, while he could bear to see his countryman chew tobacco and expectorate over everything and everybody, nearly went into hysterics, when a lovely English girl, in the midst of her splendid singing and playing, disenchanted him for ever, by simply blowing her nose. Such are the customs and prejudices of different countries!

And now the time arrived for the "Eudora" to quit, and go home to Hobart again, and I shifted my flag to the "Giraffe," brig, of Sydney, belonging to my owners, and which had just brought a cargo of bottled beer from Port Jackson; then, again, to the "Lord Hobart," an old war brig of heavy scantling; and, finally, to the old "Maguasha," a whaler, whose "boarding knives," for cutting whale's blubber up, were keen blades of flexible, tempered steel, worthy of Damascus, or "Andrea Ferrara," of old. But I spent plenty of time ashore, and saw wonders every day. The planks with which the sandy sidepaths were paved for walking, were eclipsed in the court yard of one merchant, which was, actually, paved with small 50lb. bags, "quintals," of Chili flour, laid edgeways, and watered, so that they might grow hard and firm as wood, when dry and "caked," for it rains not all the summer in 'Frisco, and the bags on edge made a fair imitation of paving blocks, and flour was valueless, and

in glut, at the time. Piles, when I left London Bridge in 1849, were driven by hand winch; but, in this new found land of go-ahead Yankees, steam power was used in wharf-making. Iron steamers were building on the beach, and red hot rivets from the furnace were driven and clinched at a galloping pace, for time was money, and steam "scows," for the increasing up river and bay trade, were wanted in a hurry. Beautiful American ships lay at anchor. The "Samuel Russell" and "Sea Witch," yachts of 1,000 tons each, that could do "the Horn" route in 95 days; black hulls, with gold or vermilion "beads," and every taper mast, yard, spar, and block, made of richly grained, highly varnished, red Baltic pine; perfect pictures on the water. A barque, the "Architect," and a brig, the "Pacifico," looked each a clipper model, fit for a glass case. You never see such vessels in the Thames; *they don't carry enough*; and the huge three-masted, fore and aft schooners, of 700 tons each, carried giant spars, that spread those flat, shapely, "dead to windward" kind of sails, which won the "America" Cup, spars which, in their mammoth size, gave one a lively idea of what a sudden "jibe" would involve, in the way of rip and tear of wood and canvas.

And now arrived the "Lady Leigh," from Hobart, full to the hatches with potatoes for me, and I engaged the skippers of several Boston ships, at £2 a day each—men wearing green baize jackets, and all deserted by their crews, and with nothing to do but mind their ships meantime—so they acted for me as stevedores, to break out, and put on board the steam punts, or "scows," for Sacramento, the potatoes, which I had sold to Leonidas Haskell, at £35 a ton for the cargo—for the "Lady Leigh" crew had bolted to the diggings, and I had hesitated to accept an offer, from a youthful American owner of a store ship, who had a beautiful and stately wife with him, for they bore an air of fastness and impecuniosity, which, boy as I was, I misgave; and it was a bad thing for England to sell to America on credit, in the way the law courts of 'Frisco were run then. Judges, who were paid by fees chiefly, were apt to give the case against the party *best* able to pay those fees. With the sale of the "Lady Leigh" cargo, my work in 'Frisco ended. I purchased gold dust from Burgoyne and Co., and Argenti and Co.; also ash oars and tobacco as my return cargo, and, on board the "Timbo" schooner, Marsh, of the "Maguasha," and I, headed for Honolulu once more.

And, so, it was good-bye to "'Frisco." Good-bye! Happy Valley! Farewell Rincon Point! What are your names now, I wonder?

I wonder, too, if any other man than myself, lives, who saw San Francisco in 1850, and who has never seen it since, to have the living picture of what it was then, effaced from his memory by the sight of its modern palaces; cemetery, with priceless monuments; its streets, no longer all sand and planks. After I left, "etiquette" relaxed a little, and thieves from Australia and elsewhere grew bolder, till the era of the "vigilantes" set in, and scaffolds and ropes adorned the public squares, and the Plaza. Good-bye to my friends from the "Emma" brig, with their ceaseless warblings from "Fra Diavolo." Good-bye to the "Harmony" barque, and the "Una." Good-bye to Macondray and Otis, to Moore, Folgor, and Hill, to Belknap and White. Farewell! Kearney street! Farewell! Vallejo street! and eke Montgomery of that ilk. Farewell! *Alcalde!* *Plaza* and *Presidio*. Good-bye to the girls from Baltimore and Mexico. Good-bye to Sutch's, where I had to nurse my pneumonia, born of a cabin stove, and an Oregon blizzard breeze. I brought away a Colt's revolver with me, the first that ever went to Australia, silver mounted, and cost 55 dollars, to help me guard all the 20-dollar pieces in my sea chest. I bought an Esquimaux dog, and was disgusted to find he could not bark.

But we are now between the Golden Gates, the 'Frisco Heads, bound south, and, as we came out, several vessels were all doing the same, and one huge Yankee liner, 1,200 tons, to our 140 ditto, tried to get to windward of us. She could forereach us to any extent, but not easily weather us. We had another "big un" to leeward of us, so had no sea room; it was a critical position. We dared not keep away, and to "luff" was to get under the liner's bows. I tumbled up out of my seasick bunk, quite cured as I saw her huge bulk tower over us, and did not feel qualmish again till the danger had passed. The fear of drowning is a certain cure, *pro tem.*, for *mal de mer*. There was a singular place we passed, half way to Honolulu, at sea, with a dead calm, and the schooner spinning round like a top, from no cause that was apparent. In due time, Honolulu hove in sight. "Towzer" had grown into a dog of note, and was no longer the stertorous pup of months gone by. I bade a cordial farewell to Charley Vincent. His last words to me, as we shook hands, were, "Well! Mr. Bartley, there is nothing left now, between us two, but good will, for all time." He was a better man to have for a friend, than an enemy, as anyone would own, who had seen him throw an offensive 12-stone native, bodily, over a fence. He was an *American—all out*.

Our "Eudora" passengers had settled down, comfortably, in

business, and, after a brief stay, I duly transferred my belongings to the "Harriet Rockwell," ship, bound for Launceston, Van Diemen's Land, and full of return Californian passengers, belonging to that lovely island. Walker, of "Rhodes," John Pooler, Ritchie, Hartnoll, Dr. and Mrs. Bunce, of Adelaide, &c. She was a cotton clipper, and left the water behind at the rate of 12 miles an hour. Passing, unharmed, by the Kingsmill, and other dangerous groups, we came in sight of Norfolk Island, a spot which may be best described as a hilly, English park, lifted bodily, and placed in the South Pacific; a natural paradise, ready made, grassed to the water's edge, fertile, and flowery, undulating, with hill and dale, rising, in one corner, to 1,700 feet above the sea; the noble pine trees, towering high, adding to the beauty of the landscape; exquisite parroquets, differing from the Australian ones, and peculiar to the island, abound. At that time, 1850, the place was not inhabited, as now, by the Pitcairn Island and "Mutiny of the Bounty" half-caste people, but was the final depôt for the worst of the Tasmanian convicts. No strange ships were allowed to call there, on any pretence, but, as *we* were bound for Tasmania, their ruling island, and offered to take a mail direct, we were made a special exception of, and supplied with bread, milk, and butter, the milk tasting strangely "vaccine," and cow like, after the pure goat milk of Honolulu. We were all invited to come ashore (while all other ships were warned off, by a garrison of soldiers, from the island prison). Mr. Price, the commandant, and a handsome lieutenant, came off to see us, and their fellow Tasmanians, on board, and were rowed out to us, by a prison crew, in a huge surf boat. Mr. Price was afterwards murdered, in 1857, by the prisoners at the hulks, near Melbourne, and was said to be a martinet, and is so depicted in Marcus Clarke's story of "His Natural Life," but, all I saw of him, was a mild faced, mild spoken gentleman, with a big head of curly, fair hair, a pleasant voice, and gentle manner, and sadly sea sick on our moving decks, and, perhaps, it was *that* which made him seem so subdued; but very different were the crew which rowed him off to us. Never shall I forget the monkey-like eagerness of their working eye brows, and wrinkled foreheads, under the leathern caps, and the mute, appealing look which the said boat's crew, cast along our bulwarks at the many heads which crowded there; a look, of which the meaning was lost upon my cockney self, but which our Tasmanian tars straightway interpreted; a look which meant, "Tobacco, for the love of Heaven," a smoke, or chew (the wretched convicts' only solace), and, while Mr. Price drank a glass of wine in

the cabin, to stave off the seasickness, our pitying tars threw down figs of "Barrett's twist" into the rocking surf boat, which "honeydew" treasures were caught by the Norfolk Island crew, as famished tigers might catch flying legs of mutton, and were swiftly hidden away in the blue serge recesses of their shirts, by those battered, and scarce human-faced wearers of leather caps. Poor creatures! I was no smoker, and they might have gazed long at me, before I should have divined what they wanted, and so earnestly asked for, in that indescribable *silent*, monkey-like look of the eyes, and working of the facial muscles. Speak, of course, they dared not.

The landing place at Norfolk Island was a "real terror" in 1850. Exposed to the full fury of the sea, it was an uncomfortable spot for ladies, or landsmen, to face, and sturdy convicts, with strong ropes round their waists, securely fastened at the shore end, were in attendance, and rushed out in the seething water, and made sure that you did not drown, by grappling you, and hauling you safely to land, and, as they were always rewarded for extra zeal, and skill, in this department, there was never any half-work performed in it. One of them, who rescued the wife of a judge from real danger, got an immense slice taken off the length of his sentence, for the feat.

I bought a dripstone, and some parrots here, and away we headed for Bass's Straits, leaving the "Ocean Hell," or "Island Paradise" (which you please), behind us, and we were bowling along, a few days later, before a fair east wind, with all sail set, and met a wretched brig, of 200 tons, the "Maukin," from Sydney, for New Zealand, battling to windward, under a shred of sail, and diving into the trough of the sea, so that her deck looked like a map before us, on the opposite wave. We saluted, and passed on, and by night our positions were reversed; for, we were on our beam ends with a westerly "snorter," and, soon, almost on bare poles; while, no doubt, our friend, the "Maukin," had all sail set to catch the newly-arrived fair wind. And now, shortly, hove in sight the Swan Island lighthouse, north-east coast of Tasmania, and we entered the Georgetown Heads, Port Dalrymple, and the lovely Tamar River, born of the union of the North and South Esk streams, back, safe, in dear old V. D. L. But we had to go up that river slowly. "Whirlpool Reach" was dangerous. Swan Bay was lake like; boats from the farm houses, on the banks, put off to us, with crisp loaves of home made bread, and pats of exquisite butter, and eager enquiries from us returned Californians, as to absent brothers

and cousins, who had gone to the far-off, wild land, and had not since been heard of; for adventurers seldom wrote, and mails were few and far between, and some never were heard of again. We were made much of by all hands, and passed between glorious, high, wooded banks, twice the height of the Brisbane hills, by the river, and, in due course, found ourselves in the "Cornwall Hotel," Launceston, "interviewed," and holding levees almost, for returned Californians were scarce in those days. Here I met my cousin, Theodore Bartley (formerly, in 1822, aide-de-camp to Sir Thomas Brisbane, Governor of New South Wales), now a prosperous farmer and grazier, about four miles out from Launceston.

I was delighted, once more, to find myself amid the scenery and climate of Tasmania. Some people prefer New Zealand to it, but I do not. New Zealand is damper all over, and more "muggy" in the north part, than Tasmania, which has the climate of France, the clear sky of Italy, and a dry pure air beyond the utmost flights of either place. It is true that no mountain in Van Diemen's Land exceeds 5,000 feet in height, while New Zealand has them up to 13,000 feet; but what of that? Does anyone prefer the gloomy grandeur of Norway "fells" and fiords, to sunny France, and the sylvan beauty of Languedoc and Provence? Are not Clermont, and the Auvergne mountains high enough for all purposes of scenic beauty? I think so, and, therefore, I prefer Tasmania, which, in lake and mountains, surpasses, for beauty, anything in France, or Britain, save the vivid green hues, which are, however, otherwise made up for. Nothing in England, in the way of mountain and water, comes up to the bold outline of "St Paul's Dome," a rounded peak, of 3,370 feet, as it looks down on, and contrasts with, the silvery surface of the South Esk. Tasmania has its lake districts, the same as England, only more beautiful. The largest lake is 15 miles by five, but it is not the prettiest. Lake St. Clair has an area of about 10,000 acres, and about nine miles long, by two in width; its waters, blue as sapphire, are watched, at the head of the volcanic gorge, which it fills, by the twin guardians, Mounts Ida and Olympus, as amethystine in their hue, as the lower hills are in beryl tint, and with thin, fleecy clouds travelling over, and varying the light and shade from time to time; no scene of greater enchantment, outside the tropics, could be imagined, or desired; and the little islands, in some of the lakes, are not wanting to complete the picture, and are conspicuous on Lake Echo (six miles by three), exquisite in colour, full of lovely little bays, and environed by mountains, which send their heavy timber down to its very edge.

None of your dreary Canadian winters here! but noble, unfrozen irrigation reservoirs, high above sea level, such as the old Romans, of Trajan's day, would have delighted to form aqueducts from.

And, now, turn we to Ben Lomond, the champion hill of the island. No lovely, verdant slopes here; more of the characteristics of Sinai, in the desert. Columnar rocks, upright pillars, like giant oriel shafts of ruined abbeys; rock and stone, of the perpendicular school of nature's architecture, pointing upward to the sky, and rising out of a lower mound of dense timber and foliage, to over 5,000 feet. Such, with a little mirror of a lake at its foot, is Ben Lomond, away to the east of the main road of the island. Beautiful are the basaltic bluffs of Tasmania, some of them, as at Eldon, giving us a sheer fall of 4,800 feet, and in other places, as at "Quamby," looking as if some gigantic cheese knife had cut straight down from the sky, and swept away the further continuity of a range, 4,000 feet high, all through.

I spent a day at "Rhodes," the house of my fellow-passenger, Walker (son of Assistant Commissary Walker), and here, amongst others, I met his sisters, and Miss Despard, whose father was colonel of the 99th, of New Zealand fame, and Miss Minnie Allport, of Hobart. How those good girls deplored, to me, the dulness of the lovely island. No politics, no excitement, no "topics," beyond the eternal quotations, amongst the men, of the prices of wheat and wool, the only, and staple, products of the period, but matters which girls of intellect cared little for. Not much did they, or I, then reckon of the grand transformation scene, which was so close at hand, even then impending in the immediate future, a mere question of weeks, when the "jewellers' shops," the hidden gold lumps of Ballarat and Bendigo, should render it needless, any more, for us Australians to travel the weary way to California for the kingly metal, which lay at our own doors, where it would be rolling into Melbourne, alone, at the rate of £400,000 a week, soon.

The next item on my programme was a visit to the Launceston races, the first in the world I had ever seen, being, in my steady London youth, ignorant, alike, of billiards, and horse racing. I was astonished to see how fast, horses *could* go, when put to it, for there was grand, stout blood, even then, in the horseflesh of Tasmania. The "Peter Finn" strain was not wanting, and "Shadow," the fleetest mare south of the line, was there located, in the days when Homebush, of Sydney, could not compete, and when Randwick and Flemington (born of the golden era), as yet, were not. Why! they used to run mile and a-half "heats" then, in Launceston, so as to

have lots of fun for their money, and to put them through in 2:48, 2:49, and 2:50, respectively, in early 1851, and what would our modern "sprinting" weeds, on four legs, say to this? I found the scene deliciously exciting; beautiful fresh air; riding habits; dog carts; cheerful faces, and friendly greetings; and such well-supplied booths. I made a most impudent bet of two half-crowns, with my cousin's sons. There were two splendid mares, from the Hobart side, at these races, a black and a bay, yecept "Deception and Modesty," and belonging to Samuel Blackwell, of Green Ponds, near "Constitution Hill." (By the way, how those Tasmanians have borrowed on the old world names! The river Scamander is close to Yarmouth; and the Eddystone, and the Mewstone; Bagdad, adjoining Brighton; Ben Nevis, and Tower Hill, close together, form but a few of the names in such strange juxtaposition here). I wagered five shillings that the Hobart mares would win any race they started for, and so they did, for their adversary (and "master") bolted. I found a poetic and beautiful side to horseracing, apart altogether from its baleful, and gambling aspect. What *can* be more delightful than the feeling, at early morn, of the fresh, pure air on the Yorkshire wolds, or the breezy Australian Downs, when the elegant and innocent two and three year olds take their matin breathers? No element, *there*, of the midnight betting ring, in the grand appetite for breakfast, which becomes born of a couple of hours in such a scene, and—when we remember that our grandsires lived, and moved, in similar *rapport*, with the bygone racers of their day—a feeling of old association and sentiment ties us to the time, when the happy youth, of both sexes, 50, or 100, years ago, witnessed similar scenes of early morn quietness, and exciting race meetings. Human nature is alike all through the decades, and people, like good old Admiral Rous, die hard, and are loth to quit the scene of healthful excitement. But they *must* pass on, all the same, men, women, and horses alike, and 1892 sees a different set from 1809. Carved stones, and stately trees, mark, in England, the resting places of such horses, and mares, as Crucifix, Emilius, and Bay Middleton; and befittingly are those noble animals so honoured in death, for, in life, they ministered healthfully to innocent, human pleasures, in their day and generation, and not to *them* must be imputed the stain, akin to the dice box and card pack, which, unhappily, rests upon *some* phases of that noble institution, known (metaphorically) as "the Turf," and which should, rightfully, be as pure, and free from corruption, as the green clover sods after which it is named. Little used I to think, as I sailed past the mouth of the

Clarence River, in New South Wales (famous for the breed of race-horses reared at its mountain head), that, perchance, the spirit of old Admiral Rous rested on the spot which he visited in his youth; rested in the cattle ranged gorges, in which this splendid river, the birthplace of Searle (the lost, and peerless, sculler), rises, and it is possible that the guardian spirit of Rous, R. N., hovers there at times; for, in the year of grace, 1828, in H.M.S. "Rainbow," he did some marine surveying about this part of the world, not forgetting Moreton Bay, and was he not "in great form" at the Parramatta races of that same year? And is it any wonder that the spirit of horse breeding, and horse racing, has struck deep root in that classic, and Rous-haunted, part of Australia? When I see the beautiful animals led up and down in the saddling paddock, it is not so much their mere bodily forms, in bay, or grey, in chestnut, or black, that come up before me. I seem to look beyond that, at each horse's distinguishing and special (albeit invisible) coronet, or diadem, in the shape of his brilliant pedigree; made up gems, skilfully blended, like Stockwell, the diamond; Touchstone, for the ruby; Pocahontas and Banter, the emerald and sapphire; and, without continuing the list, either of animals, or jewels, I need only say that the variety, and beauty, of the skilled artist's blending of sires and dams, that appear on the genealogy of each one, is, to me, an exact reflex of the other artists' work, which we trace in the endless series of tiaras, made up from pearl, diamond, opal, topaz, and other treasures of the sea and mine.

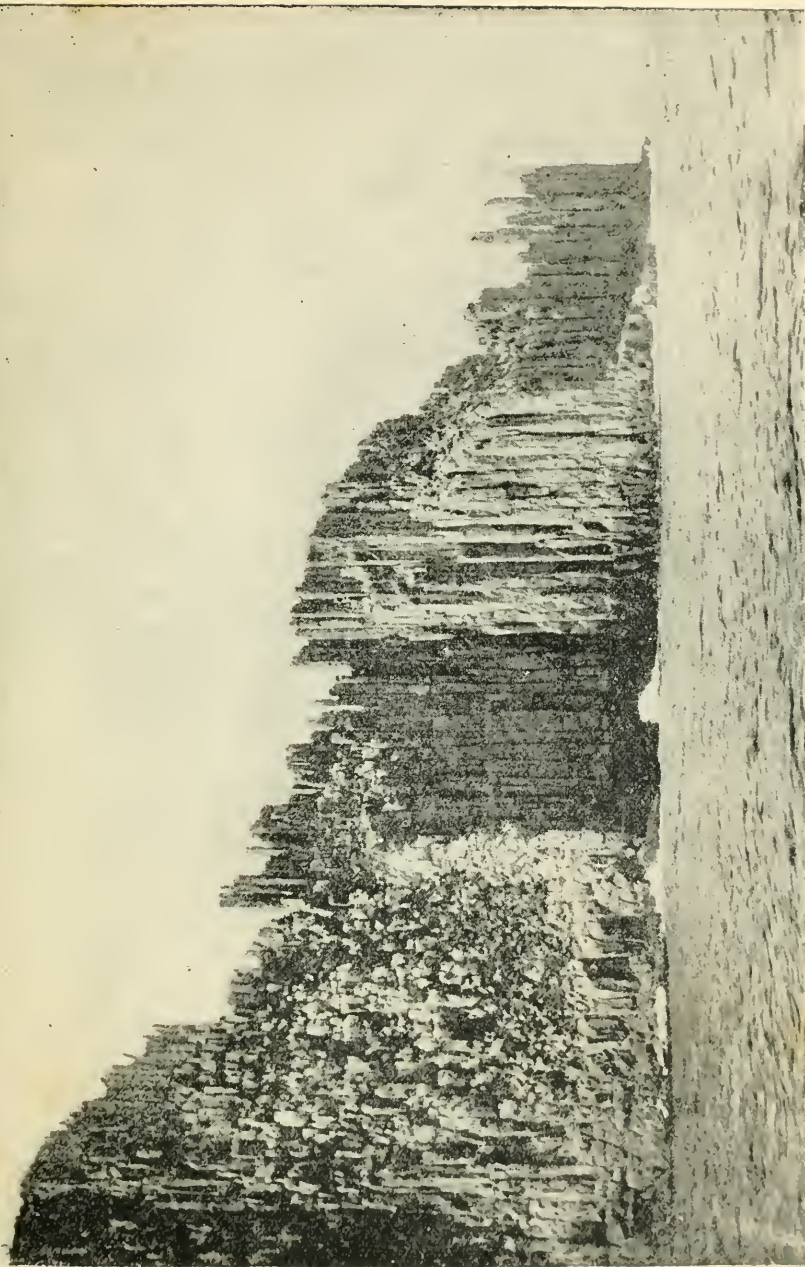
To return to Tasmania; quiet science, and philosophy, à la Pickwick, amused the gentry of that placid island in 1851. They measured the trees at "Tolosa," 84 feet round at the ground, 78 feet at two yards up, and 330 feet to the top. Dr. Milliken sent a specimen of the *Cypræa umbilicata* to the Hobart museum. Sir Wm. Denison tried to import salmon, alive, in tanks on the poop of a passenger ship. Edwin Tooth, of Bagdad, sent in a specimen of auriferous quartz from Ophir (New South Wales); and Dr. Officer, a lump of the same, from "Buninyong, on a spur of the Pyrenees." Ha! say'st thou so? Here was the infant Hercules shadowed forth, the germ of the mighty Ballarat of 1852—the upheaval force that socially revolutionized Australia to the tune of 300 millions, sterling, of "El Oro." Are not the annals of those dear old (*gone for ever*) days of Australian "Leisure" duly written, and set forth, in the "Philosophical Transactions" of Tasmania for 1851?

And, now, the time is at hand, when I must, once more, quit her shores; for, I need "colonial experience," and I must go to

Melbourne, on the main land of New Holland, which I have not yet seen, and explore the bush beyond it, and learn how sheep are bred. So, armed with letters of introduction to Jeremiah Ware, squatter, of "Mount Elephant," out west of Geelong, Victoria, I take passage, in the brig "Raven," Captain Bell, from Launceston to Melbourne, having, for fellow passengers, Mr. Gwynne, a returned Californian and squatter in "Riverina," and Miss Agnes Peat, whose friends lived at "Shortland's Bluff;" but, before we sail, I must narrate a little episode of "Black Thursday," February 6, 1851, as it appeared to me.

There had been little, or no, rain in Tasmania and Victoria for nearly 18 months, and bush fires were rampant. That afternoon, strolling in the bush, near the house, at Bagdad, I noticed, about 5 p.m., that all the birds got off the trees, and sat on the ground, with open mouths, and, as the heat was not anything extraordinary, I wondered at it. At the same time, I noticed a low, small, brown cloud spread across the northern horizon, and rapidly rise. Before it, came a mighty wind, which blew our farm men off the haystacks which they were building, and sent the barley flying. Next day, we heard that the mail coach had been blown over on the high road, and that a French man-of-war's boat, with no sail set, was blown over, when rowing, in Hobart Harbour. Next week (for there were no electric telegraphs then) we learnt that Victoria had been swept by a forest conflagration, 100 miles broad; several scattered and separate fires had united in one, before a hurricane, from the north, which blew burnt leaves before it across Bass's Straits.

To this fire-swept colony did I sail in the "Raven," brig, and, after a preliminary bumping on the sea beach at Georgetown Heads, owing to the tug not giving us enough of the "offing," we crossed the straits, and the bay of Port Phillip, and worked our way up the mal-odorous Yarra River, with its "boiling down" nuisances on the banks. How my heart sank as I viewed the scene. The river was full of dead calves, which, impelled by drought, had descended the steep banks higher up, had fallen in, and got drowned; and this was all the water Melbourne had to drink, for, it had hardly rained since the middle of 1849, and tanks were empty, and there were no Yan-Yean water pipes then. I went ashore, to Tankard's Temperance Hotel. How I disliked Melbourne, after Tasmania. No mountains, no lakes, no scenery; all flat plains, dust, and white bark, stunted gum trees, a dreary waste of "pig face" (*mesembryanthemum*) all the way from Prince's Bridge to Liardet's boat shed, on the beach. Business was dull, money scarce; no produce, but a little wool and



CAPE KAOUL (BASALTIC), STORM BAY, TASMANIA.

(By Permission of Mr. Beattie, Hobart.)

tallow, to circulate coin on. A smell of new bricks and mortar in the air, like an outlying part of London, at Camberwell and Walworth. A swarm of children's funerals every day, from dysentery, and bad water.

Strolling down the street one day, March, 1851, with my friend, Guthrie, of the "Eudora," he pointed out to me, across the road, a big, strong, stout man, in a brown shooting jacket, and standing, looking out from the doorway of a small draper's shop. Guthrie said to me, "Do you know who *that* is?" I said "No." "That," said he, "is a man called John O'Shanassy; he has come forward a good deal lately, and will be heard of, more, by-and-by, I think." This was before the gold discovery, and the words were amply fulfilled after that, as the electors of Kilmore and Melbourne, and the annals of C. H. Ebdon, J. T. Smith, Michie, Stawell, &c., could testify, and "J. O'S." went through many an "up," and many a "down" (politically), between that day and the time when I next ran against him, which was, I think, at the corner of the Bank of New South Wales, in Brisbane, in June, 1860. O'Shanassy was universally popular at one time; even a Chinaman (who had married an Irish woman) declared for "Ho-Shan-See."

A bit of gold, like a musket ball, hung, in March, 1851, from a thread, in the window of a Melbourne jeweller, and was labelled "from Clunes;" but all the "knowing" ones vowed it *must* have come from California, and no where else; but they changed their minds in 1852.

I took the night coach, across the Exe River, to Geelong, *en route* for Ware's Station, and met him at Mack's Hotel. Corio Bay was pretty, after the Yarra, but the drought was all pervading. In due time I arrived at Ware's sheep farm, near Captain Ormond's, on the Leigh River, and was duly initiated into the mysteries of driving the bullocks, which ploughed the home paddock, and was instructed if I found a scabby sheep dying out on the plains, to cut its throat, and *not* let the crows pick its eyes out, alive; but, somehow, I failed in this. We had, every night, to cut down a she oak tree, or two, for the horses and bullocks to eat, for grass there was none. I looked contemptuously around me, on the level flats, so different from the mountain gulches of California, and Tasmania. I said to myself, "No gold *here*." I asked in May, 1851, which was the *nearest* mountain, and I was told "Buninyong, near Ballarat," and I felt half inclined to go over to it, and try for gold. Put, two matters happened, which cut short my stay in the colony of Victoria. One was the non-arrival of my income remittances

from England (*via* Tasmania); the other was the discovery of gold, near Bathurst, in New South Wales. Never, during my whole stay in Victoria, did I get one letter. I wanted money for postage stamps, and the like; I was too proud to borrow of Mr. Ware; so, off I set to Geelong, and thence, by steamer, to Melbourne, where I sold my watch, the gift of my dear dead grandam, who had passed away while I was first at Honolulu, and did not live to get the heart-felt letter of gratitude I sent her from Tahiti. I had to sell my watch to pay my passage, in the schooner "Mariposa," to Launceston. They found the post office fellow, afterwards, who had stolen all my letters, and other people's, at Melbourne, and he got seven years for it; but I never got my watch back. So I shook off the dust of Victoria, and landed, once more, in Launceston, then whitened (June, 1851) with snow, went over by the coach to Bagdad, found that my aunt had gone to Sydney, to winter there, and, after a kindly farewell to the Theodore Bartleys, Edwin Tooth, and the Crowthers, I sailed, in the "Blackfriar," for Port Jackson, having, previously, found out that my remittances had been regularly sent to me, and as regularly stolen, in the Melbourne Post Office.

A stormy, wintry, passage, in a ship full of men, of all classes, bound for the new Bathurst gold fields, ended in a night entrance between Sydney Heads; the brig, "Algerine," having been wrecked, the previous night, in attempting the same task, and we had a narrow escape; yet, we had some old whaling skippers on board, who knew the way in well. The "Sow and Pigs" light blazed in front of us, as we anchored, and, next day, dear old Sydney (where I had a brother, and a cousin, and an aunt) received me. It was a nice mediæval sort of place, after that bran new Melbourne; some signs of moss and house leek on the walls; a good, old-fashioned, London smell of gas pipes, and draught porter, in the streets; and all that sort of thing, you know; and, above all, the alluvial gold on the other side of those Blue Mountains, and no need to go to California, any more, after it. Arrangements were made, and in early August, 1851, I took the coach, from Sydney, to Penrith, with money in my pocket, and, sleeping by the Nepean, tackled Lapstone Hill, on foot, in the morning, and rested that night at the "Twenty-mile Hollow" (James's). Lovely wild flowers, epacrids, red, with white lips, lined the sides of the road, and blossomed far down the fathomless sandstone ravines of those mystic mountains. Next day I passed the "Weatherboard" and "Blue Mountain" inns, about 2,500 feet above the sea, and overtook two young

gentlemen, Roderick Travers, and Henry Turner, armed with double-barrelled guns, shooting birds, and marching to the Turon gold mines, the same as myself. They made execrable puns on everything they saw, and met with, and we put up that night at Joel Heard's hostelry, at "Pulpit Hill;" Jellore, and the Burragorang mountains being beautiful, and distant, away to the left.

Bloodsworth's, at Blackheath (3,500 feet), and Haynes's, at Hartley, were the next resting places; Martha, the landlord's daughter, at the latter pretty village, being a good looking girl. And, now, the road forked, and only one more decent hotel on my road could be looked for—namely, Barnaby's, at the "Round Swamp," for I had to quit the old, beaten, Bathurst road, near "Mylecharane's," at Bowenfels, and take the wilder one to Mudgee, through a country, desolate as the mountains of Edom, which, in its stone-topped, flat-headed, eminences, it somewhat resembles. I bought a loaf of bread at the last house on the road, and faced the wilderness. Down the steep "Razorback" mountain (terror to teamsters) I descended, and found myself on the banks of the golden Turon. Here was a man washing out a dish of sand, at the bottom of which was half an egg-spoon full of glorious, pretty flakes of gold, the pure native article. It gave me, somehow, an "eerie," creepy feeling, to see, for the first time, drawn from its native lair, in Australia, the metal I had been used only to meet with at the Bank of England, or in money, and jewellery, ready made up; but there was no time for philosophising; I had to find a lodging for the night.

I crossed the Turon, and kept on down its far bank, till I came to a deserted shepherd's hut, and there camped, with another man. We had a small fire, but no food, no blankets, and the ice in a bucket formed pretty thick in the night. I had a macintosh, but it warmed me not; money in my pocket, but there were no stores to buy at; and, I may as well confess it, it was too cold for sleep, so I laid awake all night, and, next morning, chilled, empty, and downhearted, I faced onwards, further along the river, wondering how it would all end, when, suddenly, I heard my name called, and, turning round, I saw four of my shipmates in the "Blackfriar"—Worley, Espie, Spong, and Gerrand—all Tasmanians, and they asked me in to breakfast. They had a noble tent, floored with gum tree boughs, on which a tarpaulin, and opossum rugs, with the fur upwards, were spread. On these, again, more opossum rugs, with the fur downwards, were placed, and the skin of the black 'possum of Van Diemen's Land is warm, I tell you. Then they had a noble

sack of biscuit, a ditto of smoked pig's cheek, flour, tea, and sugar, all from Hobart, with them. They offered to let me buy a share of it all, and of their gold pit, and their labour, and the proceeds thereof. All this I joyfully agreed to. In their party, but in a separate tent, were four Cornish miners, from the "Burra Burra," who did all the tunnelling, and propping, and getting out of the gold gravel, while we "gentlemen's sons" (as the sarcastic term then went) pounded it fine, carried it to the river, and washed it in a cradle. Cruelly hard and back-breaking work it was, too, especially the carrying of the hundred-weight bags of earth, and the stooping, for half a hour at a time, in a tunnel, only four feet high, wielding a ten-pound maul on the hard gravel lumps. I slept warm that night, unlike the fearful one which preceded it, and I soon had time to look about me. Travers and Turner were camped near me, so, also, was Marshall, a son of the chief cashier of the Bank of England, and his West Indian friend, Davson. Fearfully and wonderfully made was the "damper" compounded by Marshall and Davson; wedges of putty were digestible in comparison therewith.

Here, in a storekeeping "spec.," were Williams, the son of the Erromanga missionary martyr; David Jones, a son of the rich Sydney draper; John West, a son of the reverend editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, &c. Thomas Winder Campbell, a brother of "Tertius" Campbell, had a palatial bark hut, and was buying gold, at £2 10s. an ounce, for the Bank of New South Wales, and paying for it in blue bank notes.

Our gold digging did not pay our party any too well, the best day's work, for nine of us, was £14. Williams, Jones, and West had a store, and resolved to start a baker's oven, import a yellow bread cart, with painted wheat sheaves on the panels, from Sydney, and teach the Turon diggers to exchange indigestible damper for fermented bread; they got, also, ten tons of flour from Maitland; and it was done. I, afterwards, had full charge of the store, and of this, the first bakery ever known on any Australian gold field.

My brother, in Sydney, about this time, wanted me to join him in a digging cruise, so I sold out of Worley and party, and started for Sydney, to meet my brother, and help him up with our *impedimenta*, which were piled on a dray, just about to start from that city, loaded with our tent, tools, and a year's provisions. So, I set forth, on foot, accompanied by my faithful bull dog "Tiger" (rough hair, tan, with black muzzle), who grew footsore in following me in my flying trip, 300 miles, to Sydney, and back, in ten days. And here I must say a few words of descriptive on that wonderful city, and harbour, of the southern ocean.

“More English than England herself” is what Trollope says of her; and Trollope is quite right, only he was not the first to find it out. The old English types, which have died out in the mother country, are preserved exactly, and alive, in Sydney, in their sleepy, happy plenty, and comfort, and freedom from care and fretful Yankee worry. It would be difficult, elsewhere, to match the old “Darby and Joan” folk, homely specimens of married comfort, no scholars though, with good incomes from their orange orchards, and other sources, people such as you meet nowhere but in Sydney. These cosy, rich, shabby old couples, she in her faded velvet bonnet, umbrella, and warm check shawl, of 50 years ago; he, in his velveteen vest, and glass buttons, and rough furred hat. As they step into the ’bus with you, you would never imagine they had hundreds a year, from oranges, up Parramatta way. They carry big bundles, and revel in tea, shrimps, and watercresses, and they know, and care, as much about the traditional bush “hardships,” as they do about North Polar expeditions. They are true Port Jackson cockneys, as thoroughly cockney as the Londoner himself. They believe in comfort, and they get it, too, in well appointed Sydney, where cab, ’bus, and steamer await one’s call at every turn, and save all trouble of walking, or even thinking, no matter in what direction you want to go, and where a well supplied public market renders “foraging” a merely nominal task. I am particular in thus describing these types of bygone English people, so scarce at home, but so well preserved at the antipodes, for they remind me of the dear old mother country, as she was, before modern “flashness,” and the “music-hall” era’s arrival, had extinguished for ever her simple and primitive style. These happy antediluvians, whom I have endeavoured to describe, are found abundantly in old Sydney, where (unlike in modern “Yankee” Melbourne) the moss has had time to grow, and cap the walls, and where a century of settlement has imparted a “well aired” flavour, and finished aspect, to the surroundings. And, in Sydney, too, it must be remembered, that our old “Darby and Joan” are not subject to, nor do their venerable air pipes suffer, the wheezy miseries of old Britain’s clime. And they are the cynosure of attentive tradesmen, for their “money is good,” and rattling ’busses take them to every place which steamers and train do *not*, and where the prawns and the muffins of civilised life and Gravesend are recalled, and where (as already stated) actually living specimens of the extinct old men and women of England can still be found. This is old Sydney, and I shall come to “young” Sydney by-and-bye. But our aged couple are only

one type of our Sydney. There is, in addition, the rough old tyke, hailing from the healthy Hawkesbury, or Hunter Valley; the Yorkshireman of Australia, clad in drab tweed, or Kerseymere, strong and keen withal; full, to the brim, of sheep, and sovereigns, and sense; full of anything you like, except book learning and ideality; a man, whom none could "get to windward" of, either in a billiard room, or on a racecourse, and who could see you, and all hands, "out," and be vital and fresh at the finish, either on a long bush coach journey, or a stormy trip by sea. His Yorkshire-cunning has not failed, nor forsaken, him here in Australia; but, happily, his Saxon coarseness does not descend to his pretty daughters, born in the picturesque Nepean Vale, as you may very plainly perceive, if you glance at the delicate faces, and slender figures, perched on "dad's" dog cart at the races; and if you could take the shopman of George street into your confidence, you would be surprised at their "sizes" in gloves and shoes in this Spanish climate, even if your own eyes failed to impart the intelligence; and, but for their healthy look, there is little in common between these girls, and the tough, old, fifteen-stone "knot" of "stringy bark and green hide," who is their father; but our Italian climate has a tendency to refine all damsels born in the land.

But, the pretty girls of Sydney are not all country born, or country bred. There have been officers in the army, and navy, and commissariat, and younger sons of good families, who have married, and settled in New South Wales, and the blonde and brunette belles, whom you may see on any fine day in their stylish carriages, in George and Pitt streets, have an air of well disciplined breeding, which has won, for many of them, a high caste Indian official (civil or military) for a husband. But these daintily stepping, artfully veiled, *senoritas*, are not all. Sydney is also the paradise of young "sparks," who fondly conceive that health, life, and money, are matters that last for ever, and to whom tailors, and yachts, race horses, and billiards, form absolute necessities of life. Many of these young fellows inherit their father's money, but not his astuteness, nor stamina, and, to use the aphorism of a 'cute Sydney bootmaker, who "made" for the *haut ton*, "some of them begin where their fathers left off (with a fortune), and leave off where their fathers began (with nothing).

The principal streets of Sydney, which lie north and south, are named after Royal Dukes—George, Clarence, Sussex, Kent, and Cumberland, to which may be added the ministers, of Pitt and Castlereagh; while the cross, and other streets, which run east and

west, or nearly so, take their titles from the past Governors of the colony—King, Hunter, O'Connell, Phillip, and Bligh, with Bathurst, Liverpool, and Goulburn (amongst minor English politicians), to fill up.

Darling Point is a pretty promontory, stretching north from the south shore of the harbour, and contains, amongst costly Italian style villas, a perfect little *bijou* of an Anglican Church, "St. Marks." Pardon this digression about old Sydney, of which I shall have more to say by-and-by.

I walked 300 miles, there and back, to the Turon, in ten days, over mountains, 4,000 feet high, with a heavy kangaroo rug on my back, and thought nothing of it. Our gold digging was not very successful, and it *was* provoking to see the fellows on Monday Point, washing up in the evening, with a show of gold in each tin dish, equal, in volume and coarseness, to a pint, or more, of Indian corn, for the gold lay thick and heavy on that earthy river cape, round which the old Turon had swept for ages, leaving fresh deposits with every flood. My brother and I could only chance upon light, shaly deposit, with fine gold in it, of which it took a great deal to weigh an ounce, and so it fell out that we made but a bare living, and no fortune at all, which led to his sailing to England, once more, in the old "General Hewitt," while I accepted a tellership in the Bank of New South Wales, in Sydney, a somewhat arduous position, at a time when half the clerks had gone to the gold mines, while the half who remained behind, had to wrestle with the trebled allowance of work, which the gold discovery, and the heavy immigration from abroad, and the enormous expansion in business, forced upon their shoulders.

One of the most pleasing episodes of my banking experience was in the regular shipping of gold bars, from Sydney, for London. At this time there were no mail steamers, no gigantic "P. and O.," or "Orient," liners. All gold had, in 1852, to "go home" in small sailing ships, and take, at least, 100 days over the trip, and, as the freight on gold then was something handsome, the skippers of these ships made a good thing out of it, and, invariably, invited all the mercantile and banking clerks, who came on board in charge of the gold, to a champagne luncheon. I was the official who shipped the precious metal, then, for the Bank of New South Wales, the largest buyer and exporter, and it was the only bit of outdoor work I got, and, of course, proportionately pleasant. At the appointed hour, I was at Circular Quay, in charge of 12, or 14 iron-clamped, heavily-sealed, thick timbered boxes, each full of the yellow, weighty bars;

and there, I met the representatives of other gold buying banks and merchants, with the unsigned bills of lading in my pocket, and I, and the rest, stepped on board a little steamer, which took us out to the ship in the far anchorage; for gold ships did *not* lie at the wharfs, for obvious reasons, and, once on board, and the gold stowed, and the bills of lading duly signed, corks were drawn, and sounds were heard, as of "Australasia, a glass of wine with you," responded to with "Most happy, Gilchrist and Co.," as the representatives of the Bank and the firm pledged each other in the "*Epernay mousseux*" of the period. I can only recall the names of Brindley and Luke, now, of all the different chums who used to figure on those occasions.

I took a turn, a while, at the Bank ledgers, in 1852, and could weave you a three-volume Australian romance, from the names alone, of the old colonists which figured at the heads of the pages. Trust accounts, and trustees' accounts, of men, long dead, even then. Why! W. C. Wentworth himself, used, at times, to come into my little sanctum, and pore over the array of orders and cheques that had rolled in from his numerous, and wide-spread, stations, and he was one, only, of the prominent colonists who came, at times, to do similar inspection of their accounts, when they had omitted to leave their pass books in time.

I faced the counter, for the first time, on Monday, October 4th, 1852. Sydney was a small place then. We had been closed on the 1st and 2nd for our half-yearly balance, the 3rd was Sunday, and the 4th was "bill" day, and, with the "pent up" business of the 1st and 2nd, to face. I may here state that I took the banking berth because (as I said to myself) I should be sure of *some* penny-weights of gold in my dish, for my labour, every night, which I could *never* be sure of at the diggings, no matter how hard I worked. The doors opened, and the crush began. The people were three rows deep at the counter all day long, queer customers, some of them. I well remember one rough fellow, who threw me a deposit slip for £200, which I, at once, threw back to him as "wrong," to which he replied, with some oaths, that he could count money as well as I could. Without disputing that fact, I told him that I was possessed of no information on *that* point, but that he would now have to wait till *all* the people, then at the counter, had been duly attended to. When his turn came again, I took up his deposit, and began, for his edification, to count it aloud before him, thus—"one, and ten, are eleven, and five, are sixteen;" before I could get any further, his jaw dropped, and he poured forth apologies as profuse, and abject,

as his previous abuse had been violent. He was a lucky and illiterate digger, one of those who had no idea whether they were worth one thousand, or two thousand, pounds. He only knew that there were 200 actual bank notes in his deposit, but, being no scholar, he had reckoned them all as one pound notes, while, half of them being "tens" and "fives," there were £1,000, in place of £200, in his deposit. He departed, grateful and abashed, and he was but a type of a class, very numerous at that period. We had plenty of other queer "deposits" at that time. Bank notes, taken from the body of a man who had been dead six weeks in the water of the Turon (unpleasant money); also, a bundle of notes that had been "planted" in, or near, a lime kiln, and were incrustated, and stiff, to the last degree.

My deposits that day were £150,000, and it was past nine at night before I "balanced," when I found myself £10,081 *short*! By 10 p.m. I had found the £10,000, an error of addition, and the £1, a cheque, in the wrong column; but the £80 was a "baffler," till, before 11 p.m., I remembered that the Colonial Treasurer had sent in his pass book on the Friday to be written up, and, with it, a cash box, with £80 in it, which box had been put away, and forgotten, on a top shelf, in the strong room, and which, while it was duly noted in my cash book, was *not* with the cash in my drawer; so, here was the missing link in the "balance," and, at 11 p.m., I rushed into my fellow-teller's arms, and executed a *pas de triomphe*, and went home to bed. But this kind of high pressure life, when we were constantly kept in till 8 and 9 p.m., told on the health of many of the clerks. Dr. Lang's son, who was my "exchange" clerk, the sweet-tempered, gentle William Colley, died of it. My fellow-teller broke a blood vessel, and died of it, five years later; and I sustained a fierce attack of influenza, which swept over Sydney in the winter of 1853, and which, in my earlier bank days, I should have scorned and laughed at. My medical man told me I must go to the bush, and open air, once more; so, I arranged with my kind uncle, in Sydney, the introduction, which enabled me to travel, overland, with 10,000 sheep, from Dubbo, on the Macquarie River, to Paika, on the Murrumbidgee.

I had two friends, companions with me, Felix Neeld Burne, and G. V. James, who, fired with a love of adventure, resolved to throw up their situations, and come with me. This was a 1,200 mile trip, not a 150 mile one, so, I bought a horse, saddle, and bridle, and so did J. (who was the son of an Indian General), and B., whose father was a rector, near Bath, and who must have brought up his

family well ; for, one son was a P. and O. captain ; another, a high military officer in India ; and another married the daughter of a distinguished political Viscount, and was well up in the "War Office." Never before did a poor parson "place" all his sons so well. My friend, B., was, afterwards, one of our largest sheep farmers, at Lansdowne, on the Barcoo, Queensland, and this trip with me was *his* induction into squatting life, which he afterwards followed up, in partnership with the master of the Sydney Mint, and Captain Mayne.

Behold us, then, "B.," "J.," and self, on our horses, facing west, on the Parramatta road, out of Sydney, on the 1st June, 1853. Shall I tell you of our 270 miles journey to Dubbo, where we were to pick up the 10,000 sheep ? How we passed a cloven mountain of pure blue slate ; how the snow lay on the road, at the top of Mount Lambie, 4,000 feet above the sea ; how we refreshed at Heagren's inn, at the Diamond Swamp, near Solitary Creek ; and put up at Larry Durack's hotel, at "Meadow Flat" (500 feet above the modern Katoomba). We passed the "Green Swamp," and we joined Walter Black (who, with his mother and handsome sister, then kept the chief hotel at Bathurst) in some mulled claret. Next day, passed the "Rocks," and Wentworth's ironstone gold mine, at Frederick's Valley, and put up at Carr's, opposite the steam flour mills. Next day, lunched at Hanrahan's, rode through the bleak, high town of Orange, over Summerhill Creek ; the huge "Canobolas" mountain, nearly 4,500 feet high, in sight, to the left, for a day and a-half ; got on to the Bogan road, as far as Kerr's place, by mistake, and had to turn back, and got to the "Three Rivers" at night fall. Next day, passed the "Black Rocks," at noon, through "Montefiores," to Wellington, in the evening, where were some noble looking aborigines, in old Hieronymus's inn yard, camped by a fire. We, also, on this journey, passed Smith's, at Molong, near "Larras Lake" (often called "Larry's Lake").

We got to Dubbo at last, and there met our "super," and commander-in-chief, Mr. L., who was the son of a gentleman farmer in Devon, and who had married against his father's consent, and brought his wife to Australia, to seek their fortunes. He was a splendid rider (bar the buck jump), and could find his way through the bush from the very start of his career ; he had only just landed from England. We divided our 10,000 sheep into four flocks, and travelled them, each about half-a-mile apart. The first night out was dark, and wet, and one flock, and its shepherd, did not come into camp. Off went L., a brave and conscientious man, at 9 p.m.,

in the darkness and rain, to seek the lost ones, and, about midnight, when I had the watch, I noted a movement in the 7,500 sheep, which slept under my guardianship, and found it arose from the arrival, and mingling with them, of the missing 2,500, which Mr. L. had found, and guided to our camp, a feat of the highest class of bushmanship, on a dark, wet night, and in a country where he had never been before, and creditable, in the extreme, to a "new chum." We had a horse dray, and a bullock dray, to carry rations, for 11 people (for a trip of 70, or 80, days); and, also, the skins of such sheep as we killed for food purposes. Our party consisted of Mr. L., "B.," "J.," and myself, four shepherds, a black boy, to track, a horse driver, and a bullock driver, and we carried a case, containing 12 bottles of rum, for "medical comforts," for we had to ford rivers that were born of melted mountain snow. It was pleasant, at night, in one's watch, whether it was from six to ten, or from ten to two, or from two to daylight, to sit and read "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "The Cruise of the Midge" (as I did), by the light of the log fire, in the intervals of "shying" lighted brands, boomerang fashion, at the head of any body of sheep that seemed disposed to stray out from the main camp, and, so, to make them "scurry" back to the rest of the fold. I never remember feeling such splendid health as I used to, when day would break, after I had been on watch, in the open air, under the Southern Cross, and Magellan clouds, from 2 a.m.

We had a tent, for B., J., L., and myself, and I, in addition, bought, at Dubbo, a canvas stretcher, to avoid sleeping on the ground; and, here, a word as to the intense "home" feeling connected with one's camping place for the night. What is it, but the sensation of a "home," that gives zest to a patch of ground, 12 feet square, that was bare grass yesterday, before you came, and will be bare, deserted grass, again, to-morrow, after you have gone? What is it that promotes it for the time, that puts it before any other spot of earth, unless it be that it is (*pro tem*) "Home, Sweet Home?"

We got the 10,000 sheep at Murrinbidgerie, and our first stage was to Duncan M'Killop's, at Wambanglang (he was a brother of Peter M'Killop, now of Victoria); he used us well, and lent us a set of spare bullocks, and his own black driver, to help us over a soft spot on his run; and, so, we progressed past Tomingley, Immilgylie, and the "Captain's Creek," through the Bogan country, in sight of "Hervey's Range," traversing Betts' place (Cananagey), and Korudgerie, and so on to the Gunnimblan lagoons, Burrawong, and the Lachlan itself.

I have spoken of "Norbury," the black boy, our tracker, a native of the Barwon and Namoi River, in New South Wales. He and I used to go out on the dewy grass, at day dawn, to track, and bring in, the bullocks and horses which had strayed in the night. I could see a track in the soft ground, and so could any white fool; but, when it came to the stony ground, it "was Norbury, you bet." Often have I seen him (he had but one eye, and that was a "piercer") jump suddenly on one side, where the scent and track grew dim, and "spot" a place on the hard sandstone rock, and, when I asked him to show me what he saw, he would point to one grain, a mere speck, of sand, dislodged, by a horny hoof, from the main mass of rock, and, presto! we were full on the track again.

Amongst the "disagreeables" of our trip, was, that we came to some streams, 80 feet wide, and three, or four, deep, which we and the sheep had to cross, and which the sheep did not want to cross, and, so, had to be *made* to cross. It is neither a light, nor a pleasant, labour to have to seize a 70 lb. wether, and drag him across such a brook, more especially when he is muscular, and the water is the produce of melted snow; and it is still more unpleasant, when, at the end of a hard day's work, you have put 100 of them across, you find the 100 swim back to the main body, in place of the dog-urged main body swimming over to their 100 mates; but these are amongst the amenities of "overlanding," and have to be taken in the day's work, in a country where there are no bridges over the rivers.

A comical episode, in which eggs figured, occurred. One of the "new chum" shepherds was seen, one afternoon, fiercely belabouring, with a heavy cudgel, something under a bushy tree. On going up to him, he said, "Look at that big green boa constrictor." "For goodness sake, stop," said I, for he had mistaken the handsome dark green, pimpled emu eggs, as they lay in the nest, for the folds of a huge green snake. I saved two of them, and they formed a good substitute for milk in our bush tea that day, and the next.

We passed the Bogan, and ran down the Lachlan River. Far out, to our right, lay the track of a wide dray, said to be that of Sir Thomas Mitchell's expedition. I washed for gold at "Hurd's Peak," discovered by Oxley, in 1817, but found none. Anon, we came to very boggy ground, which, dry on the surface, was, at six inches deep, soft as butter almost. Onward, for weeks, till, at length, our goal drew near, in the lake country of the Murrumbidgee; and Gunarwe, Tauri, Makormon, Makoombi, and the great Betarponga (18 miles across) formed the chief of the group of lakes.

Our journey down the Lachlan River was by way of Burrawong; thence to Philip Street's station, on to Flanagan's, Kiokatoo; thence to Euarba, on to Willandra (Suttor's place), on to Burrangeramble (Dr. Ramsay's), Wheelbah (Bell's), Booligal (Thomas'); the Lake (Waljeers), and Towpruck (held by Nicholas Chadwick). I have omitted minor stages, such as Jigelong, Hyandra, Yarrowbendra, and Marrin, and Alec. Long's place. At Towpruck, we heard of three brothers, named Tyson, who had sheep hard by, and who were remarkable for never smoking, nor drinking "grog," nor sleeping in a house, nor marrying, but living a pastoral, open air, life of temperance and celibacy. I was full of admiration at the idea, for I could see what a piled up store of brain power a man could bring to bear upon business, if he only kept himself clear of the entanglements of matrimony and drugs, like alcohol and nicotine; but, still, I should have been inclined to say to such a nearly perfect one, "One thing thou lackest; give up tea and coffee, also;" for, there can be no doubt that, with the use of these drugs, the nerves are *not* always on the exact balance, for the perfect "finance" of faultless business, as they *would* be if no unusual "ups and downs" of wisdom were introduced by their noxious agency. The most perfect complexion I ever saw in a woman was in the cheeks of an Australian blonde, who, not only eschewed stimulants, but, also, avoided tea, coffee, cocoa, ginger beer, lemonade, and all "made up" drinks, confining herself to the two natural beverages, of milk, or water. There was none of the "muddy" skin of indigestion on *her* face.

At Lake Paika we delivered our sheep. Our dogs had not been of much use, except little "Bos'un," the only one of the four who would go *all* round a mob of 10,000 sheep; but, so well had we watched them at night, that, counting the skins of the slaughtered ones in our cart, we found we had only lost two sheep on our long journey. At Paika I was inducted into the mysteries of sheep washing, and sheep shearing, and yard making, and made the acquaintance of the vast tribe of aborigines, who then (1853) still were to be found there. Marsh mallows lined the shores of the lake, and the nankeen bittern emitted his bull-like boom in the forest, while the largest eagles I ever saw flew about. One fellow, whom I met walking about in a glade of the gum trees, looked big enough to be formidable, even on foot. The river system here is peculiar. The banks are low, the water, from the melted snow at the mountain sources, overflows every summer tide, and, in retreating in the autumn, leaves behind it a fringe of rich grass, which supports the sheep and cattle, when the outside plains are

burnt bare of all herbage by the summer sun, and only the salt bush, with its leaves covered with the glittering saline particles, would be left for food. There are, in various parts of Australia, dense jungles, and undergrowths, called "scrubs;" some are of vine, some of gidya, some of "brigalow," some beautiful in their fern, and creeper, and orchid growth, and peopled with birds of rare, and startling, cries, like the "coach whip" bird; the bell bird, which seems to tinkle a bell; and one bird, which whistles a complete bar from the drinking song in "Der Freischutz," E G F B C G E, an octave between the e's; while other scrubs are desolate enough for Dante's "Inferno." Of such last is the "Mallee," which covers the country for hundreds of miles, near Paika, where I now was. If the English reader wishes to know what "Mallee" is like, let him picture to himself a level country of poor, yellow soil, destitute, alike, of stones, water, or inequalities of any kind. This soil is covered (as thickly, nearly, as they will grow) with bare saplings, 12 feet long, and two inches thick, of the *Eucalyptus Dumosa*, bearing a tuft of leaves, only, on the top, and springing, perhaps, a dozen of these dreary sticks, from a root, or boll, that rises just above the ground; this only, and nothing more, whatever, of any kind; no birds, no insects, no animals, for there is nothing for them to live upon, and only a rare snake. Woe to the traveller who gets lost in this terrible desolation; he can see no distance; he can climb no hill; and if the "mallee" sticks *would* bear him on the top, he could only see Mallee, Mallee, Mallee, all round him. Right pleased was I when, some months later, I saw the *last* detached clump of it away south, in the colony of Victoria, near Mount Pyramid and Mount Hope. The main body of the awful "Mallee" is on the Murray River, in South Australia.

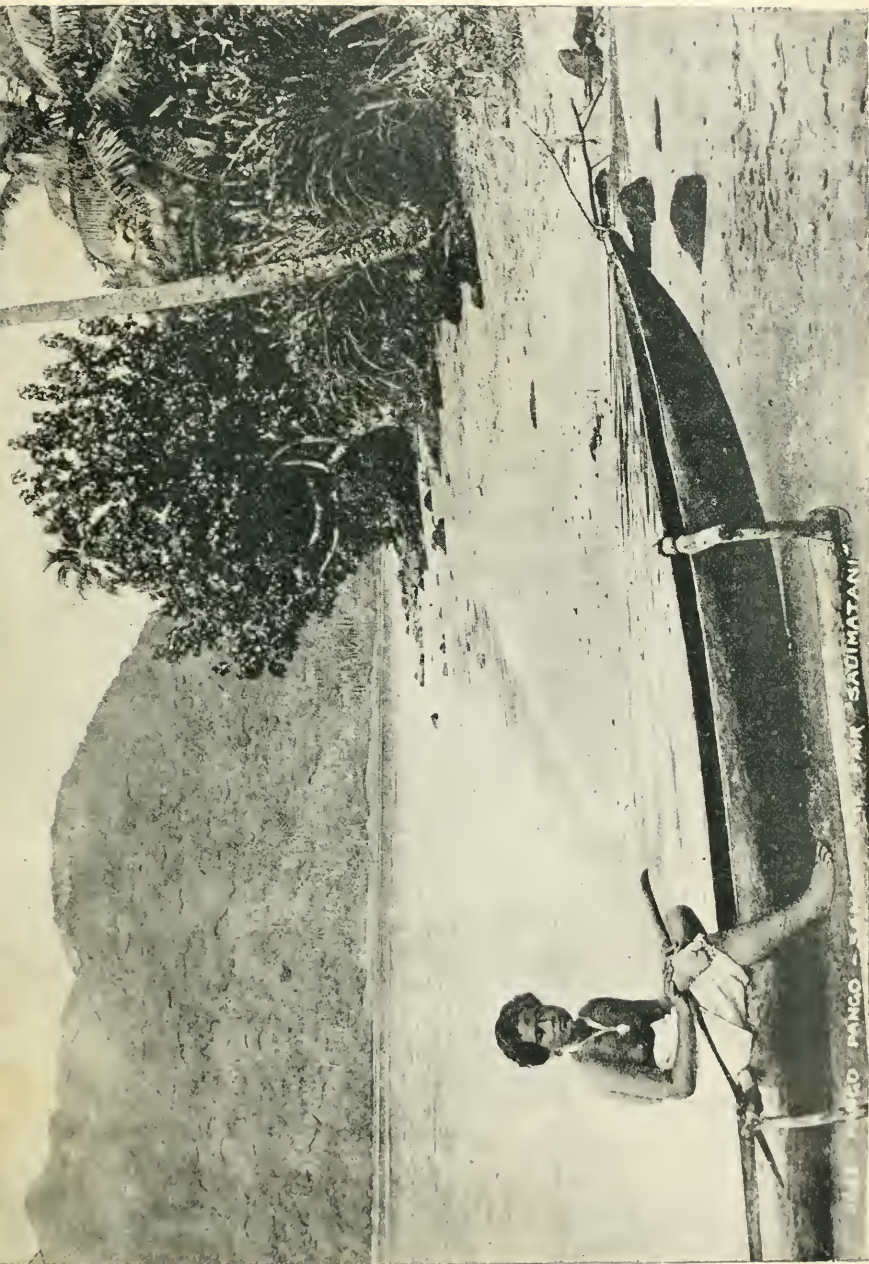
Mr. John Lecky Phelps, of Canally, where I spent a few weeks, was a man much in advance of his time. While other people, for 150 miles round, had no vegetables, he cultivated a half-acre, on the river bank, with potatoes, green peas, French beans, cabbages, and he kept it irrigated by a very simple process, for rain was very uncertain in that far inland spot. He had a Californian wooden pump, about six inches square, with its end fixed in the river, and about 150 feet of "Osnaburg" hose from it to the top of the garden, which was, perhaps, three feet higher than the lower end by the river, and, half-an-hour of hand pumping every morning, sent the water flowing zig zag, backwards, and forwards, and in, and out, through all the well-kept furrows, and beds, of the enclosure, and the vegetation was always fresh and green at Canally garden. The

Messrs. Chaffey Brothers have now (1892) some magnificent irrigation colonies in this same part of Australia, but the embryo idea was in Phelps's garden, in 1853.

To return, for a while, to Lake Paika. We were short of flour, and I volunteered to cross the Murrumbidgee, then in flood, and ten miles across, and go to Tala, the head station, in a canoe of tree bark, and fetch a 200 lb. bag over. Two things were necessary for this—namely, a black pilot, and a bark canoe, cut from some tree with a hump on its back. "Jacob" was the name of my *Palinurus*, and he, sent on the errand, soon returned with a bark canoe, 12 feet long, a flaw at one end being neatly plugged with clay. This was duly launched on the flood waters of the river Murrumbidgee, which was here ten miles wide; the forest on each bank being submerged to a depth of three feet, for a breadth of five miles; the main river was 150 feet wide, and about 60 feet deep, and flowing clear and fast. So long do the flood waters remain out, that beautiful, spongy, and filamentary water weeds have time to grow, and gladden the eyesight as one glides over them in a canoe, which draws about three, or four, inches of water, as it threads its way under the stately, solemn, lofty gum trees. Ever, and anon, a bed of high, thick, green reeds, in some branch creek, is encountered, and here Jacob has to get out, put down his pole, and drag the canoe bodily through, as the beds are too long for us to go round. Right and left fall the elastic reeds, as we pass through, nearly recovering themselves after we have gone on. Strange noises, louder even than the boom of the nankeen crane, or bittern, are heard in the still, solemn, weird, watery solitude. The day is cloudy, and inclined to rain, but Jacob never falters. At length we reach the main river, and the punting pole has to act as a paddle, for "no soundings" are here. The flooded forest, and the reed beds, of the north side, by Paika, are exactly reproduced on the south bank, by Lake Tala, the head station, and, after a pretty trip, we land in sight of Tala House, where we are to get our bag of flour. During the trip, Jacob showed me two specimens of his woodcraft. With his little reed spear, he caught, and killed, a big water rat, and, hearing a flock of wild ducks, on the other side of one of the reed beds, he sent his reed spear unerringly up, so as to fall straight down, with the heavy, pointed end, unseen, in the middle of the flock, and was rewarded with a transfixed duck, and a rat, for his supper. It is only fair of me to state that when he speared the rat, he did not know of the "ducks to follow." We announced our business at the head station, and were made comfortable for the night, as we could

not return home on the same day. Here were some white females, of which there were none at Paika, two married women, 800 miles out west of Sydney. Next day we got our 200 lb. bag of flour into the canoe, and returned to Paika with it.

What a strong sense of locality the Australian aborigine must have. Jacob had no sun, and no track, to guide him ; all was water, reed beds, and submerged forest, yet he took me that ten miles, straight to Tala, and back, next day, to the very tree we had started from, the day previous ; no broken twigs, no landmarks, here to guide him ; nothing but pure, unadulterated, faultless instinct, such as no other race, white or black, on this earth possesses. A prominent aboriginal, on Paika, was "Old Bill ;" his native name I do not know ; but, if the reader wishes to picture him, then imagine the Laocoön, with a black skin, and a white beard, and you have this terrible old warrior before you ; a man slayer, a mighty hunter in days gone by, and, even when I saw him, there was much of the old fire and strength left in him. No humble follower of the white- "boss" was Bill, as other blackfellows were ; and, the first time I heard his voice was in altercation with the superintendent, when, at night, in the kitchen, he shouted the words "Wortey toonarpel," regarding some event of the day, meaning "It's not true, it's a lie," "wortey" being the emphatic Murrumbidgee word for "No." Differently inflected, it would be shrilly uttered by the smiling black girl, if accused of kissing her sweetheart, as "warr-ti," in the white girl's tone of "I never *did*." Old Bill had two pretty daughters, aged 14 and 12, called Bessie and Louey, their native names being Kuckeelbuckie, and Lymebenaroy ; and, for curly hair, brilliant black eyes, and pure white teeth, it were hard to beat them. It is the habit here to give each native an *alias* (not unlike our old English Saxon fashion, of Fitz, Hurst, and Combe, &c., or the "Mac" of Scotland, or the "O" of Ireland), by putting the affix "ipo" to the name of the place where they were born. Bessie was born at Bouripa, so was called Bouriparipo, and Louey, Lymebenaripo. I happened one evening, after tea, to say to the superintendent that they were pretty girls, and my expression must have been quoted to the sable Laocoön, for, soon after, I had a call from him, and an offer of the two of them for my wives ; but, a bird of passage, such as I was, could not close with the flattering overture, pretty and innocent as the girls then were. One girl, of 20, named Maria, and the wife of Martin, an eagle-eyed black, who was the "super's" *aide de camp* in the field, and who, some blacks averred, could see a bullet in its flight, wore the cotton dress of a



A SAMOAN BELLE, "SAUMATANI."

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white woman, and stockings and shoes on her small feet, and rode horses astraddle, as coloured women, alike in Australia and Polynesia, do.

Some of the native names and phrases are very pretty. "Lycullin" signifies a camp, or resting place; "tenarpogee" is a black swan; "toombarngee" is a sheep; "cullingharly" is a knife; "mingakiene" means "fetch water;" and "minna wenarpe" means "bring fire;" "koondarley" means "gammon, rubbish, stuff and nonsense," the same as "ean-ang-hela" means it on the Barwon, far away to the north-east, and is a favorite female reply to ardent, and jocular, professions of love.

Snakes are very plentiful in this Murrumbidgee country, and come down from the dry, burning plains, to drink at the edge of the flooded ground. Often have I, armed with a "mallee" sapling, met, and killed, eight of them in a mile, either just coming to drink, or just returning. All sorts; the dappled, fowl-swallowing, but not venomous "carpet" snake; the black, with the red belly; and others. The most deadly known snakes of Australia are the three-sided death adder; the brown snake, with the stumpy, rounded tail, and *yellow* belly; and the black snake, with the yellow belly. A big retriever, or a similar dog, bitten by the brown and yellow gentleman, *falls at once*, and is dead in ten minutes. No cobra, or rattle snake, could operate more quickly than this.

The bare, grassless, summer plains of New South Wales contrast strangely with the plains of Queensland, 700, to 900, miles further north. In Queensland, the verdant time for grass is midsummer, on those magnificent Downs, born of basaltic and volcanic soil, where the hardy grasses show six inches of herbage, succulent as green oats, and nutritive as wheat; and, no wonder; for, these six inches above ground are supplemented by six feet of root below ground, searching out all the moisture, and enabling the seen part of the plant to defy the sun, and the endless cropping, alike; and these Queensland Downs, alone, would cover nearly all France.

The time had now arrived when B. and J. and I were to be summoned back to civilization, all, however, on different errands. Let me, however, describe the first navigation of the Murray River, which took place while I was at Paika and Canally, in November, 1853.

W. C. Wentworth's great stations of Tala, Yangar, and Paika, were near the junction of the Murray and Murrumbidgee. Up to 1851, all went well there. The supplies of flour, and sugar, &c., were hauled overland 800 miles, or 300 miles, from Sydney, or

Melbourne side, as might be, by bullock drays; and the wool travelled back the same road. To provide for contingencies, Wentworth kept 20 tons of flour *always* in stock, and other supplies in proportion; but, when the "gold broke out," no Melbourne teams would go beyond Bendigo, nor Sydney teams beyond Bathurst. They could get more per ton for the short trip, with loading for the gold fields than any squatter could afford to pay them for the long trip; so, when I was at Paika, in 1853, no teams had been up, or down, for two years. There were two seasons' wool stored in the sheds; the remainder flour was awfully musty; boots, saddles, tin-ware, "slops," and the like, had, long since, "given out" in the store; when, one fine day, as I rode out with John Lecky Phelps, of Canally, we spied the first steamer that had come up the Murray, with Governor Young, of South Australia, on board, and under the command of Captain Cadell. We went on board, and had some "pawnee," for it was "wond'rous hot" that November day. Still, we did not "realize" matters till afterwards. The old supplies, in the days of the "forties," dragged wearily overland, from Maitland, or Melbourne, per dray, used to arrive in lots of a ton and a-half, or so, to each dray, and smothered in the dust, and caked mud, bags worn with the impact of the dray wheels, all dirt, and bad order, at best. But, mark the contrast of the steamer from Adelaide. Clean, white, 50 lb. bags of flour; clean, white, boxes of loaf sugar, and sperm candles; cases of brandy, spick and span, from the bonded stores, at Adelaide; everything clean and new; and 100 tons of it, too, all tumbled ashore (as if from the clouds), on the river bank. Not a miserable 30 cwt. of it (*ex dray*), and covered with dirt at that. It was an era in one's life, and in that of Australia's. The engorged wool sheds were quickly relieved of their contents, and the price of Riverina station property went up 50 and 100 per cent. straight away. In order to give an idea of Riverina, and Northern Victoria, at this date, I will transcribe a few items from my diary.

December 10th, 1853.—Steamer again came up the Murray. I found that she would not return to Goolwa till January; heard of Buchanan's teams going from Yangar to Melbourne at once, and, so, resolved to go with them, having sold my horse.

December 11th.—Walked from Canally to Yangar; lunch with Frank Todhunter, of Sydney, and went on with Constable Lalor to W. F. Buchanan's teams.

December 12th.—Awfully hot in the mallee; carried water for bullocks; got to Talbett's, on the Wakool River; met Captain Cadell, of the steamer; also, James Morris.

December 13th.—Swam the bullocks across the Wakool ; got to “Poon Boon,” on the Edwards, and met with great hospitality.

December 14th.—Reached the Murray reed beds, and camped *al fresco* by them ; cold, and south wind, in the night.

December 15th.—Bullocks strayed, and started late ; crossed the Murray, at Swan Hill, by moonlight, and put up at Rutherford’s Hotel ; ale, 8s. per bottle ; new style of squatter, in plaid jumpers, visible here.

December 16th.—Steamer came up to Swan Hill, which we left, and passed through a bog before we got to camp.

December 17th.—Passed the missionary station for the blacks ; travelled 20 miles, and camped by a swamp, and some pines.

December 18th.—Passed Reedy Lake, and got to the inn at the Loddon ; no meat there ; a fearfully hot day on the shadeless plain.

December 19th.—Rainy morning ; started, at 3 a.m., to tackle the 20-mile plain ; got across by 10 o’clock ; and camped by the Serpentine River.

December 20th.—Another terribly hot day ; arrived at the “Durham Ox,” on the Serpentine.

December 21st, 1853.—Heat worse than ever ; got to the “Serpentine” Inn ; got some dinner, and a bath ; very wet night.

December 22nd, 1853.—Bailed up by rain ; bullock driver got drunk.

December 23rd.—Travelled 18 miles, to Bullock Creek ; saw men splitting slabs.

December 24th.—Passed Campbell’s ; camped at Bullock Creek ; washed some tailings ; and yarned with a miner.

December 25th.—Walked to the “Porcupine” Inn ; traffic something tremendous ; met 200 drays ; so strange, after all the months of solitude ; reached “Sawpit Gully” at 5 p.m.

December 26th.—Picked up a real “live” coach, at Kyneton ; could not wait to see my friend, F. Arthur, an old ship mate ; arrived at the “Bush” Inn, at nightfall.

December 27th.—Arrived at Melbourne, at half-past one ; tents, now, all the way from Prince’s Bridge to Liardet’s boat shed ; got hair and beard trimmed ; went on board the “Maitland,” or “Diamond,” at 3.30, and she put us on board the “Harbinger,” screw steamer, by 6 p.m. ; played chess with the captain, and Mr. M’Donough.

To go back for a moment to Paika. Burne and James left for Sydney, *via* Wagga, with a black, called “Jimmy the Rover,” for a guide in the first stages, and, for myself, the long spell of bush

solitude was finally broken at Bullock Creek, for I had hardly met one traveller between Dubbo and Bendigo, except some Americans, who had been to the M'Ivor, and who had wonderful tales to tell of gold (1853) in some badly-watered, level country, away back from the Lachlan, which, I suppose, was the subsequent "Lambing Flat," or some neighboring diggings, of the "sixties," where the Forbes, and Young, and Parkes townships now flourish. Passing Carlsruhe and Mount Alexander, I now came to a country which, so far from being lonely, much resembled Greenwich Fair, for the road side was lined with tents, and booths, where "refreshments" could be purchased; and from that time forth, all the way to Melbourne, there was no solitude, for about 80 miles. I passed places, small then, but afterwards much larger, known as Gisborne, &c., all seen in succession. Flemington, the now renowned scene of the great money-making, and money-losing, "Cup" race, was, then, a dusty, desolate level, with very unpicturesque, white-stem gum trees, giving no sign, or forecast, whatever, of the lovely lawns and flower gardens, and unequalled race course, of 30 years later; and then came Melbourne itself, where, I am bound to say, there *was* some considerable life, and bustle, to be seen, compared with what was apparent when I had last been there, in May, 1851. There was not much extension of buildings, however, for "labour" was away at the gold mines, and was not available; but, when one surveyed the scene from Prince's Bridge to the beach at Sandridge, where, two years before, all was grass, there was now a myriad of crowded tents, which covered the face of the earth just there. Here was the tract of ground, where wholesale and impudent robberies were perpetrated on newly landed people, in broad day light; no one was safe. I was told that a band of 14 newly landed, and armed, young gentlemen, walking from the beach to Melbourne, from a "Black Ball" liner, were set upon by 23 armed ruffians, and robbed, and one of their number killed.

I embarked in the "Harbinger," one of the same line as the "Jason," "Cæsus," and "Argo" (afterwards so famous in the Black Sea, at the Crimean war), on board of which was Mr. G. S. Caird, now of Sydney, as passenger from England. We went out of the Heads (guiltless, then, of all their present powerful forts), in company with the paddle steamer "London," of the Dundee and Perth line, which had been pressed into the colonial coastal service; and the sea was like a mill pond, as we passed "Rodondo," and the other island "institutions" of the straits, and were, at one time, so close to the "London," that I could see a lady in her berth, through

the roomy stern ports of that luxurious packet. A mistaken impression prevails that the bill of fare was "rough" on board Australian steamers at that date. All I can say is, that on board the "Harbinger," 1,100 tons, in December, 1853, a written *menu* was placed by the plate of every saloon passenger at dinner time, an attention which I failed to observe when travelling by a P. and O. steamer, of 6,000 tons, from Melbourne to Sydney, in the year 1888; and, not only was the *menu* written out, but it was a *menu* well worth the writing out, also.

With the exception of a few hours spent there, in passing through, in 1853, I never saw Melbourne from early 1851 to late 1888, when I, of course, approached by the railway, and Albury route, and *not viâ* Swan Hill. Heavens! what a metamorphosis was there! Thirty-eight years of gold-fostered development! A royal city, then, in every sense of the word. But, then the *other* changes, which do *not* appear on the surface, but which all bore their part. The Governors, from Latrobe, and Hotham, to Loch and Hopetoun; the Premiers, and Cabinets, from the days of Ebden, Ireland, O'Shanassy, Michie, Fellowes, Haines, Nicholson, through the era of Harker, Heales, M'Culloch, Francis, and Berry, down to the modern times of Gillies, and Munro. What a chapter, or, rather, what volumes, of Victorian history do they represent. The social growths; the "ups and downs" of fate; the constant onward progress since the good old days when Thomas Howard Fellowes, and his colleagues, of the Victorian bar, took part in those glorious, witty, social, circuit dinners and suppers of that bygone time—well on in this same nineteenth century, perhaps, but still far back in the growth of the young giant, known as the colony of Victoria.

But I am on my way to Sydney, in the "Harbinger," just now, and we duly arrived in time for Christmas, of 1853, and then it was put to me, by one of my friends, in Sydney, as to whether I should rejoin the Bank, or take a free one-fourth interest, as manager, in a Darling Downs station, or, open mercantile agencies in Brisbane, Moreton Bay. Employment was *not* scarce in early 1854. The gold business had robbed the market of clerical, and manual, labour, alike; so, I had a plentiful choice of openings. The Bank, with its indoor life, often till 10 p.m., was out of the question. Labour was scarce in pastoral pursuits, and hampered them much; while the gold had given such expansion to mercantile business, that I had no difficulty in selecting the outdoor life of a commercial traveller, and agent, in the new land of Moreton Bay, doing the rounds of the Darling Downs and Burnett districts every six weeks, or so.

Leaving New Holland for a time, we will—before turning to my Queensland reminiscences—follow the fortunes of Walter Delpard, in London. Long sea voyages have often been described, and by charming writers, such as the Hon. Emily Eden (Lady Auckland), in 1836, in her graphic, and womanly, letters between Calcutta and England, and no one can hope to improve on *her* style. Walter is on board the good ship "Parramatta," the last of the dear old wooden, Sydney-trading, "frigate built," family-carrying ships, with her ample quarter galleries, and roomy "chains," and gorgeous figure head; short on the keel, by comparison with the P. and O. "liners," but with an equally long *pro rata* allowance of promenade deck. What a history, what a book, might be written on the families carried "home," first and last, by the "Vimeira," "La Hogue," and "Parramatta!" What an epitome of early Australian times it would be! Sometimes, the dreary "Horn" and the icebergs would be "dodged," by taking the westerly route, *via* the Cape of Good Hope, in February, and, certainly, it *was* a great improvement. In 86 days from Sydney, the "Parramatta" was boarded by a fisherman's boat, off Brixham, in the Channel, and that most delicious of all fish, fried soles, with anchovy sauce, greeted the palates of the voyagers from the antipodes, in exchange for a bottle of Queensland rum, the older samples of which are, now, the best in the world, for, the early Queenslanders had not, at one time, learnt the West Indian art of distilling the maximum of rum from the minimum of sugar. Three days after this, the rainy flats of Gray's Thurrock were seen on the right hand, and soon Walter was ashore in the city of London, where, passing the wondrous docks, Cheapside, St. Paul's, and the rest of it, he found himself at (what we will call) the "Ashburnham" Club, at the western end of London, (a great "house of call" for Australians "at home,") preparatory to using his numerous letters of introduction.

The first thing that struck Walter, in the city, was the comparative darkness, after Australia—the grey, cool, dim light, so grateful, in moderation, to the hepatic patients, burnt up with the sunny glare of India, but so strange to the healthy, young, country-bred Australian. Another matter, which struck him as strange, was the intense, the—to him—unaccustomed, and almost unwholesome, vivid and "rank" looking green of the fields, both meadow and crop bearing, a green which, in Australia, would, at once, suggest ideas of "blown" cattle, and bovine mortality, in that land of wholesome, but sober coloured grasses. And, here, a few words on the edibles of England and Australia.

First of all, wheat and bread. Here Australia reigns supreme. Spanish wheat is better than English; Australian better than Spanish; I speak not here of damp New Zealand; but the dry climate of South Australia produces a glutinous, nutritious wheat, which makes a bread unapproachable for excellence. In meat, England, with its pastures fed over, and renewed, for 800 years, bears the palm for sweetness, though some of the *untraveller* beef and mutton of Australia, fed on the rich herbage of the basaltic uplands, and *killed*, and *eaten where* it was *born*, is a remarkably good second to England's first. Few people in Australia have ever tasted a really good mutton chop; few people in England a first-class loaf of bread; and, strange to say, that neither of them are aware of their loss, so, there is but little harm done. Wine, in Australia, *will* be a great "institution" by-and-by. Amongst a sea of rubbish, made by amateurs from unsuitable grapes, one comes, now and then, across some "fluke" of a vintage, that has lain, forgotten and unsuspected, in some fool's cellar for years, and which serves to show what the place *is* capable of. "Verdeilho," at £1 a dozen, by whose side the finest "Rüdesheimer" of the Rhine, at 90s., must needs "take a back seat." Wine, that hugs the glass like oil, and before which the best still champagne, *montepulciano*, and the rest of them, must hide their diminished heads, not to mention that liqueur-like, and scented, "Brown Muscat," which, now and again, manages to escape from South Australia, and is, happily, drunk in other lands.

But we have left Walter Delpard, alone in London, and must look him up again without more ado. The smoke-begrimed, but noble, old Italian pile of St. Paul's struck his soul deeply with a new born sense of awe and beauty; the endless labyrinth of streets (an easy book to a born cockney) was to him as bewildering as the trackless forests of Walter's home would have been to the Londoner, lost in the bush. He called on his father's London agents, Messrs. Ransome and Son, and was asked to dinner, of course, and they had a long talk over Australian, pastoral, and other affairs.

Mr. Edmund Ransome had a beautiful villa and grounds (old, and park like) in the vicinity of Epping Forest; and Walter Delpard liked visiting there, and soon grew to be a frequent guest. The old gentleman was one of the few remaining types of the bygone school of London merchants, aquiline, and stern looking, scanty haired, and smooth shaven on the firm mouth and prominent chin, a disciplinarian in business and family matters, alike; of irreproachable honour in mercantile affairs, and a worthy successor, in form and style, of his father, and grandfather, whose portraits, in powder

and pigtailed, looked down from their cabinet frames in the breakfast room of the old Essex house, situated where the south-western borders of the Forest merged into the venerable hamlets of Leytonstone, Woodford, Chigwell, and the rest of them. The house had once belonged to the Van Voorsts, an old and noted political family, the last male scion of which had perished, with all others, on board the missing, and never again heard of, frigate "Aurora," on board of which he was proceeding to India on a delicate diplomatic mission, on behalf of the Crown, after the days of Clive, and before Warren Hastings. The quaint old iron gates opened on to a pleasant green lane, bordered by a purling brook, and all buttercups and daisies; the brook was full of oozy water plants, and small fish, and went to feed the waters of the Lea River, which, graced, then, with a high, old, ricketty, wooden bridge, flowed, some miles away, past cosy fishing inns, whose parlour walls were garnished with stuffed pike, the trophies of dead and gone anglers, and adorned with coloured wood engravings of the past century. Old hostelries, where the talk was all of fishing, and cockney punt exploits, and where the cordials were more drinkable than the "hard" ale was.

Ransome's house had been built at that period of the seventeenth century, when contractors used to put in plenty of work and material, abundance of wood and brick, for the money. There were old trees in the ground, higher than the roof of the mansion itself, and, in the enclosure, was an old round tower of flint and mortar, hard as granite, of an antiquity past judging of, and with a deep brick well in the centre of it; and we must now introduce the reader to the family.

Edmund Ransome had five sons, and only one daughter, Jane, whom Walter Delpard found this evening alone, and standing before the drawing room fire, previous to dinner, occupied in warming a neat foot on the fender. There was not much variety of colour about Jane Ransome that evening. Her shoe sole was white, and the kid upper, black, and nearly nine inches long, and an open work black silk stocking showed a very white instep beneath (the Ransomes had dealt, for generations past, at one shoe shop in Soho Square, which bore the Royal Arms, and where "Georgius Rex" had dealt from 1730 to 1830), and the black and white were continued in her dress, collar, and cuffs. Her hair was a pretty gold yellow colour, and gloriously abundant; her eyes, a dark, luminous brown. Not a beautiful face, in the style of Walter's sisters, but, to him, a very winning and attractive one, in the house

near the old London road that wound thence, over hill and dale, to Epping (where they make those undeniable pork sausages), and so on to Newmarket (where they do some equally undeniable horse racing).

Jane was the only being in the world who could coax that man of iron, her father, in his Leadenhall street office, or make him alter his mind, on any subject, before the Eastern Counties railway carriage had borne them past the sound of the pealing chimes, which echo from the lofty spire of St. Leonard's, in Shoreditch.

Of the five sons, one was his father's partner; another a leading auctioneer, in Moorgate street; one was a Mincing Lane broker; and one a wine merchant at Cadiz.

W. and J. had a long talk before the rest of the family came into the room, and, as usual, nearly all of questions about Australia, which left Walter but little opening to air his impressions of London. He was, like his sister Laura, dark, with curly hair and beard, and with all that chest and shoulder development that comes of an active bush life; for, your Achilles is as symmetrical in his way as your Venus. Jane often, afterwards, admired his free, firm seat in the saddle, so different from the riding-master style of many whom they met in their numerous excursions in the green lanes of Essex, for Jane was a white Diana, on horseback, on her dapple bay "Dragon," as well as in her bathing costume at Hastings.

Said Jane to Walter, "I must say that I rather like the few Australian gentlemen I have seen. They appear to be more manly than the military, or mercantile, men I have met here."

"No great wonder in that," said Walter, "for men in the colonies soon learn the lesson that what is known as 'comfort' is not the be-all, and end-all, of life. They don't, by any means, object to comfort, if it happens to come in their road; but, as a rule, they sacrifice nothing, in the shape of duty, for the sake of it. When comfort is thus made a very secondary consideration, it is surprising how soon it ceases to be a necessity. People, in England work in a groove, the foundation has all been laid for *them*, and their work, long ago, and there is little to evoke manliness, compared with what is found in raw Australia, where, in the bush, each man who wants to succeed must think, plan, fight, and originate for himself. It would," continued Walter, "be worth the while of any one, who felt himself to be defective in wholesome manly feeling, and who had money and time to spare, to travel for a few months, or years, in Australia, not in the big cities, which are as civilized and effeminate as London, and not in the usual tourists' route either, but into the

interior, amongst the sheep and cattle stations, the mines, and the plantations; he would learn lessons at every step, would have to shift for himself, and face, and bear, much; he would meet men with iron grey beards, at an age, ten years earlier than is usual in Europe, but men, none the less, well worth mixing with, and knowing; men who had fought the battle of life, suffered, no doubt, but conquered all the same; men who had pluckily adapted themselves to every contingency of the bush, that had turned up; men, more useful and fit, for Heaven or earth, than the bulk of those bred in a city, with the civilization of 800 years ready piled up all around them."

Jane's honest eyes sparkled with delight as she listened to Walter's peroration (*her* Walter, as she was beginning to think him) as he thus painted, in words, her own fond ideal of a man, and, what she might have said in reply will never be known, for, at this juncture, the rest of the family, and several of the guests, entered the room, and dinner was shortly afterwards announced.

Now, a dinner in this part of suburban Essex, as it may be called, is not invariably *a la Russe*, or a Frenchified affair of *plats and compôtes*. Here, at "The Priory," was a table service of porcelain, and silver, that had done duty long before Waterloo was fought. Roast turkey, Devonshire "junktet," draught ale, and the like, are all most unfashionable; and rhubarb pie must not be mentioned with *Nesselrode*, and ice pudding.

"And so you admired St. Paul's, did you, Walter?" (said Vincent Ransome, the second son). "I applaud your taste, for there is nothing in the world, in its own style, to equal it; but, you should also see the spires of Antwerp and Strasburg, for their Gothic beauty."—"Not forgetting," chimed in old Mr. R., "Salisbury, York, and Norwich, in this country. For my own part," continued the old gentleman, "give me Vienna steeple for a perfect Gothic exterior, and Toledo altar for an interior."

"Oh! Papa," said Jane, "you must not forget Milan and Freiburg, and the dear old bits of carving we have seen at Chartres, and in Flanders, and the Palais de Justice at Brussels."

"Has no one a word to say for St. Peter's, at Rome?" chimed in Fred Batwing, the mining broker, of Cophthall Court.

"Well," said Mr. Ransome, "it is big, but not beautiful. Michael Angelo was a divine sculptor, but his buildings have not the gem like beauty and harmony of Wren's."

"Yes," said Walter, with a glance at Jane, "I mean to 'do' all these before I go back to Wyndômel."

"You have a fine climate there," said Jane.

"Yes," said Walter, "it would do you good to see some of the poor invalid refugees who come to us, at times, with their lungs punished by the icy blasts of southern, and rainy, New Zealand, or the changeable Melbourne; they open their chests, draw in our dry air, and all recover, if they only come in time. There was the Rev. Dr. Arnwood, carried ashore, apparently dying of consumption, and he lived 25 years afterwards, preached, kept a school, and had seven children, and died of a different complaint altogether. Men, who get 'hit' in the liver with us, in Australia, have to get a thorough change in New Zealand, where there are neither snakes nor gum trees, as in Australia, and which differs from it in all respects—damp, rainy, breezy. Maori land will soon fetch a 'liver' man round, if his lungs be all right."

"Are your snakes dangerous in Australia?" asked Fred Batwing.

"Some, very much so," said Walter. "Snakes and crocodiles abound all through, from tropical Australia to the Malayan Islands, and the Philippines, where I once was," continued Walter; but it is very delightful to swing, at sunset, in a grass hammock, at Manilla, and smoke a cigarette in the evening of a hot day, when the glass is below 80°, in the forest breeze, and to hear the *senoritas* play the guitar, and sing songs about 'mi corazon;' as nice, but in a different way, I suppose, as a summer picnic at a ruined abbey, or a moonlight boating with some of the pretty girls of old England."

"Oh, indeed, Sir" (*thought* jealous Jane), "I wonder if you have a sweetheart at Manilla, and I'll find out too."

Walter went on to say, "The fire-flies at night, the scented air, the balmy temperature, and the pretty girls, in their 'pina' (pine-apple fibre) dresses, little, grass-plaited shoes, or bare feet, or wooden clogs (Japanese fashion) would make the place a lazy man's paradise; but, when the ladies smoke, and, also, at times, spit, it rather spoils it." Jane felt relieved.

There was a young American married lady at the dinner, a Mrs. Tripman, native of Louisiana; her husband, of New York. She spoke French fluently, and English quaintly, as, for instance, when Jane admired her friend's natty shoe-bow, she replied, "Yes; that's rale cunning, isn't it?" and you might have guessed at *her* southern origin, by the way in which she preferred some (batata) sweet potatoes (which Mr. Ransome had somehow got from the Mediterranean) to the best of English ones. She was an exquisite pianist, and the music and variations she could extract from such airs as "Jenny Jones," and "The girl I left behind me," stamped

her education in that line as perfect; and, by-and-by, when Jane gave the gentlemen the gems of "Lucrezia" and "Pasquale," and, the two girls, the "Naples Quadrilles," as a duet, the company were all English enough in their tastes to like it as well as Schubert's "Au bord de la mer," for Donizetti was Jane's champion, all through, in music; but we anticipate.

Walter had paid a visit to the British Museum that day, and, like some educated Australians, went straight for the minerals, rather than to the Elgin Marbles. Fred Batwing asked him what he thought of the mineral show.

"I was chiefly struck," said Walter, "with the way in which nature repeats herself in distant parts of the world in minerals. There is green stained, coppery quartz, flecked with gold, from the Ural Mountains, in Russia, which could hardly be distinguished from the same as found in Central Australia, and at Morinish, near Rockhampton, in Queensland. There is gold in black tourmaline (or schorl) from the west coast of Africa, and found no where else in the world, apparently, except at the Cloncurry River, in North Queensland."

"I suppose your colony is very rich in gold, Mr. Delpard."

"Well, speaking from memory, I can quote some instances. At a place called Gympie, they got 335 lb. weight of it in 365 lb. of quartz; and, when the 700 lb. block was shattered by gun-powder, small ropes of flexible gold still held the disjointed fragments of quartz together, and you might as well have tried to crush lead, or Indian-rubber, with the steel stampers, as this rich quartz gold; and, it was only by adding many tons of barren quartz to it, that it grew hard enough to lose its golden tenacity, and become tractable powder."

"Wonderful," was the remark that went round the table.

"I once saw a block of quartz, from the 'Aurelia' mine, at the same place; it was about four feet square, and eight inches thick, and, from corner to corner, ran, all through, a diagonal seam, of spotted gold, five inches wide, and visible on both surfaces. 'Hill End,' in New South Wales, used to yield rich patches, also, and a piece as big as a man, and, of course, much heavier, looked to be nearly all gold. I think it came from Holterman's claim."

"But," interposed Batwing, "putting rich 'patches' on one side, what are your steady yields from Gympie?"

"Well," said Walter, "what do you think of 60,000 ozs. from 18,000 tons, out of one of the Monkland claims? and 11,000 ozs. from 300 tons, at the 'Wilmot Extended,' both at Gympie? Not much 'patch' about *that* quantity of stone."

"I should like to ask you a few questions, Walter," said Mr. Ransome "about the South Sea Island labour, or traffic, or slavery, as some of the people here, call it"

"Well," said Walter, "it originally arose in this way: Times were bad for the settlers, wool was cheap, the skies were dry, and grain, and crops, scarce; the banks were frowning, and accounts, too, much overdrawn; so, some aspiring agents in North-eastern Australia, began to cast wistful eyes to the islands, about a couple of thousand of miles away, across the Great Barrier Reef, in hope of making a rise in a new quarter; for, all was 'flat, stale, and unprofitable' on the main land, and the only real 'El Dorado' lay 'beyant the seas,' in the New Hebrides, and Solomon Islands, where so many missionaries, and white men, had already left their bones behind. These islands swarmed with cannibal blacks, to whom a full square meal was a luxury, and exemption from being eaten, moreover, a high privilege. Hundreds of the men were easily persuaded to come to Queensland, for a three year, or 'forty moon,' term, for 10s. a month, and a guaranteed stomach-full, all the year round; and, as the enterprising agents who chartered the schooners, could land men for about £3 a head (bounty and barter included), and, as they charged £12 a head bonus to the settlers who engaged them, and, as the schooners could make several trips a year, and carried over 100 'niggers' each time, you can imagine there was money in the business; for a settler, or planter, could well afford to pay a bonus of £12, in order to get an islander secured for three years, at £6 a year, in place of having to give a white man £40 a year, to do sugar cane cutting; the food being the same, nearly, in both cases, as to cost, the black man's being more plentiful, but coarser, and cheaper. And, then, these islanders thus set a lot of white labour free to do other, and less menial, work than cane-tending; besides, in the impetus they thus gave to the sugar industry, making work, and finding employment for thousands of white engine drivers, labourers, wood cutters, carters, horse and bullock drivers, and the like, which employment, but for the extra coloured labour to start it, would never have existed at all."

"And what do the black labourers do when their three years have expired, and they get their wages?" asked Mr. Ransome.

"They buy muskets, powder, and ball," said Walter, "so that, when they get home to their islands again, they may be able to resist the tyranny of their chiefs, who are apt to make slaves of them, if unarmed; and it is strange (continued he) to note the difference between them and our own Australian blacks. These

latter are squalid, and have no love of finery ; but the South Sea Islanders, who, when they first land in Queensland, have big shock heads of hair, like pillows, their black wool all made yellow by the application of lime to it ; and with gaping holes in their ears, through which pieces of bone are passed ; mere savages and cannibals in every look, and glance, and movement ; staring with wonder at every well-dressed lady in the streets of Brisbane, or elsewhere, these men, when their time has expired, become like the old bygone dandy slaves of Baltimore, in Maryland ; and you would wonder where they had acquired new tastes so soon ; clad in double-breasted, silk-lined sacques of black broad-cloth, with heavy gilt watch chain, crossed in front, black silk hat, and pink silk tie ; blue silk umbrella overhead ; all these, with black pants and boots, and a red hibiscus flower stuck either in the ear, or the button-hole. Imagine all this, and you will see how instinctively the savage has picked up the 'points' of the white man's 'best clothes ;' and they parade often, hand in hand, like simple children, as they really are, in brain and manner (but Herculean all the same, many of them, in bone, weight, and muscle) during the few days before they return, with their cherished ammunition, to their native islands."

"Well," said Mr. Ransome, "there is nothing very terrible in all this ; but I have heard that they pine, and die of home sickness, like the Swiss do."

"That is a mistaken idea," said Walter. "The fact is, that these savages eat inordinately when they come to Queensland ; some of them could eat a three-pound loaf and a shoulder of mutton at one meal, if procurable ; and they thus get into a gross habit of body, and, if they happen to catch cold, which is very frequently the case in the change from an island, to a continental climate, it takes a very heavy hold on them ; and, though the Government provides splendid hospitals for them, and has strict regulations as to medical attendance, the islanders, unused to sickness and over-feeding at home, despair of life at once, and die in a ratio, far exceeding the white man's mortality ; for, as I said, they are mere children, and know nothing of sickness, or that it is curable. This is the secret of their rare recovery, if once really ill. It is from fright at an enemy, who, they feel sure, is invincible. They resemble the children, too, in their daintiness. Some of the kanakas, when their time is up, do not return to the islands at all, but clean boots, chop wood, sweep yards out, and so forth, for a living, being well rewarded by a shilling, or a good meal. One of the island 'boys,' at the home of a friend of mine, was, at first, glad of a lump of stale

bread, and a bowl of weak tea ; but he soon grew to turn up his nose at that, and then he progressed so far as to grow sick of treacle, then of honey, then of jam ; and, after that, he 'boycotted' stale bread, coffee, and cocoa, and would have nothing but new bread, fresh butter, eggs, and strong tea, so rapidly did he become 'educated,' till, at last, his services were dispensed with ; so true is it that all inferior black races are mere children in brain."

"Have you ever visited any other country, before you came to England?" was the next question put to Walter.

"Yes ; my father sent me, for a couple of years, to be 'broken in' at a merchant's office, in Sydney, and I made a business voyage to the Mauritius, where I soon found that you could not face the noon-tide summer sun, as at Brisbane, without danger of sunstroke ; and I also went a trip to Borneo, and Singapore, and, at the latter place, went up country, and saw the gold mines of Malacca—a curious formation to an Australian eye—where a soft 'flaky' slate, which you can split with a pen-knife, carries gold between the flakes ; nothing like it was ever seen in the Australian gold mines. Borneo is one of the most sensible places I ever visited. It is, of course, very hot, being under "the line," and the shop people advertise that they keep open from 7 to 12, and from 3 to 6, and do the *siesta* business in the middle of the day, when all shops are shut, and all trade suspended, an example which might, with benefit, be followed in tropical Australia, which will yet have to come to it as an institution of daily life."

Here Mr. Ransome queried : "What of the climate of your North Queensland. I have heard of what they call 'Gulf fever' there. What is its nature?"

"Well," replied Walter, "if people in the same hot latitude as Hayti is, *will* persist in sleeping in the night dews, and let wet clothes dry on them, drink new rum, eat unwholesome food, and not enough of food at all, and never even see a vegetable, or fish, or fruit, for months, and years, together, can it be wondered at if they fall ill with malignant fever and ague ? Why, under similar conditions of life, it would go hard with you, in London itself. I must confess, however," continued young Delpard, "that the Australian fever is 'no gentleman,' in that he never properly 'declares his intentions.' The yellow fever, of Rio, is no such 'humbug,' and he lets you know at the end of five days, or less, whether you are going to live or die. Not so, with the Australian variety. You never know how long *he* will last, or when you will have done with him, so wearisome and tedious are his reiterated relapses, and he is a nuisance indeed.

But Australia is a healthy place, compared with America. Look, for instance, at Memphis, Tennessee, in 34° north. What a splendid article they can raise *there*, in the way of 'yellow Jack!' And, then, take Sydney, in 34° south, and see how much 'vomito nigro' you could raise there at any price, or even 1,000 miles nearer to the Equator, in Australia. People who live in weather-proof holdings, and eat wholesome food, *don't* get fever in tropical Australia, which is more than can be said of America, or Africa."

When Walter Delpard's head pressed his pillow that night, his thoughts dwelt much on the wistful, earnest face, and the dazzling white skin of Jane Ransome, in her becoming attire of black and white, and he began to ask himself if he were falling in love. He had letters of introduction, from Clement Tyrrell, to friends, near Cambridge, which he had not yet presented, and which were sure to bring him the acquaintance of plenty more pretty girls; but, still, he doubted if he should ever find another so to arrest his fancy as had the "little Essex girl," whom he had found warming her handsome foot on the fender, under the Sevres china mantel clock, that evening. We are strangely constituted mortals! Statistics assure us that there are "on hand," at any moment, in the world, at least five millions of beautiful marriageable girls, between the ages of seventeen and four and twenty, and a corresponding number of "eligibles" also, of the sterner sex. Nay! more! It would take any young man 30 years of his life to pass in review before him—at a *levee*, at the rate of one per minute, and working eight hours a day at it—all the pretty girls "on hand," on any given day, in the world. Yet, each individual Damon and Chloe elects to go mad over some one "bright particular star" of the other sex, and he, or she, for the time being, totally ignores the claims to admiration of the remaining 4,999,999 candidates of the rest of the tribes. They shoot, drown, and poison themselves, and, sometimes, even extend these favours to others, and all for the sake of some solitary, cruel, fair one, who is indignant, perhaps (and with some show of reason), at their wishing so to restrict *her* choice amongst the millions of available duplicates. Ah! well, it all comes to this: Love is one thing, and philosophy is another.

But, none of these speculations surged through the brain of Walter Delpard, as he lay in the roomy state bed in the old-fashioned bed-room in the Essex house. The carved mantel, the wide grate, the rich cornices in the ceiling were, even if old, deliciously new to our Australian. He dreamt of Jane; dreamt he had a "tiff" with her, in which she showed some of the lion spirit of her father—

a spirit she could not have shown to anyone whom she did *not* care for—and he woke, opened his window, and let in some of the fresh air of East Anglia, and gazed on a scene as un-Australian as could well be conceived. The old pollarded timber by the brook; the low, thickset, spreading trees; the bright green, cleared country, all mapped out, and divided by the hedge rows; the church tower, and spires, that were, already, giving out warning that Sunday morning had dawned, and reminded Walter that they were all to walk to church, across the fields, before the 2 o'clock Sunday dinner; for, the carriage never went out on Sundays, except in the case of actual need.

"Tub," toilet, and all, were soon complete, and Walter found himself strolling amongst the well-furred, white moss roses, and also under the mulberry, chestnut, and walnut trees of the rich-soiled garden, adorned with fountain, shells, and the golden carp, from China, and he found Miss Jane, prettily costumed in mauve and white, wetting her dainty little *bottines* (made to measure, of course, at the family shop in Soho Square) in the morning dew.

"How delightfully new everything in this country is to me, Miss Ransome," said he; "I do so enjoy everything indoors, and out."

"Oh!" said she, "wait a little, till you have seen more of it; if you be so charmed in the present, how enraptured you will be by-and-by. I would give something to be an Australian, and enjoy all *your* new feelings. Mother and I intend to drive you in the pony phaeton, and shew you all the "lions" of this part of the world. You must see Tottenham Cross, and the 'Seven Sisters,' and the 'Bell' at Edmonton and Enfield, where 'Elia' lived, and Epping Forest, and all the rest of what papa calls the 'classic' sights. And, we must not forget the West End, and its picture galleries, and the opera, where the chorus and orchestra *will*, perhaps, surprise you, after Sydney; and we must have Richmond, and Hampton Court, and Cliveden trips, all of them solely in honour of your noble self. You will see plenty of London life under *our* able tuition."

Here the breakfast bell rang, and, after tasting fried trout, and assigning it, instantane, a high place in the gastronomic institutions of the mother country, breakfast being over, Walter, not joining in the early morning cigar, that two of Jane's brothers indulged in, was ready, in good time, for that pleasant walk across the fields of buttercups, and wooden stiles, which the church bells had hinted at. Dear Church bells! whence arises your cosmopolitan charm, and potent spell, on human spirits? What matters it whether old

Cripplegate steeple, by the tomb of Milton, chimes the "Hanover" of the sublime Handel; whether it be the merry peal of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, looking down from its 212 feet of beauty and height on the spot where the squalor of North London merges slowly, through Hackney, into the healthier heights of Clapton, sacred to the abodes of rich old maids, with lucky nephews remembered in their wills? or whether it be the picturesque square tower of St. Jude's, on Randwick heights, by the South Pacific, and Port Jackson, and where

"The proud forefathers of 'swell' Sydney, sleep,"

sending forth its Sabbath evening bells' tones across the deep, fertile valley which separates it from the old South Head road; what boots it which of those, or others, it may be? One is carried back to days gone by for ever, and dear ones gone with them, and, even the child of five years old, seems to recall some former state of existence, as it listens to the magic sounds of the vibrating metal, and Beethoven's music comes before us again in "Those Evening Bells," and we pass on, and the peal grows fainter,

"Till their swelling, soothing clangour,
Ever waning, lower, less,
Dies in distance, like fond anger,
Melting into tenderness."

Yes, it is so, that

"When the 'Angelus' floats in the mellow air,"

and its companion, the "Ave Maria;" then, if we have taken but one unaccustomed cup of that delicious, and much-to-be-avoided, poison called "tea," and lie down, it comes to pass that sweet shadows steal in upon us (as on Longfellow at eventide), and "little Nell" comes in, alive and well, and we picture her, married and happy, in Australia. And we picture sweet Dolly Varden, too. She was born (as we all know) in the year of the Lisbon earthquake, and we begin to speculate, and wonder, what age Joe Willet's grandchildren could have been, when dear Dolly's nerves (*that* tea, again!) *first* began to fail her, with their noise, and whether she sleeps now in Clerkenwell, or Finsbury, or Bunhill fields. Give us but one cup of that same unaccustomed tea, and one "sough" of the bell chimes, and we are off, forthwith, to the realms of imagination, and in another, and an artificial world.

But we must return to our party, which consisted of Jane, her father, and two non-smoking brothers. I am afraid that our Australian friend heard but little of the service, and thought but little of the singing, which was not first-class, by any means; but

his eyes dwelt hungrily on the old brasses, and partly defaced monumental effigies around, which filled him with a humiliating sense of the newness of all human things in Australia, venerably primeval as may be the works of nature there, where the latter dame is older than she, anywhere in Europe, is; and that (if I may so call it) archaeological chord, all ready to be vibrated, which underlies the nature of so many of us, was powerfully touched in Walter. He warmed to those old relics with a fervour which only an Australian, of old English blood, could feel; and the humblest, and partly effaced, stories told on the broken stones, under the yew trees, and told in quaint and ill-spelt English, had an interest for him, which no marble and bronze mausoleum of the nineteenth century could have ever awakened.

The Americans are reported to venerate all that savours of antiquity in Europe. How much more, then, must the white native of Australia, first settled only in 1788—while the “*Mayflower*” Puritans sailed, as far back as 1621—feel an awe of the mediæval records, and relics, in Europe? There is already a flavour of semi-antiquity about America; but, as for Australia, a few still survive who were born before she was settled at all. Still, there *are* Australian families proud, indeed, of their military progenitors; whose family portraits (in the old-fashioned “*rig*” of General George Washington) are preserved, and who landed, and began life in Sydney, nearly a dozen years before *he* died; and others, again, who came out “*free*,” and at their own expense, in the ships of 1801; and others, who were “*settled*” in Sydney in 1795, and 1798. These have an Australian pride, as deep-rooted and solid as that of the lineal descendants, and representatives, of the nobles of John of Gaunt’s days, or the old families of Virginia. There has been a social metamorphosis in New Holland—as great, in 100 years, as in England in 700 of them—and the present “*swells*” of Australasia are more “*in touch*” with the memory of their recent founders than the “*John of Gaunt*” people are, and can shew you all their grandfathers’ letters, and uniforms, and books, and the like.

It may well be imagined that Jane Ransome, the one sister of so many brothers, had a large circle of male, as well as of young lady, acquaintances. Educated at a ladies’ Seminary, at Upper Clapton, and “*finished*” at a first-class continental *pension*, her powers of mind had been well cultivated. Many a spruce young fellow, with money and position—the men of Mincing, and eke of Mark Lane had worshipped already at the shrine of old Edmund’s fair treasure. But the spirited little queen of East London, keen of wit, ready of

repartee, kept them all at bay, and, in her heart's freedom, was touched by none of them. The "knowing" fellows, the shrewd brokers in hemp, jute, wheat, tea, and coals, all "personable" young men, faultlessly attired by St. James's street tailors, were surprised at her coldness to one, and all, if they ventured to try the game called "love" on with Jenny. And Fred Batwing, the cleverest of them all, said, one day at the lunch rooms, at Cornhill, to a friend, *apropos* of "J. R., of the Priory"—"Mark my words, that when that little lady strikes her flag, it will be to some 'soft head' of a fellow, that none of us thought to be in the race at all." And, so it was, that Walter Delpard, without being (in the least sense of it) soft-headed, seemed to her so different, in his Australian freshness, and altogether new style of manhood, that he had already made sad havoc in the heart of our Essex Cinderella; and himself was not quite scot-free in the encounter (for Providence is, generally, merciful all round, in those cases), while he dwelt with admiring eyes on her pale green kid glove (No. 6), as it reposed on the chocolate-coloured sleeve of her father's coat; and the strongly perceptive little dame was alive to the fact that the delicious heart wounds were not all on her own side.

We have already denoted the Soho Square shop, where female royalty had dealt for 100 years, and it was a tailor, not 50 miles from Fenchurch street, who was responsible for those amazing velvet collars which always adorned Mr. R.'s unvarying brown coats. His bankers were Glyn and Co.; his father's had been Barnett, Hoares, and Co., and this was nearly the only change which two generations had worked to the firm. The "Mary Bannatyne" had brought him tea from China; and the "Rambler," fustic to the London Docks; tar, hemp, and flax, per "Agnes," from the Baltic ports, and Riga; other hemp, from Calcutta, and Manilla; and crystalline sugars, from steamy Demerara, were, also, "in his line."

They got home, again, hungry and happy, to "The Priory," where Walter had, for the time, taken up his abode, and they sat down to hare, and saddle of mutton. The talk, at dinner, turned on the minerals of Queensland, and Walter explained, that the tropic end of the Great Cordillera of Australia had the richest gold, and tin, in the world, but that, for want of cheap labour, cheap capital, and skilled experts, in the way of managers, the results were not what they should be. "Our mineral lodes," said Walter, "differ from those in other parts of the world, even as our birds, trees, and animals do; and our lodes, moreover, differ much from each other, and you need a skilled chemist, and patient metallurgist, to humbly

put the tests, and questions of science, to the strange new combinations of metals met with in Queensland. Your Mexican, or South African, mine manager is 'all out' when he grapples the lodes of Australia, and must unlearn much, and learn afresh. If our ores could be transported, bodily, to Freiburg, or Swansea, they would startle the world; but, situated where they are, exploited, too often, by unscrupulous brokers, weighed down by costly 'labour,' they cannot compete, in the Home market, with inferior ones, which are nearer to Europe, and can command cheaper labour; and the probability is, that until certain parties, in Queensland, get rid of their craze that God did *not* create the black man to labour in the tropics (or anywhere else, it would seem), which craze will probably come to an end after much suffering and ruin; till then, the finest mineral treasures in the world must remain as sealed up, as if they were in the moon, or the planet Jupiter."

After dinner, and cigars, came a stroll for Jane, her mother, and Walter, into the village, a mile away, where a noble sign-board, swinging high in the breeze, on a lofty pole, and representing a white stag, with a gold collar, abutted on the road; the horse trough, just behind it, was shaded under a gigantic old elm tree, with seats round the base of it; and the ancient inn itself was approached by a semi-circular road, which curved into, and out of, the main trunk line to the north-east counties, and which half circle enclosed a neat grass plot, environed by posts and chains, behind which the old hostelry itself displayed its two-storey brick beauties to view. Through its open windows, in the day time of Sundays, the snowy-white table-cloth was exposed to sight, covered with substantial viands, which, once a week, hungry male and female cockneys would devour, 'mid a clatter of tongues, knives, and forks, and a popping of corks, which befittingly followed on a long walk, or drive, from the world's metropolis; the well-furnished bar was redolent of lemons, and gold or ruby-coloured wines and cordials, in cut-glass bottles, of tempting aspect. "Oh!" thought Walter, "if I *could* but transport that dear old 'public,' just as it stands, to Australia;" and, he would have thought so still more, if he had gone up-stairs, to the bed-rooms, and opened the linen presses, with the sprigs of lavender between each layer of snowy cotton and flax fabric, and the venerable coloured print pictures which adorned the walls, representing market carts, and market places, in the days of 1780.

They strolled on, and came to a row of six ancient semi-detached houses (or "villas," as they are now called), with the traditional grass

plot, white posts, and connecting chains (never seen in all Australia), in front of them; with green bell-pulls, and white wooden gates, with green iron gratings in them, all carefully locked, of course, and through which the neat-handed Phyllis of the period was wont to reconnoitre the butcher and baker daily, as they disposed the needful commissariat supply. Fine old houses, with front gardens and back gardens, too, in which the huge elm trees, in places, pushed the brick garden walls aside, with numerous cracks, by the mighty side-thrust of their sylvan growth of trunk and root; where the nests of birds, and the song of birds, graced the trees; where the saccharine green gages, and yellow-downy apricots, ripened on the wall, that faced the south sun; where cruel spiders, in geometric webs, daily bit to death tender, and unwary flies, with their curved, poison teeth; the said green-gages, when brought indoors, with the sugar coating every crack in their rind, being an irresistible attraction to the summer wasp, whereupon the young ladies at the boarding school, at No. 5, would take off a slipper of prunella, or kid, as might be, and straightway slay Master Wasp on the window-pane, and learnt to do it well, too; for, a half-killed wasp had, on one occasion, paid Miss Sarah L. such a compliment in her tender flesh, as left its memory long in that same seminary.

Passing onward, they arrived, at length, at their destination—namely, the poorer cottages at the far end of the village, where some of Miss Ransome's pensioners lived. Amongst these, was an elfin-looking girl child, of some five years, but who was little larger than a baby; whose big head, and shrivelled limbs, told a tale of diseased glands, past the art of the village doctor, but which made Walter take out his pocket book, and write in it a memo. about the magic dugong lard, of Queensland. A wondrous sea-cow is that "dugong," a warm-blooded, mammal fish, whose oil and lard cure consumption, and bowel-wasting, and whose flesh is nicer than veal sweetbread, or turtle steak, as Brainerd Skinner, the meat preserver, and everything else preserver, of Brisbane, could readily prove to you. Jane's pocket money, a liberal sum, went, a good deal of it, amongst these cottages.

Walking home by a different route, Walter saw, in the hands of some children, the, to him, new and curious animal they call a "mole." The "Priory" was reached, and some rare good tea discussed, and, again, the talk was of the ups and downs of Australian squatting life. Walter's father was one of the few, in his neighbourhood, who had never owed a bank a penny, for his wife's fortune had secured him against that, so, our hero knew

nothing, by sad experience, about the matter, but he was a perfect chronicle of the history of others.

Jane Ransome, with her mother, next day took Walter for a drive right through London, from east to west, so as to let him see the streets; from Tower Hill, through Lombard street, and Cheapside, past that colossal pile of harmonious symmetry that sits cooped up in St. Paul's Church yard, the finest Italian exterior in the world; along Fleet street, and the Strand, to Charing Cross; and then up to the right, and Regent street, and round to Soho Square, where Walter, at the family shoe shop, saw the assistant deftly wield the shoe-horn and sandals, as Jane made some "No. 2" purchases; and, by the way, there are few *prettier* objects on earth than a new sandalled kid slipper, of not more than nine inches in length, ere it has grown acquainted with the paths of mud and dust, as it, too often, is allowed to do. Light as a feather, shapely as a yacht, hygienic, astringent, and antiseptic in its pleasant tan-pit odour, it is, with, or without, a foot to correspond, a pleasant sight to dwell upon. A foot is as pretty, in its way, as a face, and possesses the advantage that it can bear to be stared at, without growing embarrassed, as the face does, at times; and it, at all events, is quite unconscious of its beauty, which is more than the face always is; playful, unintellectual, and charming in its restless, unaccountable, floor-tapping ways, the female foot is, most appropriately, covered with the skin of that most erratic and playful of all animals, the kid; and, in a thorough-bred woman, it is shapely, and un-aged, at 60, as at 16; but the same can never be said of the face, even of the most high born.

But Jane did not take Walter to Soho Square to see her ankles, for she wanted him to go and have a good rummage at the dim, haunted, curiosity shops, in one of the gloomy side streets, where they sold old armour, halberds, helmets, weapons, cabinets, oak chests, mirrors, and mediæval "nick nacks," of all kinds, fully sure that *that* would be something quite new to a native Australian; and she also made her eldest brother take him to the fox hunt, not 100 miles from a place called Branford. Dear old Essex! Quaint in thy ruined halls, and haunted mansions; pleasant, even, in thy swampy fens, where flat and rainy Gray's Thurrock looks out upon the departing Australian liners passing Gravesend, all laden with their cargo of hopes and fears; pleasant to our memory, in thy hills of strength, and old Roman camps, where a pleasant champaign country lies, spread in buttercup and daisy hues, by winding streams, below us. Cherished, and never to be forgotten, are thine ancient

blackberry and oak forests ; and thy merry girls, in muslin, kid skin, plaited straw, and all and sundry, the cunning devices of feminine charm. Neither the semi-tropical Devon, nor the salubrious Yorkshire, with its mountain streams glittering adown the glade, and its abbeys of ivy, can hold the heart as do thy level meads, redolent of the old German Ocean, of fog and rain.

All of us must die ; but he who hunts as a man *should* hunt, will cheat grim death for the longest spell.

“ I have lived my life, I have nearly done,
I have played its grand game, all round ;
But I freely admit, of the best of my fun,
That I owe it to horse and to hound.”

Here, in these lines, is the moral of the chase, as healthily set forth in that dear old county, where the pens of Dickens, and of Hood, the pencils of George Cattermole, Hablot Browne, and Samuel Read, have been, alike, exercised, to fill us all, with the delicious terror of haunted, dilapidated, deep-mossy-moated, rusty gated, old Elizabethan mansions, where wicked, pretty women, of Charles the Second's day, must have done some curious things, that will not, now, let them sleep quietly under the lordly hatchment, in the venerable parish church, whose spire just peeps above the trees. Walter enjoyed his gallop, with a fox for a kangaroo, and the “eastern counties” for the Darling Downs, and he well appreciated a certain “little woman,” and her thoughtfulness, and he wished that *she* had been there, too. And, now, for New Holland, once more.



THE SITE OF BRISBANE.

Brisbane differs essentially from the capitals of the other Australian colonies, in scenery. In its infancy, it was simply the prettiest country township in New South Wales. It has not the Highland "loch" like, and lovely harbour of Sydney, nor the snow-clad mountain, of Hobart, to back it up; but it has a winding river, as wide as the Thames at London, and below it, and far deeper. It has—what Sydney, and Melbourne, and London have not—picturesque timbered hills, from 200 to 1,000 feet high, within a five-mile radius. It is only ten miles from the sea, in place of 50, as London is, and this forms a great element in the scenery. The country is quartz, slate, and granite, wholesomer than sandstone, and well drained; and from its hills, of 250 feet, and upwards, there is a far reaching view to be obtained, such as neither London, or the other places named, can show, from 250 feet of height; eastward and northward, 50 miles; southward, 80 miles; westward, 70 miles. You can see to the east the river, the sea, and the distant islands of Moreton and Stradbroke; westward, 70 miles, to the giant warder mountains that enclose the Darling Downs; south, to the peaks which border New South Wales; north, to the ranges, which are neighbours unto those overlooking the head waters of the Mary, and the Burnett; a stretch of country, that would blot out all Wales, or a great part of Ireland, or Tasmania, can be seen from the hill summits in Brisbane, and a combination of river and mountain, sea and city, farm and forest, garden and steeple, that would make up a notable landscape anywhere; and, as one enthusiastic and clerical climber of the 1,000 feet hill said to me of it, "The finest view *I* have seen, outside of Switzerland." Inside the city boundary, the greatest elevation is 300 feet, at "Highgate Hill," and, nowhere *within* the municipal boundaries of London, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, or Hobart, is there so high a one as this, which fact gives a fair idea of the hill and dale in the capital of Queensland. The beautiful estuary of the Derwent, at Hobart, is here wanting, and so are the rock capes, and miniature bays, of Port Jackson; but there is the 1,000 feet wide river, from 25 to 100 feet deep, on which the 5,000-ton steamers—which loom so large

at the Circular Quay, Sydney, and which cannot go up to Melbourne, or Adelaide, at all—appear dwarfed by the great natural features around them, as is, also, the case with tall public buildings, that would look large anywhere else, as in Sydney or Melbourne, or in narrow streets. And, lastly, Brisbane is the only Australian metropolis with good reef gold, and alluvial of the same, within ten miles of its General Post Office.

I sailed from Sydney in the first week of February, 1854, in the 100-ton wooden steamer "City of Melbourne," once a schooner, built on the Yarra while I was there, in 1851, but converted into a steamer, with the screw shaft about level within the cabin floor. Captain O'Reilly commanded her, and my fellow-passengers were Mrs. Geo. Thorn, Mr. F. A. Forbes, and his little girl "Ellie," Mr. John Cooling, and Mr. Clarke, a Port Curtis squatter. We picked up Mrs. R. Little, and her young sister Martha, at Moreton Island, where they had been for change of air.

When I first landed in Brisbane, February 7, 1854, the Sydney steamers always berthed at the south side, where Parbury's wharf now is. There was a wooden hotel near the wharf, kept by John M'Cabe, and then by his successor, John Campbell, and this was the house of call for Sydney visitors. Next to this was a general store, kept by Daniel Peterson, the father of Seth L. Peterson (afterwards known in the Land Titles office). Next to this was a butcher's shop, kept by Mr. Orr, which concern has now merged into the great "Graziers' Butchering Company." A creek ran up from the river here, clothed with a little fringe of scrub, in which the fire-flies, on summer nights, disported in brilliant swarms. Where is that scrub *now*? Mr. George Appel had an office close by, and, further on, was the wharf of Mr. Conolly, the father of the Colonial Architect; and Mr. John Ocock, solicitor, lived on the river bank, also. Speaking of Mr. Appel, he was official inspector of stock at that time, and a lot of sheep, about 300 in number, were landed, with scab in them, and were ordered to be killed, and burnt, at once, which was done in an open allotment, in front of Orr's place, in sight of all, females and children, who passed by. Volunteers (to save time) were pressed into the service, and even the butcher's clerk, a college man, had to wield a knife, and, oh! how he did perspire under the unwonted exertion, so different from ordinary quill driving. And the wood to burn such a heap of carcasses was another heavy drain on the limited resources of "our village," in order to be up to time with it. Messrs. J. and G. Harris had a store on the south side then, pending the building of their wharf

and store in Short street, North Brisbane. The only other establishment of any note, near there, was Mr. Kent's chemist's shop, and Geo. Toppin's, the baker; and I believe the Melbourne street railway extension now goes over this place, and erases from view, even the very site of Thomas Grenier's well-kept hostelry. It *was* pleasant then, in the old winter days of Moreton Bay, to arrive, at sunset, from a long bush journey, or ride, in the sharp, cold, clear air, loaded with the wattle scent, just as the sun was sinking in a gold red fringe, to come to any good hotel (such as Grenier's, for instance), and be sure of a good supper and fire, safe for a cheery welcome, and lively company. There was plenty of all of it then, and I fancy I can, even now, see Dr. Dorsey, on "Mameluke," at eventide, about to alight, but, first of all, enquiring from that stately little lady, Miss Eliza Grenier, on the verandah, whether the hotel was full, or not, a question which it was always needful to put in the days of the Crimean war, and of numerous travelling squatters. At that time, old Martin Feeney, a military sexagenarian, was the gaoler of Brisbane, and his wife was, in after years, lost in the burning of the "Fiery Star," ship, from Brisbane to London. Robert Cribb was, at this date, prominent in politics, in Brisbane, in the battle of the free people *versus* coolies and convicts; he was (so to speak) the "John Pascoe Fawkner" of Brisbane; the same sterling democrat, and the same small thin, fearless, manly facer of stormy political meeting and opposition, that the old Melbourne pioneer was.

The busy Woolloongabba, and the bustling "Five Ways," were then uninhabited, and known as the "One Mile Swamp," where Daniel Junkaway's cottage stood, at the turn off to Ipswich, and where his bullocks (for he was a "bull puncher") grazed in the pellucid water and grass that no drought could dry up. A dense, sweet, wattle-scented grove extended the whole way round what is now called "River Terrace" to Kangaroo Point, and in it could be picked up, as late as 1857, the skulls of blackfellows, who had fallen in tribal fights, years before. Hockings's nursery was on the river bank, higher up, and Captain Taylor Winship (afterwards of Cleveland) had a nice orange, and fruit, and flower garden, between Hockings's and the ferry, which was just below where Victoria Bridge now is, with those wonderful, penny fare, ferry boats, of Brisbane, with their roomy seats, and their absolute safety, for, not once, in 60 years, has one of them drowned a passenger, though many a volunteer oarsman has shown off, before the ladies, how *he* could row. Greatly scandalised once, was Wm. Baxter, lessee of

the Brisbane ferry, when a captain of an immigrant ship pulled up from the bay, and, stopping at the ferry, asked Baxter *now much further* up it was to *Brisbane*? J. P. Wilkie, of Daandine, lived round at Hill End then, but all between was a forest wilderness. And now for a glance at North Brisbane, as it was when I first saw it.

St. John's Church was building, and was not consecrated till 1855, about the time when Captain O'Reilly illuminated the "Boomerang" steamer, in the reach below, in honour of the fall of Sebastopol; but St. John's Parsonage was a fact, all the same. Church service was conducted in the little building, which still survives, at the back of the "Longreach" Hotel, and I well remember one Sunday, when Captain Geary's (harbour master) bull-dog had impiously ensconced himself under one of the seats, he was sent out flying, and conscience-stricken, with his tail and ears down, by a terrific resonant sneeze from an elderly maiden lady, which sneeze, he concluded, was addressed solely to himself. Queen street ran up hill and down dale at its own sweet will, then. On the left side was R. S. Warry's grocery and spirit store; further on, came Markwell Brothers' tailoring place, and D. F. Roberts' (solicitor) office. Ambrose Eldridge's chemist shop (now Mrs. Beesley) had just passed to Dr. F. J. Barton, who, in 1850, took over the typhus fever patients in the ship "Emigrant," after its surgeon, and the Government Health Officer had both died of it. Further on, Reuben Oliver had a place similar to Warry's. The "Australian" corner was occupied as a store by Mr. Charles Trundle, senr.; further on W. Mason sold tobacco, and G. Adkin sold shoes, and Mat Stewart kept a public-house where Stewart and Hemmant now are. David Peattie came next, and R. A. Kingsford had a two-storey brick drapery store, also.

There was nothing more of any great note on that side of the road, till you came to old Andrew Petrie's house—blind, but intelligent, Andrew. If my memory serves me, the first time I saw the inside of it, with P. L. C. Shepherd, of Sydney, was on one occasion when Miss Edmonstone, a bonny daughter of old George E., a "flesher," from the "north country," was there, and Miss Petrie (afterwards Mrs. Ferguson) showed to Shepherd's and my wondering eyes, the variety of beautifully coloured jams and jellies that could be made from rosellas, and native fruits, in Brisbane. Across the street was the little den of a Custom-house of the period; then came Richardson's wharf (now Bright's), where I first started business in Brisbane; and Daniel Rowntree Somerset had the

upper floor, a kindly, honest, simple-hearted gentleman, all too easily imposed upon, as witness the following: Captain John Murphy, of the barque "Bella Vista," was a bluff, bold seaman, and never "stood on repairs" much, any more than did Brown, of the "Raven" schooner. One day Murphy brought the barque up the river, all sail set, with such a vigorous rush, that her flying jibboom went through the shingles on the roof of Somerset's wharf shed. Murphy hauled off clear, anchored, and was ashore in his boat instantaneously, and in the upper office. "Come out on the wharf for a moment, Mr. Somerset," said he, and Mr. S. did so. "Do you see those goats on the roof of the shed, and those loose shingles?" said Murphy. "Indeed I do, Captain Murphy, and I had no idea, till now, they were such destructive animals; I am much obliged to you for telling me of it, and I will see that it does not happen again." I do trust that Murphy repented, afterwards, of this unspoken taradiddle.

Then, up the river, were Dr. Simpson's cottages, inhabited by Dr. Hobbs, and William B. Tooth, of Clifton; and, then, Raff's wharf came next. But, I am getting out of Queen street, and must go back thither.

I have described the left side of Queen street, as you come from South Brisbane. I will, now, sketch the right-hand side, as it was in February, 1854. First came the Bank of New South Wales, a cottage building—Craies, manager; Knowles and Luke, accountants (the latter married Miss White, of Edenglassie, Hunter River). Then there was the hardware shop of James Sutherland (father of Mrs. J. G. Appel), afterwards W. and B. Brookes, the origin of Foster and Kelk's large business. After this came George MacAdam's, the "Sovereign" Hotel (he and his wife came from Leslie's, Canning Downs), separated by a brick building, belonging to Powers, who died September, 1854 (the Union Bank of Australia), from Greenwood's (father of Alderman Greenwood, Sandgate), the Victoria Hotel, afterwards Cowell's and now the site of Spilsbury's. Mark Wallace, the saddler, and Thomas Clark, the fruiterer, helped to fill the space till you came to Hockings's corner, after which Patrick Mayne's butcher's shop, Jerry Scanlan's public-house, and Ede, the watchmaker, and J. S. Beach, the table beer brewer, and one or two more brought us on to the corner of Edward street, where was a fine banana garden, with a brick house and shop, where Skyring, the elder, lived, and E. B. Southerden, later on. Queen street, from this point onwards, was almost unbuilt, and chiefly Crown land, in 1854, save for the gaol, lock-up and police station, where the General Post Office now is.

A creek came up from the river near the foot of Creek street, and considerably deranged the symmetry of the streets which it crossed, including Queen street, near Alfred Shaw's; and there, also, came tumbling down from the schistose rocks, of the future Wickham Terrace, in wet weather, some pretty, tiny rills, and water falls, with clear, drinkable water, falling into a little pool just above where the girls' school, in Adelaide street, now is. Not a vestige of these ancient land marks now survives.

Outside of Queen street were a few buildings. Mrs. Luke, the elder, lived in a two-story brick house, at the corner where Burrell and Durant lately were (Edward and Adelaide streets). There was a locksmith's shop, in Edward street, near Prentice's. In George street, Captain Coley, Lloyd's agent, and director of the New South Wales Bank, Dr. Cannan, and D. F. Roberts lived, facing the sea breeze, and "Red" Smith had a cottage on the opposite side; and, further on (opposite side) and where the survey office now is, was the Hospital, with Dr. Hugh Bell, as resident surgeon. There were two houses on the north-east side of Ann street, near George street, one of which was a ladies' school; but a deep gulf crossed this street, and the present School of Arts part of it was cut off from the George street end, altogether. Mr. Robert Little's wooden cottage, and solicitor's office, in one, occupied the corner where the "Imperial" Hotel now is, and there I first met Mr. (now Sir Charles) Lilley.

The old windmill, and its ruined sails, peeped out from above the thick forest of trees which covered the hill, afterwards pegged out as "Wickham Terrace," and "Leichhardt street," and sold in November, 1856, in lots of about an acre each. Ladders led to the first and second floor of the mill, and a fine view of wood and water, mountain and paddock, could be seen thence, with very few houses to break the primeval aspect of the scene.

The School of Arts was in Creek street. With a small room on each side of the door, then an open hall, with forms, where public meetings, and philharmonic practice, under Duncan and Diggles, used to be held; and, at the far end, a railed gallery, approached by a staircase, and ranged round with book shelves on the wall, formed the library, including a magnificent picture atlas of the counties of England, presented by Henry Stuart Russell. Here Miss Matilda Innes, the timid, pretty daughter of the secretary, sometimes gave out the books in his absence.

I must say that I liked Brisbane at first sight. It was such a relief—after the flat Riverina country, where an intrusive river, in

flood, had a habit of making no apology for suddenly becoming your bedfellow—to find oneself in a high, and dry, and flood-proof town. The old convict barracks, or court house, in Queen street—the key stone of the central archway of which was *exactly* opposite the boundary line, between the Cafe Royal and the Globe Hotel—was used for election meetings, for examinations, in insolvency, before the Government Resident, for the civil and criminal sittings, twice a year, before the Sydney Circuit Court, for Crown land sales, and so forth; the police court being placed on the already described site of the lock-up and police stations, on the hill (now cut down and levelled), where the General Post and Telegraph Offices now are.

Kangaroo Point was, in 1854, a small place indeed. There was a bone shed and a wharf there, and a big roofless brick building. Mr. James Warner, surveyer (late Sergeant-at-Arms) lived on the west river bank, and Mr. Robert Douglas (also once Sergeant-at-Arms) resided on the east side of the point, at the water's edge, both of them hospitable hosts in the early days. Impromptu regattas, on Saturday afternoons, were the rule at Douglas's. Lots were drawn for boats and pullers; and how the ladies laughed, when a heavy and a light man with a boat all on one side, had to pull to the bitter end of the race; and it was never shirked. Mr. Thornton was in England then, and his house was not built till after this. The only hotel on "the Point" was kept by Frank Dawson Mercer, a rather "fast" son of a Yorkshire rector (of Northallerton, I believe), a fine rider and boxer, and a man who was never so happy as when he had his "field safe" in the "straight," or when he was engaged in expounding to some stalwart "bull puncher" the creed, that science is, now and again, too much for brute strength. Mercer once kept the "Bush" Inn, at Fassifern, and he, one morning, showed me, on the plain there, how his black horse "Magic" could "sprint," and he was away, and almost out of sight, in no time. Phtthisis claimed poor Mercer at last, and he sat up on his death-bed, with his face lighted up at the news that Veno (with Higgerson in the saddle) had beaten Alice Hawthorn in the champion £1,000 match between New South Wales and Victoria, for we were a part of New South Wales then, and it concerned us; and F. D. Mercer died a few minutes later, a "sport" to the last.

Another suburb of Brisbane was Fortitude Valley, then approached only by climbing over Duncan's Hill, where Wm. Augustine Duncan (the Collector of Customs) lived, at "Darra," for there was no Wickham street then, but only a row of ponds, and brick yards,

on the site. "Father Hanley," the Roman Catholic priest, lived in the stone cottage, shingle roofed, which still stands at the Petrie-Bight end of Boundary street, which street then only existed on paper. Put, to pursue our journey to the Valley. Charles Windmell kept the hotel there, where Ruxton was, afterwards, and the "Federal Butchery" now is; and (I think) W. J. Loudon had the "Royal George," opposite. John Lloyd Bale had a store in that corner of Duncan street, next Hawgood's, and on the town side of it. The New Farm road branched off at Windmell's, and is now called Brunswick street. Much of the land hereabouts had been bought by Logan squatters, and a Tamrookum street, opposite to William Barker's estate, was a sign thereof.

New Farm itself (native name "Pinkenbah") was the residence of Mr. Richard Jones, erst chairman of the Bank of New South Wales (the Sydney member for Moreton Bay), and of Mr. George Raff, merchant, who married a daughter of Missionary Bourne, who, in 1822, was at the Tahiti group of islands. Often have I seen "Merchant Jones," when I was teller at the "New South," in Sydney; and his cottage and *garden* in Hunter street, Sydney, between Pitt and George streets, were, in 1827, close by the (then pellucid) brook known as the "Tank Stream," now a mere sewer. Mr. and Mrs. Raff gave dances to old and young, and the children were not forgotten. I remember, at some game they had, where the children called for a lion, or an elephant, or other animal, and some imitation of it had to be produced in order to carry out the game properly, someone asked for a cameleopard, and old "G. R." himself came forward, duly "made up," and said, "You can't have a cameleopard, but here's a giraffe" (G. Raff).

Another road led from Windmell's corner on to Breakfast Creek, past the modern "Bowen Hills," and the mount where Messrs. Cowlshaw and Morehead now reside; all Crown land then. The principal residents, in early 1854, were Captain Wickham, R.N., the Government resident of Moreton Bay, who lived at Newstead; and Mr. Thomas Childs, who had an orchard at "Beulah," on the river bank, near the present gas works. Captain Wickham had married into the Macarthur family, in New South Wales, as had also one of the Leslies, and I believe that "Newstead" was built on the lines of the original house at Canning Downs. Captain Wickham gave good dinners and balls, and his household *menage* was methodical, and a caution to vermin. All stores were kept in zinc lined bins—pease, flour, sugar, &c.—and no rat ever got a feed, or a footing, there, for one moment. Snakes were summarily dealt

with, by well-aimed jugs of scalding water—an infallible remedy—and snakes and rats were, once, far too plentiful at “Newstead.” There was a rickety wooden bridge at this spot, over Breakfast Creek, which fell into the water in 1856, and was replaced by a wretched little punt, till New South Wales took pity on us, and, in 1858, built a new bridge, and, during the interim, horses and vehicles—for the punt only carried passengers—had (if they wanted to go to Eagle Farm) to work round by the ford at Kelvin Grove, or the “Three-mile Scrub” (as it was then called), for Breakfast Creek was not crossable (save by punt, or bridge) anywhere lower down.

The present site of “Toorak” was then known as “Gage’s Hill,” and a foot track led over it to the German Station, so as to avoid the longer route by the river side; and the beautiful little spring, in the deep gorge, under where “Bartley’s Tower” now stands, shed its clear water through all droughts.

What is now called “Bowen Terrace,” then had only one house on it, inhabited by Mr. Sylvester Doig, editor of the “*Moreton Bay Free Press* ;” but the site was then known only as “The Judge’s View,” from the intense admiration which Mr. Justice Dickenson, of Sydney, had for it, and the panorama which it commanded. He never forgot to come up thither, and sit and enjoy the scene, whenever he came to Brisbane on circuit. About the year 1849, Conrad Martens, the artist, painted this view, and the picture is now in the Brisbane Museum. Fourteen² acres of the hill-top, where “Cintra,” and “Montpellier” (Messrs. Morehead and Cowlishaw’s residences) now are, used to belong to me, and I had a most mysterious adventure there, after I bought the land from the Crown. I had a habit of walking up that hill after church, and before dinner, every Sunday, and once, when I was half-way to the top, I suddenly heard a most awful noise in the road below, as of a horse galloping at a fearful rate, which meant almost certain death to the rider. It was such as to make me stop in a moment, and look round to see what it was, when, as soon as I turned and looked, the sound died away far more quickly than should have been the case, even with such speed as was indicated. It ceased almost in a moment. I could see nothing whatever in the road, which wound round the foot of the hill, which last commanded a full view of it, both ways, for some distance. I wondered much, and I turned to continue my climb, when, lo! within a foot of me, stood up on end, a huge black snake, with red belly, facing me, and on whom I must inevitably have trodden, as he lay asleep on the ground, but for this

mysterious noise, for he was certainly *not* up on end *before* I heard it, and I must have seen him if he *had* been so. He must have been half hidden under the dead leaves. However, he and I now faced each other with our eyes, and I had no stick; but he was the first to quail. He lowered his crest, and slid off sideways, and it was not for some minutes that I realised that that (surely supernatural) sound had saved my life, for no subsequent enquiry could elicit a word of any runaway horse, and it was no ordinary quick hoof beat that would make me stop and look round at any time. It is a mystery which I have never been able to solve, and I leave it to the reader.

The ferries of Brisbane were, then, only two in number—one kept by William Baxter, which plied to the foot of Russell street parallel to Melbourne street; and the other, carried on by Carter, from the Custom-house to Kangaroo Point. The latter was the first to treat his passengers to an awning for the sun in the boat. Mr. John Stephen Ferriter, R.N., was the agent for immigration then, and lived in the cottage adjacent to the stone barracks, between George and William streets, which were afterwards the Queensland Colonial Treasurer's office. He was somewhat addicted to bad puns, but, otherwise, of a kind and genial disposition.

Brisbane had only six constables then, dressed in the blue, and pewter buttons, of the London force. Sam Sneyd, the "Chief;" A. S. Wright, the lock-up keeper; and the latter still survives at New Farm, and he used to be a prominent member of the choir at St. John's. Such places as Ipswich, Drayton, and Warwick, and Gayndah only had one, or two, constables each. Brisbane was grandly metropolitan with a whole half-dozen all to itself.

The old commissariat stores of 1822, and Pettigrew's saw-mills, were the only places, besides Tom Dowse's, and a small public-house, on that part of the river bank in 1854; and the Botanic Gardens, barring the old bunya and lebeck trees, were in a very primitive state, till Walter Hill came along, in 1855, to put a new face on them.

York's Hollow, below the present site of Gregory Terrace, was a pleasant glade, full of the clear water lagoons for which nearly every level hollow in the Moreton Bay country is famous; but I had no leisure to scan the beauties of Brisbane, for I had my orders, from Sydney, to go direct to Joe Fleming's "boiling down" place, near Ipswich; there to borrow a stock horse from William Tooth, called "Spanker," and to ride him "post haste" up to Gayndah, on the Burnett River. It was fortunate for me that my uncle, Dr. Lucas

(the principal medical officer of the Brigade of Imperial troops, then stationed in Australia) had but lately arrived in Sydney, from Cawnpore and Delhi ; for, he gave me his solar pith helmet (useless to him, in a cool climate) to help me to face this summer ride from Ipswich to Gayndah. My bridle hand was burnt black before I got back, and what I should have endured with an ordinary felt hat, or "black box," on that ride, is hard to guess at. But the pith helmet, a thing, till then, never seen in Moreton Bay, compelled me to run the gauntlet of much derisive laughter in some places ; and, on the other hand, quite frightened Mrs. Donald Mackenzie, at Colinton, as I suddenly passed the window where she sat, if I may judge by the cry she uttered.

There were numerous punts, and two steamers, then trading between Brisbane and Ipswich, the two latter called the "Hawk" and the "Swallow," respectively. Thomas Boyland had the "Hawk," and (the present pilot) Bousfield, the "Swallow ;" paddle boats of some 15 to 30 tons burthen. I went up to Ipswich in the latter, and oh ! what a hot trip it was up the river, to my southern nerves. The "Swallow" puffed, and wheezed, and sighed, as if from the heat. We called at a place which some people then spelt "Moghill" (Moggill), and I thought what a strange name "Mog" was for a hill. The principal settlers there were Roper, Twine, Lumsden, and Ben Brookes. Mr. Daniel Young, of Woogaroo (another awful name), had lately been lost in the bush, and mutilated by native dogs. What a strange, wild place this "Moreton Bay" seemed, with the scrub creepers, all trailing in the river, as it swept, with the tide, round the then uncleared points and bends.

I got to the boiling down place, and met Joe Fleming, a sun-burnt, tough, "pin wire" specimen of the men that the old Hunter River district used to "raise." I had my choice of going *via* Griffin's, Durundur, and Kilcoy, from Brisbane, but preferred the Ipswich route. The last sight I saw there, when I went in to get "Spanker" shod for the journey, was an old woman holding, and shaking, her sides at the sight of my pith helmet. I rode down a forest slope, that bore no track, till I came to a river, wide, but not deep, and this was the fresh-water Brisbane. But there was no road out on the opposite side, so I rode up and down, to discover an opening in the scrub for an exit on the other side ; and, well it was for me that the water was not deep. At last I found a narrow track, and, taking it, it soon widened, and, before night, I found myself at John Smith's capital hotel at Wivenhoe. Good chops,

good fish, good eggs, tea, bread, and butter of the same, and *que voulez vous*, more than this in the scented bush air of Queensland, where the trees give out an odour of fresh Havanah cigar boxes ; and, in the hunger which a ride in that air *must* generate ? I had a dip in the river, admired the lovely sylvan scenery, the sandy bottom, the white pebbles, the cliff banks, the clear water, here deep and still, there, babbling along, shallow and noisy. And I saw old Mr. North, at his garden gate, at "Ferny Lawn."

Next day I rode on, as I thought, for "Mount Esk." I met, and exchanged greetings, with Mr. T. L. Murray-Prior, who smiled, and said "Good morning." I rode on, and wondered much at the dark, high hills which ever frowned by the road side, and I wondered still more at the marvellous heat, and to find, when the afternoon waned, that I came to no place at all, though on a good beaten road all the time. When night was falling, I met some bullock teams, and asked where I was, and the drivers told me that I must have missed the Mount Esk "turn off," to my right hand, far back, and that I was, now, on the road to Ivory's (wherever *that* was); and, as I did *not* want to go to Ivory's, I camped for the night at a stock-yard, on the Cressbrook run, with the teams ; and, next day (Sunday) one of the men showed me to Cressbrook head station, where I met Alpin Cameron, and Freudenthal (afterwards of the native police), a warrior and musician, like most Germans, and not guiltless of the usual duel-born face scars of a student. The reason I missed the turn off is easily explained. People, in coming in *from* Mount Esk to the wide, plain road which I was on, used to diverge right and left when they saw it, according to whether they were bound up or down it ; hence, there was no proper grassless, concentrated track *at* the junction, but a widely divergent "fan" of tracks, which barely bent the grass ; so, no wonder that I missed it altogether. What a grand place for vegetation was this same Cressbrook ; such long, rich grass, such a country to grow maize and fruit if there were only a market ; and the banks of the river were rich in that species of *melaleuca* (ti-tree), which grows a gorgeous flower, like a huge red bottle brush.

From Cressbrook I still ran up the Brisbane River, to Colinton (Balfour and Forbes). Here it is a wide stream, with a clearly-defined bed and banks. Mr. and Mrs. Balfour were in England. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mackenzie occupied the house. He was station manager, and afterwards a Government sheep inspector on the Warrego ; a genial Scot, with a broad forehead and a kindly smile, whose life Dr. Frank Lucas afterwards saved. I hied me to the

bachelor's cottage, where G. E. Forbes was, and met there with F. Walker, the explorer, and organiser of native police in Australia, who was disporting his lengthy legs on a reclining chair. Forbes, who had lately come from India, scrutinized my helmet as something he had seen before; and we had a game of chess, in which I was much beaten, and would have done better with draughts.

Next day, I crossed a high range, and penetrated a thick scrub, and arrived at Taromeo, where Simon Scott, a widower, with a governess, and a boy and girl of tender age, resided. Here I bathed in the upper waters, that feed the Brisbane River, and, at 1,400 feet of elevation, found the night cool; and, next day, crossed the awful deep, steep, boulder-strewn Cooyar Creek, and a range that shed the waters of the Burnett River, and got to a place called "Goode's Inn," where now is the township of Nanango, which name then applied only to Bryce Barker's sheep station. At "Goode's Inn," I met an old lieutenant, or doctor, of one of Robert Towns's whale ships, who advised me to go on to Mondure, by way of Barambah, and so break the journey, for it was a terribly long ride from "Goode's Inn" to Mondure; but I resolved to "chance" the direct mail "track," and was sorry for it. I had not gone far before my only saddle girth gave way, and I could not canter. I crossed a number of creeks, full of beautiful cornelians and agates, bloodstone and sardonyx. But night fell, and I made no station, for you can't *walk* a horse 50 miles between sunrise and sunset; so, I camped by a lagoon, and flattered myself I should sleep, even if I did not sup; but not so. I had no matches, for I did not smoke, and there was a breed of large-boned mosquitoes at that lagoon, who pierced my tweed suit everywhere, and I might as well have been naked as far as they were concerned. It was an awful night to pass, sleepless and stung, and I was off, at daybreak, from that same lake, and after about four miles of further travel, I heard a cock crow, and got to Mondure Station—Captain Wm. Bligh O'Connell's, who married a daughter of "Merchant" Jones, of Sydney, and was father of the member for Bundaberg, and a son of Sir Maurice O'Connell, Governor of New South Wales. His brother, Carlo O'Connell, and a Miss Baldock (from Parramatta, I think), and a young clergyman, named Tanner, were also there. My forlorn condition, after a sleepless night, was realized in a moment by my hospitable host, who knew *that* lagoon well, and I was made to stay over the day and night, and my saddle girth fully renewed by the station saddler, while a draught of good brown sherry at lunch, and a read on the sofa at "Soapey Sponge's Sporting Tour," helped to set me up again.

Next day I passed a "bottle tree" on the road, like a real champagne bottle, 30 feet high, covered with the bark of a box tree, and with a gum tree growing out of the cork thereof, and, had I not been warned of it the day before, I should have been startled, as at something "uncanny," so unlike anything I had ever seen before was it. The above description portrays it exactly. That evening I came to "Wigton," Mr. Pigott's station, where his brother, Gerald, was manager, and bewailing his bush isolation. The same Mr. Pigott, I believe, whose marriage to Miss Lydia Clarke (with Mr. Leith Hay as best man), I had been a spectator of in St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, a few weeks before.

From "Wigton" I rode, next day, to my destination, Gayndah, and spent a few days at the hotel of Harper, an old Sydney (North Shore) friend of the Joubert family. I climbed Mount Debateable, and saw a doctor's grave. I bathed in the Burnett, here a great wide river, running on a clean, pebbly bottom, full of the long-tailed tortoises, which dropped in from the trees, when I disturbed them; full, also, of the wondrous *ceratodus* fish, of which more in another place.

One day I took a turn, with Carlo O'Connell, down the river, to what was called the "Commissioner's Place," a noble reach of wide, deep water, on the Burnett, where a squadron might float and anchor. I noticed a pretty girl at the Court-house church service on Sunday, February, 19th; name "unbeknownst" to me; but my stay at Gayndah was far too brief for any danger to me from that source. I noticed the name of "Le Breton" on a house on the outskirts of the town; and, my task being ended, I set out on my return ride, and, at "Wigton," I met the gallant Charles Haughton, so disastrously killed afterwards.

I had a letter of introduction to Mr. W. H. Walsh, of Degilbo, as it was "on the cards" that I might have to return to Sydney *viâ* Maryborough; and a fine brig, the "Burnett," traded on the coast then; but business ruled that I should go back by the way I came. I resolved *not* to be benighted again between Mondure and "Goode's Inn," so I started at 8.15 a.m. from Captain O'Connell's, and never drew bridle till I got to Goode's, at Nanango, at 2.30 p.m., "Spanker" and I well fagged; so that some cold beef, and a bottle of beer, and a "lounge" on the sofa, was *my* form for the rest of *that* day. I never rode so far, in so short a time, before, nor since.

Next day, to Taromeo, the place where gold, and copper, and plumbago, and mica, and bismuth were found later on; but it was not talked of in 1854. Here I, again, met T. L. Murray-Prior; and

the last I saw of Taromeo was, next morning, with Simon Scott, and John Swanson, sitting on the stockyard rails, and bidding me a cheery farewell, and saying that they were glad I was going to live in Brisbane, and would look me up there. Passing through Colinton, I came to Cressbrook once more, and Freudenthal rode with me in to Ipswich. Crossing the Brisbane, I got into a deep hole, and was surprised at the way my legs seemed to float, whether I liked it or not. I wonder how many times I had to cross the good old Brisbane stream in that early 1854 journey. It is a little bit better bridged now. At Wivenhoe I met Macquarie M'Donald.

Behold me, then, returned to Ipswich, the horse delivered up to Joe Fleming, at the "boiling down" place, and myself free to have a look round at old Limestone, before I went back to Brisbane to organise the business I meant to start there. I found Ipswich not so much scattered as Brisbane; the Bremer a mere ditch, for narrowness, after the Brisbane down below; but there was a grand and near mountain view, such as Brisbane town did not command. The leading wholesale stores belonged to Walter Gray, and John Panton; the wholesale-cum-retail ones to Cribb and Foote, Richard Gill, George Thorn, William Hendren, F. A. Forbes, H. M. Reeve, John Pettigrew, and others; Christopher Gorry was the saddler; and "Yarraman Dick," the butcher; Kilner, the chemist; Dr. Challinor, and Dr. Dorsey, the "medicos;" Arthur Macalister, and James Walsh, the solicitors. Colonel Charles Geo. Gray, the police magistrate, had been a veteran of Albuera and Waterloo, the same as Colonel Prior, of Brisbane. There were, of course, plenty of Waterloo men left, in the "Alma" year, now, far back in the century.

A fine specimen of the tough old Ipswichians was known as "Terence Macgusaleem," a bullock driver. He, one day in the month of May, late in the "forties," went to a doctor, and said he felt out of sorts, and did not know why. The surgeon examined him, and said "Terence, the fact is you're getting an old man now, and you must not go about in the winter time in a Scotch twill shirt and white moleskins, the same as if it were mid-summer; it may do for the young fellows, but not for you. Go and buy a thick pilot jacket, and wear it, and you will soon feel all right again. You must begin to wrap up a little, now," thus the medico. "Oh! that's it, is it?" said the old "bull puncher," it's come to that, has it? I'm only a crawler, now, am I? Well, I'll see it out, anyway, now," and he gallantly refused to "coddle" himself, and he kept on with his summer "rig" all through the winter, and died, like a hero, in two years more.

I made the acquaintance of most of the Ipswich people, and returned to Brisbane. I rented a large, cool, deep cellar on the wharf at South Brisbane, from R. Towns and Co., and the lower story and wharf of Richardson and Co. (now Gibbs, Bright, and Co.'s), from Mr. D. R. Somerset, and so prepared myself for the heavy stock, of all classes of goods that could either be eaten or drunk, which I had arranged for.

One of the first men I saw, on my return to Brisbane, attracted my notice by his really handsome face, with a heavy, long, brown moustache, that seemed carved from mahogany, so compact and solid did it look; and with eyes as blue, and richly blue, as any sapphires. I asked his name. It was Henry M'Crummin. Keightley; but this was years before he married that pretty Miss R., of Bathurst, or shot the bushranger, or was ransomed for £500 by his brave wife. He wore a long beard in later days, but had a shaven chin when I saw him, for beards only came in after the Crimean war was over. A speech he made in his bachelor days to a youthful friend, who did not dress quite up to the "H.M.K." standard, will give a clue to his tendency to playful chaff. "My dear G.," said he, "I am your friend always, of course, and would help you, or borrow your money, or your neck-ties, but don't, my dear fellow, don't, for goodness sake, ask me to walk down George street, Sydney, with you, like that."

I put up at Campbell's Hotel, Stanley street, next the A.S.N. Company's wharf. Henry Buckley was the agent for them, and for the A.M.P. Society, and the Fire Insurance Companies; and C. J. Trundle was his factotum, and is, still, at the insurance business. H. B. could be seen in China buff crape coat, Panama hat, nankeen "continuations," and green silk umbrella, crossing in the ferry boat, nearly every day, to the north side; that *used* to be the Moreton Bay dress, to suit the climate. He went over to sit on the bench with Captain Wickham, or John Stephen Ferriter, to "tell their fortunes" for the people in the dock, for justices of the peace were scarce, then, to the north of the Bellinger and Nunbuccra rivers, in New South Wales, and they had to work when the honour was conferred on them.

I was just speaking of H. M. Keightley, and his good looks, but he was not one whit more of a lady-killer, in that respect, than was young Joshua Bell, whom I saw at an auction room, in Brisbane, a few days later. Tall, and slim, as perfectly dressed, in London style, as the Prince Regent himself, and without his foppery. I asked W. B. Tooth who that was, and he replied, "Young Bell, of

Jimbour" (aged 26), and no one, then, would have guessed that the tall stripling would have developed into the genial *grand seigneur* of 1877. Another young, tall, well-made, slim "swell" of the period was John Douglas, of Talgai; and, in his velvet coat, Bedford cords, and boots, none might him surpass, either. Joshua Bell rarely dressed in bush costume.

I, soon after, made the acquaintance of another sterling squatter, who was *not* a "swell" in his attire, nor an Adonis, either; old "Fred." Bracker, of Warroo, beaming with rosy face smiles, and quaint comicality, who—when he carved the ham at Campbell's hotel, and asked everyone to have some "Zwine Vlash," and when, between the acts at the play, he rose in the pit, turned his back to the stage, and waved fat smiles of recognition and greetings to all friends who sat behind him—gave one but little idea of his real sheep-breeding skill, or of what a good shot he was, or how well up in wool, and its classification. I had heard of him (long before I saw Moreton Bay) from the shepherds on the Lachlan and Murrumbidgee, who told some wondrous camp fire yarns of "Fred the German," the only man who could make the wool grow all over the ram's horns, alluding to some marvellous stud sheep, which he was the first to import from Germany.

Then, too, amongst the visitors to Campbell's, were Blyth, who formed Blythdale, and owed money to Captain Towns; and Livingstone, a cousin of Sir Thomas Mitchell; also, Fulford, of the Native Police. George Harris and I often strolled up to Grenier's in the evening, for there was more "life" there than at any other hotel in the town. Here I soon met Matthew Goggs (also well heard of on the Murrumbidgee side), and was challenged by him to play draughts. "Take that man," said he to me; "Now take that, and that," and I did so, making sure that my own annihilation was speedily to follow; but, somehow, it did not come off, and, with three men to the bad, Matthew, of Chinchilla, lost the game. He did not even know my name then; but afterwards, when he *did*, he used to open his mind to me, and, one day, said, "Bartley, what is the great problem of life?" I replied that I knew not. Goggs said, "The problem of life is, to find a sure and safe 10 per cent. investment for money, after one has made a fortune, and I don't think the whole world holds that investment, and I speak as a man who has made a fortune, lost it again, and made it again." I very much fear that Matthew Goggs was right in what he said, and, perhaps, it is best so (from a borrower's point of view, at all events). Amongst the, then, frequenters of Grenier's I must not omit Mr. Philip Pinnock, and

his partner, Mr. Vaughan, both Logan men ; and, well as the hotel was kept, its architectural pretensions were such, that I much doubt whether Mr. Pinnock would, now, in his stipendiary capacity, grant it a license.

Another regular guest at Campbell's hotel was handsome John Crowder, of Weranga. I remember seeing his tall, splendid figure plainly relieved against the sky at sunset, as he stood on the South Brisbane ferry steps, waiting for a boat, as I was crossing thither ; and he was the only man I ever saw, who, with all his tailor-made clothes on, still looked something like a Greek statue in outline. Poor fellow ! he confided to me that too much hard galloping after cattle, on the lower Condamine, had injured his heart and lungs, and he must go home for a change. He went "home," and died at Bordeaux, so I saw in the papers.

This was about the time when Arthur Hodgson and Dr. Lang contended for the honour of representing Brisbane in the Sydney Parliament, when the election was a tie, and Colonel Prior gave his casting vote to Hodgson, and when the indefatigable Bob Cribb (then in his prime) found a flaw in the proceedings, and got a new election, and ran Dr. Lang in, by one vote, in the next "heat." Ambrose Eldridge, the chemist, who built the "Milton" House (which named that suburb), and who ruined himself by cotton-growing experiments at Eagle Farm, was great at that election, on the Cribb and Lang side. Poor fellow ! I have still his letter to me, asking me to attend his meeting of creditors.

What narratives I could write, with no other spur to memory than some of the old well-known wool bale brands ! What a tale of sheep, and shed, and shearers ; of dray, and road, and wharf ; of bank-parlours, and bills of lading, is conjured up by a sight of the old OHO, the well-known MFT, and other standard wool marks of fame. These brands were used by the Hon. Louis Hope, son of a former Earl of Hopetoun, and who came out in 1843, and held Kilcoy, while David M'Connel, of Cressbrook, was director of the Bank of New South Wales, in Brisbane, with Captain R. J. Coley ; and used by De Lacy Moffatt, a son of the Rector of Athlone, and nephew, I believe, of old Captain Pike, of Pikedale, at whose former station so many pioneer Moreton Bay squatters were "broken in," and learned their "colonial experience." Mr. Pringle, further south, was another schoolmaster of squatters, in the by-gone days ; and I must not forget the genial Chessborough M'Donald, of Cadargah, on the Burnett—a Highlander, a "laird," and gentleman to the back bone ; an army captain, and with a becoming contempt

for a newly enriched *parvenu* Lowlander. I shall ever remember his well-set, military figure, and the rich bass of his hearty, sympathetic voice, as he gave me (then a youngster, beginning life in the colony) the best advice, and friendly encouragement, at his command.

I have already spoken of how well I was helped at Mondure. I will now relate a case of how I had a chance to help someone, and got repaid, unexpectedly, a year later, for it. One day a pretty little schooner, the "Souvenir," arrived, and landed passengers and cargo, from Sydney, at my wharf. One of these was Sylvester Diggles, with his family. He looked very "tumbled" and wretched after the voyage, which had been stormy, and so I walked him into the store, drew out a spile, and handed him a big tumbler of Marrian's ale, a good reviver after sea sickness. I found he was an artist, a musician, and an expert in birds, reptiles, and insects. In the year of grace, 1856, we "bachelors" of Brisbane—Albrecht Feez, myself, Thos. Jones, J. J. Galloway, John Little, and, I think, J. C. Heussler—gave the usual ball, in return for all the hospitality we had received. But a "hitch" occurred. There was no band, harp, fiddle, or professional pianist in Brisbane in those days. Every lady guest would, of course, dance in the opening quadrille, and, query, who was to play it? So, I bethought me of Diggles, and he agreed to play it (for me only, as he told me); and so, *that* "hurdle" was surmounted. I raised the ill-will of one of my fellow bachelors as follows: Bachelors can be jealous, as well as spinsters, and when I state that I got my friend, T. S. Mort, of Sydney, to send me a case of fresh cut "Greenoakes" camellias, by steamer, and had them placed in the ladies' dressing room, for hair decoration, my cup of iniquity became full. Camellias were *not* plentiful in Brisbane in '56. I was twitted with trying to set the fashion, and the name of "Bartley's camellias" was cruelly applied to some withered "expirees" from Cockatoo Island, whom a sharp Sydney labour agent consigned to me, in the same steamer with the flowers, as shepherds for a Darling Downs run (Joudaryan), for which I was then the agent. The Brisbane bachelors' ball of 1856 broke up at 5 a.m., and I wonder now if Captain Feez remembers (as I do) how his faithful dog, "Alley," sat outside till that hour, waiting to go home with his master.

In the early part of 1854, there arrived from Sydney, and put up at Campbell's hotel, Frederick John Cobb Wildash, whose father was a doctor in Kent, and with whom (he told me) Dr. Cannan, of Brisbane, studied his profession. Wildash was, then, on the look-

out for new country, about Port Curtis, and equipped his expedition, with Frank Bush, and another companion. Wildash told me once that he could "live and die" in Sydney, as he regarded it as *the* happy medium between the barbarism of the bush and the crowded civilization of London. Another expedition left Brisbane soon after—namely, A. C. Gregory's exploring one; and his brother, Henry Churchman Gregory, was the life and soul of the organisation thereof. How well I remember the leather helmets, pack horses, and multifarious hobbles of that same expedition, and Melville, of Toowong (who has charge of the cemetery now), was one of them. "Henry Churchman" put up at Tom Grenier's hotel, as a matter of course, for, did not his friend, Ernest White, and all the Logan River "contingent" do the same? Henry Churchman differed, essentially, from the staid Augustus Charles in one respect—viz., that he was sadly addicted to practical jokes, whereof witness the following. One night, old Mr. Duncan, Collector of Customs, gave a ball at "Darra." It was too far for me to walk thither from South Brisbane, in full dress (no cabs, "no nothing," then), so I rode a pony, and put it in a paddock, where All Hallows Convent now is. Dr. Hobbs' young wife was the belle of the ball. At 2:30 a.m. I left, and sought the little flea-bitten pony (that I gave George Raff £35 for), but it was not in the paddock. I started to walk home—not so bad, you know, as walking *to* a ball—and, at Petrie's Bight, I found the animal tied to the river side fence, so mounted, and rode home. It was Ernest White and Gregory (not A. C.) who had done the deed; both were at the ball, and left just before I did. Very wrong of them, was it not?

Campbell's hotel, about the time of my arrival, received two more guests from Sydney—namely, Charles Moore, the director of the Sydney Botanic Gardens, and P. L. C. Shepherd, now M.L.C., another botanist. They were, both of them, bound for Port Curtis on a professional and scientific tour. Another, and still more distinguished, new arrival, at that time, was Sir Charles Fitzroy, the Governor of New South Wales, who sat in the little church (behind the present "Longreach Hotel) on the first Sunday after I got back from the Burnett, March 26th, 1854, and we banquetted His Excellency on the 7th April, in the big room in the stone barracks (afterwards the Queensland Treasury). I well remember the praiseworthy efforts of Henry Buckley, and the rest of the "wine committee," to realize and secure some genuine champagne in the remote village of Brisbane, but it was not to be. Wilkes, the "*Courier*" editor, was at the feast, and sang his famous original

song of the "Merry Boys of Brisbane," to the air of "Loudon's." Burnett, the surveyor, who found that river, was there also. I saw the affair out till 3 a.m. I have spoken of the "champagne." One prominent citizen, who loyally honoured every toast in "bumpers, and no heeltaps," died three days afterwards; and I was not up till 2 p.m. next day, but, then, I did *not* drink the "sillery mousseux" of Epernay (?) not much. Still, I was often "seedy" in those days, and so was Wildash, for we had a habit of sitting up, at whist, till 2 or 3 a.m., our friend, George Harris, with us, a habit totally incompatible with a feeling of comfort on the following day. I consulted a doctor, who gave me digitalis, and bade me "keep quiet.

Sir Charles Fitzroy was "put up" at Captain Wickham's, at Newstead, and the inevitable black snake of Breakfast Creek was found between the sheets of his bed, one afternoon.

The sheep killing (alluded to before) took place on Saturday, May 20, 1854, the very day that Robert Cribb started for Drayton in the interest of Dr. Lang, *versus* Arthur Hodgson, in the famous election of the period, and the sheep burning took place on the 21st. The whole town was in terror *re* the scab, and wool buyers, like T. B. Stephens, were about, and measures were prompt, I assure you, Beattie and Burke, whist partners of mine, and Jeghers, from Montefiore, Graham and Co., and E. M. Tobias, were up in town, from Cleveland, where the barque, "Blackfriar," loaded wool for London. Cleveland was the rival "port" to Brisbane, and great woolwashing and packing took place there, and Ipswich was "in the swim."

I must here relate a strange accident, which befell a young lady of "sweet seventeen," with now, grey-green, now, violet eyes, who, with myself, her married sister, and others, formed a bush riding party, in 1855. She was on my left hand, and, as we cantered through the forest, I saw her suddenly lifted clean out of the saddle, by some invisible agency, and her horse pass from under her. She fell on her face on the ground, and a dead tree, 12 feet long, fell on her, and the roots cut the crown out of her straw hat, but she was not hurt. It happened thus: There lay, by the side of our road, a dead she-oak tree, bare of bark; its projecting roots lay behind, and its head in front. The skirt of her riding habit caught the roots, lifted, and "up-ended" the tree, which, when perpendicular, pulled her out of the saddle, and, when it sloped over, fell on her as she lay on the ground. Memo.—Short skirts are best in the bush for riding habits.

Fun there was, in plenty, in those days. Did not Gordon Sandeman always stop at Grenier's? Did not someone dress up an image of him, with his own spare hat, coat, spectacles, and all, with a bolster and pillow, and place it as if writing at a table in his bedroom? and did not G. S. guess in a moment that it was S. G. who had done the deed? All innocent fun; but there was real mischief at work when some unknown fiend packed all the spoons, knives, and forks, from Mrs. Grenier's public breakfast table, into old Captain Collins's valise, already half full of clean shirts, just before that unconscious gentleman started home to the Logan. Mrs. Grenier thought the blacks had stolen them, and had their camp searched in vain. The mystery was solved when, a fortnight later, the captain came to town again, and threw the articles on to the verandah, with some of that figurative language, peculiar to elderly sea captains. The real culprit was never discovered, or nobody knows what might have happened. But, old Collins stayed there, the same as of yore, for it was all taken in good part in those days, and there was a feeling of old friendship between landlord and guest, then, which is all out of date now. Captain Collins was the father of Carden, Arthur, and "Bob" Collins, the latter now a "ranchero" in California, I believe, and the former (who married a niece of Canon Glennie) was the best gentleman "jock" in Moreton Bay. We used to race at New Farm, on P. N. Russell's ground, then, near "Kingsholme," where Wm. Anthony Brown, the C.P.S., lived. He was the father of Villiers Brown, M.L.A., and of the first Mrs. Seymour. C. R. Haly's "Jeanette" was the best racer of those days here, and would have been a hard "nut to crack" even now. I must not here omit the legend of R. J. Smith and the sweetbreads, as authentic a one as Stuart Russell's tradition of Arthur Hodgson, and the marked eggs, at the Queen street hotel.

One morning, at breakfast, were seated at the table R. J. Smith, and three athletic juvenile squatters, from the far interior, and on the table were some veal sweetbreads. R. J. Smith was, in 1852, returned as member, for some Moreton Bay constituency, to the Sydney Parliament, and I remember seeing him and Mrs. Smith, when they, in Sydney, came round to return the calls of the Tooths, and Morts, and other visitors. But, to resume. "R. J." *wanted* the sweetbreads. Force was out of the question, so stratagem was resorted to. He rose suddenly from the table, and exclaimed, as he rushed to the window, "Hello! who *are* the ladies? never saw three such pretty girls in my life." The three juvenile squatters (who sat with their backs to the window) rose also, and looked out (*they* had not

seen a white woman, hardly, for two years). They saw nothing through the glass, so made for the verandah ; saw nothing still, and rushed round the corner of the next street, and still perceived no ladies, young or old. When they returned, the sweetbreads had disappeared. There is a mystery here which has never been properly explained, in the simultaneous vanishing of the sweetbreads and the ladies. Was it an optical illusion ? or have we here the earliest real ghost story of Queensland ?

Burnett, the blonde moustache surveyor, who found the river that bears his name, and who was such a martyr to rheumatism that his arm broke when a lady leaned on it, was buried on the 21st July, 1854. Amongst the guests at this time at Campbell's hotel, were the Rev. Mr. Sinclair, of Wombo Forest, Condamine River (the father of Mrs. W. Yaldwyn, of Ipswich), and also young Blair, son of Sir David Hunter Blair, and who was (what his father was not) an "expert" at billiards, and he had many a match, for the local championship, with Willy Macalister, who, also, played much better than *his* father did.

When at Ipswich, I generally stayed at Sullivan's hotel. He was an ex-jockey, who owned "War Eagle," famous for his matches with "Priam," the property of Stephen Mehan, of Drayton. Here I met my old chum, David Jones, of the Turon, son of the Sydney draper, and who now owned "Boonara" sheep station, on the Burnett. The "Swallow" steamer was sunk by catching under the wharf ; she tilted, and filled by the rising tide, and the steward, who rushed on board to get his money out, was drowned in the cabin ; so I travelled up and down in the "Hawk," Captain Thomas Boyland ; a guileless hard worker was old "Dash it" (as his nickname was).

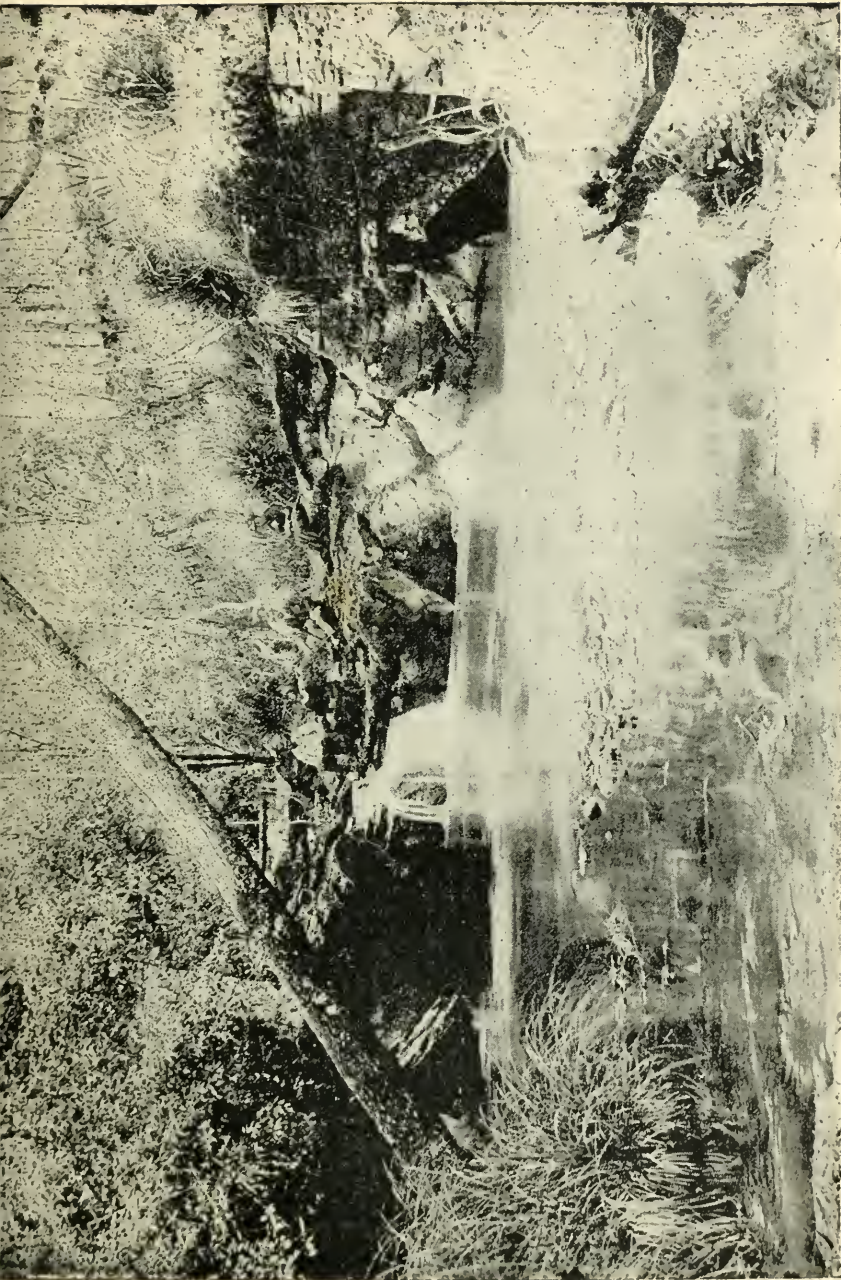
Patrick Leslie was with us at Campbell's about this time, and reported that Clark Irving (of the Sydney Sugar Company) "would give all the shoes in his shop" to get elected (for the Clarence, I think it was). A "game" thoroughbred "terrier" of a man was "Pat Leslie ;" knew nothing of fear, any more than Lord Nelson did, and recked nothing of odds against him in numbers. He, once, when travelling with Mrs. Leslie, near his station, Goomburra, probably on his way to Canning Downs, stayed for the night at Jubb's hotel, high up in the verdant bosom of the Main Range, in a pleasant, healthy country. Mrs. Leslie was in delicate health, and the bar of this wooden hotel was crowded with noisy bullock drivers, drinking, and swearing, and away from their teams, camped hard by. The sound went through the house, and Mrs. Leslie could not

stand it. Her husband went down to the bar. One thin, wiry, man, amongst a dozen heavy, burly ruffians, each more than a match for him in size, in a lonely, even if beautiful, part of the country, far from police, or help. But mind rules matter. Men recognise a "thoroughbred" when they see him. Jubb himself, a pretty brawny bit of stuff, would not have dared it. But, a solitary magistrate's life, or a constable's life, was safer, then, in the presence of 1,000 yelling convicts, of the manly old type, disciplined by hardship, than it would be now, with a dozen of the modern shed-burning "shearers," especially if the victim's back, and not his face, were turned to them for a moment.

Jubb had an adventure with the blacks. Mr. Jubb was "belting up" the steep sides of Mount Mitchell, about the same height as Ben Nevis, with his coat, and, it must be confessed, his trousers also, over his arm, for it was hot, and he needed full play for his muscles in such a climb as *that* was; when lo! he met, face to face, the real "myall" blacks, who knew not the coast language, and not much "pigeon English." He had no weapons, but had nothing to be robbed of. He was furious at such a slice of bad luck, but he made an effort, by signs, to let the savages know that the "wheelbarrow, carrying his flour and tobacco," was close at hand behind him, and off they set in pursuit of the drays, whose drivers were well armed; and (as Jubb said) "Wasn't I glad to see the backs of those wretches, Mr. Bartley."

The vessels which traded from Sydney, and elsewhere, in 1854, to Brisbane, were the "Volante," "Brothers," "Vision," "Souvenir," "Bad Spec," "Raven," "Bella Vista," "William Miskin" (s.), "City of Melbourne" (s.), "Bonnie Doon," "Don Juan," &c.; also, the "Palermo," Captain Henry Wyborn, afterwards of the Harbours Department.

Brisbane is, I think, the only metropolis in the world which combines a Highgate Hill with a Kedron Brook. The latter, a crystal-clear, mountain-born stream, flowing from west to east, on the north side of the city, losing itself, ultimately, in swamps, below where the German missionaries, of 1838, had their settlement, Niquet, Zillman, Rode, and the rest of them. The "brook" was a fairy-like stream. Its banks lined with the narrow leaf wattle, which blooms so beautifully, and loads the air with its "nutty" gorse-like scent every August; its banks lined, also, with the narrow-leaf ti-tree, a *melaleuca nerifolia*, which, in early November, breaks into bloom as gracefully as the wattle, with leaves, which, when crushed, exhale the perfume of thyme; and flowers, with the exact



CREEK SCENE AT KILLARNEY, SOUTH QUEENSLAND.

(By Permission of Messrs. Lomer & Co. Brisbane).

odour of "Grande Chartreux," and from which a rare *liqueur* could be prepared; and there is, also, the *Kennedya*, covering the ground with violet blossoms, as it creeps along the surface, in swathes of 20 feet in length, and the pretty little ground orchids, and so forth. There must have been fairies and kelpies there once, but slaughter-yards and fellmongers came along, and the fairies "cleared," which was more than the water did.

David Longland's big hill stood out high on the north side, and Bartley's "Eildon Hill" on the south of the brook, and Tom Hayes, and Tim Corbett, and old Mott, owned land on the upper part, and thereby hangeth a tale. One morning, in early 1859, I espied Judge Lutwyche, spectacles on nose, Government map in hand, taking stock of some Crown allotments near the Green Hills, and I thus addressed his Honour: "You are looking at some lots, not very eligible, and which will not be sold for some time to come. There are some Crown ones, better than these, and which will be sold very shortly, and which I would recommend you to see first, and, if you like to come with me to-morrow, I will show them to you, as I mean to buy some myself." He replied, "I will come with you." We went, and Thorrold (I think) came with us. I showed them the nakedness of the land. I resolved on "Eildon Hill," the judge, on what he called the pretty "ha ha" lawns, where "Kedron Park" now is; and Thorrold selected at the "Thorroldtown" of modern days. We camped, and lunched, by the brook, spent a delightful day, and the Judge particularly fancied some "Presburger Zwieback" biscuits I had brought with me, and asked me for a tin-full of them, which I gave him.

But, to revert to 1854. Grenier's was not sacred to the "bloated squatter" alone. The 'orny 'anded frequented the hotel also, notably old Coombes, of near Hill End, a relative of some famous Devon wrestler, and a performer himself; also, old Elijah Stubbins a Cooper's Plains' farmer; and, amongst the guests at Campbell's, I must not omit to mention Cecil Hodgson, a brother of Sir Arthur's; and old Mr. Gillespie, a squatter at Canal Creek, Darling Downs; and Henry Hayter Nicol, of Ballandean, near the modern Stanthorpe, a proud Scotch gentleman, and, like Bell, Sandeman, Whitting, and others, aye ready for a duel, on provocation. At this time, the guest list, at Campbell's, included the captain, chief, and doctor, of the immigrant ship "Genghis Khan," which made a sensational run, of 76 days, from the "Tuskar" light to Brisbane.

Wildash and I often went to William Butler Tooth's, of whom Wildash (who knew early New South Wales times) spoke to me in

high terms, and told me how, up in the Tumut Mountains country, by the Murrumbidgee district, W. B. T. had built a house for his aged mother, with his own hands. But Tooth had made money at Widgee and Glastonbury since then (oh ! why did he not "pre-empt" Gympie ?), and had "gone in" for "Clifton," on the Downs, with 10,000 cattle, at £3 per head, from Gammie Brothers ; but he took a big contract when he replaced them with a dozen times that number of sheep. However, I have been long enough digressing ; so, to my first journey to the Darling Downs.

After visiting J. P. Nahar's, Clune's, and the other Ipswich hotels, I got to "Sally Owen's Flat," to an inn, kept by M'Keon, on the 7th July, 1854, and, next day, on to Martin Byrne's, at Gatton, passing Franklyn Vale head station, with its pretty water-colours of the lovely Dominica and Guadaloupe, West Indies, where Mr. James Laidley, senior, was, in the olden days, before he was commissary in Sydney, in 1829. Over Laidley Creek, and Little Liverpool Range ; past W. P. Douyere's, the Frenchman, who kept the inn at "Bigge's Camp," now called "Grandchester." The Lockyer was a steep-banked, deep-cleft, ravine of a creek, like the Cooyar, but not full of granite boulders like the other one. Next day, I passed some pretty creeks, with splendid cedar trees, at a camping place ; passed a conical hill, with the top cut off flat, on my left ; rode past a hill foot, strewn with boughs of trees, which had been used as drags by descending drays ; rode up a sideling cutting, chipped out of the very wall of the Main Range, and of a geological formation of the "cannon-ball" type, for the wall of rock seemed riddled with imbedded round pieces of ironstone, many of which lay fallen and strewn on the road itself, round, rusty, heavy, and solid. Topping this, I came to the green and oozy "Drayton Swamp" (now Toowoomba), past a tiny cemetery, and got to old Drayton, and put up at the hotel of William Horton (Stuart Russell's companion in travel), the "Royal Bull's Head," with a parlour, and a style much above those of the wayside inns from Ipswich.

Here Captain Vignolles, Wm. Beit, of Westbrook, Gibson, of Chinchilla, &c., were to be seen. Opposite was Wm. Hancock's store ; he was a brother of Mrs. Geo. Thorn, of Ipswich. Further on, was Edward Lord, father of Mrs. G. B. Molle ; also, Stephen Mehan, whose "Priam" beat "War Eagle" two months later. William Henry Wiseman (afterwards of Rockhampton) had just succeeded Christopher Rolleston, as Commissioner of Crown Lands ; and there was a curious little church, where Canon Glennie preached ; he was *not* a "Canon," then, you know.

On, next day, to Cambooya, where, three years later, Arthur Wilcox Manning, and his family, entertained me as hospitably as did Captain O'Connell, of Mondure. It was in the garden, at Cambooya, that this Mr. Manning (once P.M. at Twofold Bay, and a brother of Sir William's) trod one night, as he walked up and down, on something which, he thought, felt "uncanny" under the foot, and, with an impatient exclamation of "I wish people would not leave cabbage stalks about," he kicked it far away. A light was brought, and it was only—a death adder! after all. On, to Clifton at night; admired the French lights, and eke the rare corned beef. E. W. Jackson, and Atticus Tooth, were there, in charge, and the stockyard, which would work 10,000 cattle, was a marvel of post and rail symmetry. Jackson and I rode past a huge brown snake on the plain.

Next day, I crossed King's Creek, called after jolly Joe King. I knew him well. He was related, by marriage, to the Alford, the Boulton, and the Taylor, of Cecil Plains. I can recall his cheery voice, now, as I heard it at Grenier's in the olden days, as, with good-humoured contempt, he surveyed, in the next room to mine, and remarked on the dress suit and linen of George Panton Betts, all laid out on the bed in readiness, for there was to be a ball in Brisbane that night. Rare Joe King! exploring was much more in *his* line than "swallow tails." I wonder where now are George Goggs, "Baldy" Smith and "Tasty" Brown, whose pungent vernacular of the "forties" is seldom heard in these more refined days.

From Clifton onward, past the house where Doctor Miles used to live (father of Mr. C. S. Miles, of the Treasury), and near which, I remember a confounded magpie, which used regularly, year after year, at a certain season, whenever I rode past, to try and knock my hat off. Was it the egg-hatching season? Then on, across the boggy Condamine—more boggy than King's Creek, and that was bad enough—to Talgai head station, belonging to Hood and Douglas, then, and now to Clark, from Tasmania; over some quartz ridges, giving promises, duly fulfilled, of future golden wealth; on, to Toolburra (Coutts's), the whole sweep of country from Clifton, including Ellangowan, up to this, being, at one time, the property of the Gammies; on, to Warwick, the same night. Such a clean, gravelly, level town, after that broken gully of a Drayton, with its black mud, which used to ball just like snow. Two hotels here; one by Collins, one, Mark M'Carthy; the stores, kept by John Bowen, George Walker, and Marcus Berkman. I did good business here, as at Drayton; and, next day, rode out past a scrubby mountain,

and Maryvale Creek (a place for huge carpet snakes), to Jubb's, whom I had met before, at South Brisbane, and so needed no introduction. It will be noted that, as a commercial traveller, 30 miles a day were about "my figure;" but, the noble squatter despised such trips. I have been wakened at midnight, at M'Keon's, 18 miles from Ipswich, by the thunder of hoofs galloping past in the darkness. It was Joshua Bell and E. M. Royds, (of Juandah, on the Dawson), who had left Limestone long after night-fall, pounding along, and they meant to "make" Gatton before they went to bed (*en route* for Jimbour). I trust they had sure-footed cattle. I should not care myself for *that* pace by *that* light. Strange that "Joe" Bell rode hard, and so did George Raff, but the former did not break his every bone in detail, as did the latter; and, yet, Raff never rode a bad or inferior horse. It was luck, I suppose; and I remember one night at Clifton, William and Atticus Tooth came in, at midnight, many hours after I had arrived from Drayton. They had *only* come from Douyere's that day, over 70 miles.

The three horses which I chiefly used during my Burnett and Darling Downs commercial trips were "Flash Charley," bought from Henry Mort; "Cock Robin," from Geo. Raff; and "Harlequin," from John de V. Lamb; the latter horse won the Hack Hurdle Race at Tenterfield, in 1857, and took Mr. Lamb's fancy. He and W. R. Campbell, of Fort street, Sydney, paid a visit, as youths, to the Clarence River, returning to Sydney, *via* New England, Warwick, and Brisbane. I met them at Warwick, in pouring rain, October, 1857. I bought a blue blanket, cut a hole in the middle, and we travelled together to Jubb's, and Brisbane. I took a fancy to "Harlequin," heard who he was, and what he had done, and got the offer of him at cost price, as soon as he had carried his rider to Brisbane. Fred. Daveney, C.P.S., of Ipswich, wanted badly to buy "Harlequin" from me, to run him for the "Hurdles," at Ipswich.

"What's the use," said he to me, with true anti-Brisbane feeling and contempt, "what's the use of a horse like *that*, in Brisbane, to you? Any sort of a 'Sunday afternoon' animal is good enough for *that* place; there are no *horses* there,"

Daveney might have been right enough, but I wanted "Harlequin" for work, while I was, also, still young, and conceited enough, to wish to be seen on a good horse at Brisbane and Ipswich races.

I used to leave a horse each trip to "spell" in the Clifton paddock, and pick him up six weeks later, and leave another. The "speller" often bucked, especially "Flash Charlie," but he stopped when

roared at loudly enough. The exception was the gentle, flea-bitten Arab, "Cock Robin," of Raff's, which a child could ride, and which I often had to lend to lady novices. But he was very fast. My cousin, Frank Lucas, M.D., challenged me to race his hack, with "Cockie," once round Ipswich course, catch weights. Captain Feez rode Lucas's, and young Robt. J. Gray rode my horse; both fair weights, even then, and "Cock Robin" led from start to finish. It was a custom, then, for squatters and sporting men to match horse against horse, not for a stake, but the winner to take both animals, and these events helped to make the races of 1856-1861, at Ipswich, "hum." I remember a horse called "Bucking Bob," *alias* "Chieftain," the first name being a corruption of Robert Buchan, who was raced on these lines. It was a "boil over," and the man who came to lead the "other fellow's" horse home, saw his own one marched off. But, I am forgetting that I am still at Jubb's, in July, 1854, before all these things happened.

Jubb's was a very healthy place, so near to the Killarney and Dalveen country. It is the only part of Queensland where I ever felt inclined to jump over a gate, from a feeling of high elastic health. The next day I had to tackle the scrub on the "Spicer's Peak" Gap. This road, cut through a dense vine scrub, had been at one time paved with thick pine logs—a "corduroy" road, in fact—and, while it lasted, all was well. But, the place was naturally almost a bottomless morass, full of springs; the logs had rotted in the middle, and the sound ends tilted up in all directions; a lovely *chevaux de frise*. It was an awful place for horse, bullock, or vehicle of any kind, to face, the tilted logs adding to the pitfalls of the boggy ground. A dense wall of scrub on each hand prevented escape, or evasion of the ordeal. A man, on foot, could, by treading on the roots of the trees, get along, but a saddle horse, or a bullock team, could not do this.

After crossing a pretty, little, clear, mountain stream, made fordable by thick logs placed close together at the bottom, I drew near this redoubtable scrub of "Spicer's Peak;" the smell of the peculiar trees and shrubs, which grew here, filling the air with an odour, tropical and medicated, that seemed to tell of poison herbs, snakes, stinging nettle trees, and "eerie" reptiles of all kinds; the sharp, incisive, staccato "swipp" of the coach-whip bird seeming to make it the "boss" spirit of the weird and gloomy "Der Freischutz" scene; nothing but huge, tall, dark-foliaged trees, stag-horn ferns, tangled creepers, and soft, black, bottomless morass, in the road, was to be seen. In I went, leading my horse, and dodged from log

to log, and tree root to tree root, my horse sinking to his knees at every step; at last, when I trusted, for a moment, to the earth, in I went up to the hips. I prized myself out by clasping a log with each hand, and resumed my road more carefully. I had a great "clean up" at Fassifern after it. There is a legend of a man's head and hat sticking up out of the mud at this spot, and he said to a rescuer who came along, "When you have picked me out, remember my horse is down below." It was bad enough, in all conscience, without these exaggerations. But I was rewarded for it all when I got clear of the scrub.

Glorious was the view to the south, over the peaked mountains which mark the heads of the Clarence and Richmond Rivers, from this 1900 feet of elevation; while, *another* 1900 feet above me, or 3800 feet in all, there appeared, sitting high, as it were, on a silvery bank of fog cloud, a solitary stone pulpit in the sky, being the narrow, rocky, eastern "horn" of "Mount Mitchell," that looks over to the sea and the savannahs of West Moreton, all the rest of the mountain, between me and it, being robed in the cloud over which peeped this apparently air-borne, spectral, stone pulpit; it might have been a balloon a mile in the air, so little seemed the connection between it and the earth below, and it was a sight of unearthly beauty rarely seen.

Strange insect battles take place in these scrubs at times:—I once saw a couple, rolling over, and biting each other, so furiously, that you could not tell which was which, so electrically rapid were their movements; when it was over I beheld a good sized spider, shorn of all its eight legs, which lay on the ground beside it. It was alive and unhurt, otherwise, but, incapable of movement, of course, and by it, the other insect was, jet black, like a hard-shelled, thin, muscular fly, or winged ant, with two, amber coloured, feathery antennæ on its head, and a pair of nipping forceps; it was a great spider killer, and showed no signs of injury, but, appeared to be ready, and eager, for more of it. It carried off the spider carcase, double its own bulk.

At the "Bush" Inn, Fassifern, I next arrived. It was kept by R. E. Dix, and his wife, the mate and stewardess of the "Sovereign," steamer, which was lost in the South Passage, March 1847, they being amongst the saved, and married afterwards. She had pretty red brown eyes, and hair of the same; was a good pianist, and above the style of most innkeeper's wives, of that period, in old Moreton Bay. Here I met Arthur Hannibal MacArthur (who then managed Goomburra for Patrick Leslie), also John Deuchar, of Glengallan, and Walter Davidson, of Canning Downs. Soon after, I met, at

McDonald's Hotel dinner, in Ipswich, a large company, of which, Pollet Cardew, Wm. Mactaggart Dorsey, John Brewster (of Rosevale), and Wm. Turner, of Helidon, formed part, and here again the irrepressible Jubb comes up before me; he never spoke of Mr. Cardew except as "Kadoo," with a sort of Parisian accent in it; I wish I could convey to the reader an idea of Mr. Jubb's brawny appearance, contrasted with the delicate, genteel inflections of his voice, when, he proposed to "let the ventulations of the heavens" in on the "Spicer's Peak" bog, as the only cure for it. Mr. "Chucks, the boatswain," in Captain Marryat's story, is the best ideal of him; and now I will refer to another trip, which I made, in December, of 1854, to the Darling Downs, in company with Mr. Robert Meston, editor of a Brisbane paper, and uncle of Mr. Archibald Meston; we went up by way of Fassifern and Jubb's, for a change, in place of coming back by that route; great was the change from July, there had been no rain since. That same scrub road on Spicer's Peak was dry as a bone, all but a solitary, bubbling spring in one spot; but the coach whip bird, and the bird with its seven sprightly notes, from Carl Maria Von Weber's opera, were still in full force. And, oh! that drought, *how* it told on the weather! it was 108° in the shade, at Warwick, December 13th, 1854; the same at Clifton, the next day, grass all burnt and yellow; 110° at Drayton, the following day, and here I resolved to stop till the hot wind was over. I may mention, that during these three days, it was 117°, 119°, and 122° in the shade, at Chinchilla, and 112° at Franklyn Vale, below the Main Range. Lloyd came up from Helidon to Horton's, and Captain Vignolles and other squatters were there, grimly expressing a sarcastic wish that Dr. Lang and his immigrants were all up there, just then, and engaged in their pet "agricultural" pursuits, so hateful to the squatters, who wanted their runs intact, and who swore that "Darling Downs would not grow a cabbage," and certainly, at that particular rainless period, the squatter had all the best of the argument.

December 17th, 1854, was a Sunday, the 108° business and north-west wind still kept up. I went to the little church, but could *not* keep my coat on, to Mr. Glennie's horror. Stephen Mehan who had just brought home his second wife, and whose pretty sister, Emma, and younger brother, lived with him, asked a large party of us to tea, that evening, Jackson of Clifton, Maurice of Grafton, &c. Jaded with the heat, none of us could "feed"; so, Stephen went into the store, opened half a dozen tins of lobsters, set them out in a big dish, and we all "went for it," as a relish. I went home to

Horton's, at 9 p.m., and was just going to bed, when I felt an abominably "fishy" taste in my mouth, which I could *not* get rid of, and I began to vomit freely, but nothing would allay that abominable, intolerable taste, of *intense* "fish." I drank the whole contents of a big wash hand jug, full of water, and threw it all up, and must have washed my stomach out, pretty freely, for I began to feel a little better; it was worse than sea sickness, and I knew, then, that I was poisoned by fish of some sort. When I grew better, I was visited by Jackson, of Clifton, about 11 p.m., to whom I mentioned that the lobster had poisoned me, to which he replied, "what nonsense! Bartley! you *are* so fanciful, you have been sick, no doubt, but it is the weather, not the lobster." The words had hardly left his lips when, he added, in a distressed voice, "By Jove! I don't know, whether it is from looking at you, but, I begin to feel queer myself," and out *he* rushed; I heard a sound of vomiting, but was too weak to follow him. I afterwards heard that he fell insensible, and lay there till next morning, outside. Meantime, I went out, on to the verandah, for some air, and saw lights and lanterns flashing, about the town; I asked the waiter (who had not gone to bed), what was the matter (we had candles and *snuffers*, an it please you, at all Darling Downs hotels, in those days). He said, "have you not heard the news, Sir? All the people at Stephen Mehan's tea have been poisoned. Mrs. Mehan has vomited till she broke a blood vessel, and Dr. Armstrong is going round, with a lantern, to see them all." (This was the brother of the Dr. Armstrong who married Miss Beit, and practised at Toowoomba afterwards). I was the first to feel the poison, and the first to get over it without medical help; the Doctor saw me, and said, I was the only one of the lot whose voice was not weakened by the shock. Poor fellow! He had phthisis, or, as *he* said "my cats' meat (lights) is out of order"; he died in Sydney, in 1855, and went thither in the same steamer with me, and the captain kindly inducted a wind sail into his state room, from the glass companion on deck, to give him all the air possible in that close atmosphere, and to lighten his suffering; like most phthysical doctors, he was exceptionally skilful. For years after that I trembled at the smell of any fish, and could not stop near it.

Robert Meston and I met once more, on the Downs, and this time we resolved to go back to the coast, *via* Allan Cunningham's gap, itself, and not by Spicer's Peak. Meston said he knew the way, and would pilot me, and I much wanted to see what it was like. He kept me from taking a wrong, right hand, track, and we soon came to the top of the awful slide. Imagine a slope of some 45°, for a

stretch of about 2500 feet, and you have "Cunningham's" Gap, "at home," though, it looks pretty enough at a distance. Meston remarked "it is *not* customary to ride down this Gap," so he dismounted, and I held on to the bridle of my faithful steed, who planted his forelegs alternately, and stiffly, in front of him, and so kept me from going down-hill, "by the run," as I must have done, if alone. The "Razor Back" hill, which leads from the Mudjee Road (where the mountains are so like old Lillenstein, on the Elbe, in Germany), to the bed of the Turon River, in New South Wales, is pretty steep for 1500 feet, but Cunningham's Gap "takes the cake" from it. You can "dodge" the descent a bit, to the Golden River, but you have to "face the music," when you go down the pass of Mount Mitchell.

When that trouble was over, Meston went off to the left, to see the beautiful waterfall of Tarome, 370 feet, as it forms the head of Fletcher's Creek (I think); he did not *stand* on the brink, but laid flat, and, looked over at the still deeper abyss below; this cascade is a little higher, I believe, than the one at Yabba, on the Upper Brisbane waters, which Ernest White, of Beaudesert, and Walter Scott, of Taromeo, once explored to the very bottom. Meston and I were slightly "bushed," at the foot of the Gap, but after a while struck the "wheelbarrow track," and made Fassifern, all right. I think *he* called it "Fossiphairn."

What huge spiders one meets in the bush of Queensland! great, hard, long-legged, tortoise shell coloured fellows, who spin web that you find it hard to break through, and who catch hornets, and even centipedes, in their web and kill them. Imagine a spider, who can kill such a professional spider-slayer as a Queensland hornet. There is no reason, however, why he should not, if he pegs away at the head, and keeps clear of that tail with its fearful sting, which, a spider, in its own web, *can* do, but not elsewhere; the spider seizes the head of its victim, and taking a strong pull on it, it stretches the entangled legs and wings, as if extended on a rack, motionless, and helpless, while the poison teeth do their deadly work on the head nerves of the doomed insect. Speaking of hornets, as all people have *not* read Mr. Brunton Stephen's poems, I will quote an incident which he described. There was, in Queensland, a land surveyor, who was "serious," and wore spectacles, and employed two men, who were *not* serious, and whom he would *not* allow to swear nor use profane language; it fell out one day that work was over, and one of the men, bringing home a tomahawk, which had been used for marking trees, struck it lightly, and carelessly, into an old, decayed, tree-

stump, intending to leave it there till next day's work ; out came a swarm of indignant hornets, outraged by the runaway knock at their door ; the wielder of the hatchet felt the terrible stings and found there was no parrying the "all over" thrusts which he got. He used forcible and angry language, in the very dialect forbidden by his employer, and made a "bee line" for the nearest waterhole, into which he plunged, and squatted, and so baffled the hornet colony ; it came to pass, not long after, that his mate, not knowing what had been done, came home by the same path, saw the tomahawk, thought it was not tight enough in the stump, so pulled it out and struck it in a little deeper. Result—more hornets, more profanity, a second wild rush, and a second inmate in the water hole, ranged alongside the first one, and comparing sorrowful notes. After that, again, came along the serious "boss," himself, in the spectacles, and, seeing the tomahawk left out to the dews of the night, to rust, he thought how careless his men were, and he forcibly wrenched out the tomahawk, from the stump, to take it home to his tent ; when lo ! he also was waited on by a winged, and stinged, deputation, the same as his two men had been, and the latter were greatly surprised to find the "boss," spectacles and all, by their side in the water hole. *He* asked no questions, and took in the whole situation at a glance, but, the strangest part of the story is still to be told. The men both affirm, positively, that *before* the master hove in sight, and before he *saw them*, and they him, the air was quite sulphurous, with a class of language, which, they were loth to believe, could ever have come from *his* lips, and yet—Ah ! Well ! "Deliver us from temptation" is a good prayer, and neither St. Anthony nor the patriarch Job, we know, ever felt the Queensland hornet, when, "on business bent."

About the time of my trip, with Mr. Robert Meston, Mr. John Christian Heussler and his partner, Altwicker, started business as merchants, in Brisbane ; the latter was an accomplished man and a musician, but died, in November, 1855, of phthisis, a heavy loss to social circles in our small town. Almost the very same day died Captain Barney, the postmaster of early Brisbane, and a brother of the well-known Colonel Barney, of Sydney official fame.

Speaking of Germans and music, I had a treat in Sydney, in March, 1857, at the house of Mr. Hamburger, at Kirribilli Point, North Shore ; he was a friend of Adolph Feez (Rabone, Feez & Co.), and he, Foell, Feez and Heussler, rendered some quartette glees, in a style, which was a treat after Brisbane of that period. I staid at Petty's hotel then, where, the previous July, I had been with Joshua Bell. This time, March 1857, the guests there included Leonard

Lester, and Dugald Graham, of the Logan, Yaldwyn, now P.M. of Ipswich, and every night Lester played ecarté with a Mr. Francis, who was father of the handsomest boy (ten years old) ever seen.

I shall not forget the pain I got, at Petty's, from eating peaches after sea-sickness; awake all night, I went for Dr. George Bennett, the veteran scientist, in the morning, and his carminative prescription, made up at Norrie's, vanquished the colic quickly. Captain Wickham was also at Petty's, and he did wonder at any one tackling peaches after a voyage, and told me that, at Malta, they were called "kill-johns," from the way in which the men-of-war sailors died through eating them; I bade a long farewell to peaches there and then.

In the July of 1856, I was present, at a nice ball, at Mr. and Mrs. Croft's, "Mount Adelaide," Darling Point, and his partner, Thos. Whistler Smith and his sisters were there; and how beautifully Miss Fanny Smith danced and played, dove-like and gentle, as were, alike, her dress, and her style of beauty; and there were Mr. and Mrs. T. W. S., and the Toths, and the Lambs, and the Parburys, and the Rusdens, and the Morts, and Woodhouse (my old bank chum at the "New South"), and Buchanan (who married Miss Harriet Manning), and the Bundocks, and the Mannings, and more. Here I met Frank Lucas, my cousin, the M.D., just out from Aberdeen, and it was a moot point whether he should practise in Melbourne, or Ipswich, and the latter place carried the day, for people expected great things from Moreton Bay then. G. V. Brooke was playing in Sydney, about this era, and "Othello," and "His Last Legs," came equally easy to this splendid actor, and Australia had a rare treat in the two great southern cities. Henry Buckley, our member in Sydney then, used to take me to hear the debates, and I was much impressed with Sir Daniel Cooper's lace cravat, as speaker, and his dignified return bow to all the members. I have spoken of G. V. Brooke, and let me here say, that, though I never heard, in Australia, any singers of the calibre of Alboni, Jenny Lind, Grisi, Mario, Lablache, or Tamburini, yet, as regards actors, there was no difference. The best singers and dancers will *not* cross the equator, but G. V. Brooke, in "Othello," was quite equal to Macready, in "King Lear," and, when we recall the marvellous elocution in the latter part, that is saying a great deal. And, again, all the Wrights, Buckstones, and Keeleys, that ever trod the Haymarket, Adelphi, and Lyceum boards, were not one step in advance of poor Fred Marshall, in "Friends" "Blow for Blow," or the "Wedding March," and one had the real article in Australia in comedy and tragedy; but, in the

case of high opera and ballet it was simply "*pardonnez moi.*" Taglioni, Ellsler, Cerito, Pauline Duvernay, Adele Dumilâtre, &c., seemed as incapable of Austral acclimatization as *Ursa Major* himself. You cannot reproduce at the antipodes what I saw and heard, on June 20th, 1848, at Covent Garden Opera House, at a time when Europe teemed with revolution; it was not so much that the Queen, then a youthful nine and twenty, went *in state* to hear the "Huguenots"; it was not that she had six boxes, in two tiers, made into one, with a "Beefeater" at each angle, and it was not even that the Life Guards in red plumes, blue uniform, cuirass, and helmet of steel, in cloaks, and on black horses, kept watch and ward outside, the while; it was not that the decorations were simply pure white and gold, the house and stage nearly the largest in the world, with a chandelier, of beauty and size, that would have about filled up any Australian theatre then; it was not even that the white-gloved peeresses applauded in a dove-cot fluttering style, that did *not* recall the screech of the gallery gods elsewhere; it was not that the orchestra contained one hundred of the best soloists in Europe, on all instruments, and that they moved as one machine under (Sir) Michael Costa's baton; it was not that the chorus, behind the scenes, was matchless and faultless; it was not that Malibran's own sister, Viardot Garcia, helped to sing the "National Anthem" before the curtain rose; but it *was*, when Marietta Alboni, in the divinest *contralto* voice this world ever produced, poured forth twelve words of thrilling prayer,

"Oh! Lord! our God! arise!
Scatter Her enemies!
And make them fall!"

and when the chorus, behind the scenes, took up the glorious refrain, it was then that I felt that life was almost too delicious to live. Flesh crept and nerves quivered; and how I longed that such a voice, pure and clear as silver bells played on by falling dewdrops, should never be wasted on obscure operatic recitative, but reserved solely for gems like our National hymn. I heard Jenny Lind about the same time, in the "Daughter of the Regiment," and she could actually play with high passages that would have (in Australian *parlance*) "camped" many an aspiring *soprano*, and I liked her voice better than Grisi's; but—after Alboni—well! perhaps I'm prejudiced. I had an argument once with a Teutonic gentleman, who wanted to persuade me that the National air of "Schleswig Holstein" was higher class music than "God Save the Queen," but, I could never be brought to see that either it, or the Russian, or the Austrian

anthems, carried the grand traditions of our old inspiring battle cry, and I will add that they have no more improved in this, the end of the century, on Lind and Alboni, as singers, than they have on Morphy and Anderssen, the chess players, in the early half of the same.

My earliest experience of Henry Stuart Russell was in 1855, or early '56, when he sold off his furniture at "Shafston," where Mr. C. M. Foster now lives. I bought his Norfolk Island dripstone at that sale, had it fixed on a high stand with Venetian shutters on four sides, and a large pure white (*Tridacna*) clam shell, from Torres Straits, to catch the filtered water in. The cats and dogs could not get at it, and the legs in basins of water kept the ants out, and here was a clear drink of water, the finest in North Brisbane, and I often got requisitions from St. John's parsonage, and elsewhere, for a jug full of it.

Two years later, I went in the "Yarra" to Sydney; Russell was a passenger, also W. B. Tooth, and James Walsh, solicitor, of Ipswich. The latter was on his way to assist at the wedding of his brother, W. H. Walsh (of Degilbo, Wide Bay district), at the Hunter River. Jubb was a passenger also. I took particular notice of Russell (who was "seen off" by James Taylor), I observed his luminous brown eye, his *biceps*, born of University rowing exercise, his exceptionally good French accent, and his preference, for tonic perfumes, like myrtle and ambergris, over the sickly, sweet, vulgar sort. We left Brisbane, February 10th, 1857, at 9 a.m., saw the ship "Parsee" in the bay, old Bell had the "Yarra" and "Carrie" was stewardess. A fair wind and not sick, for a wonder; one could never feel dull with Stuart Russell (or Arthur Hodgson), on board ship, in those days, and he regaled us with endless yarns about old George Thorn, in the 1840 time, about the lady at the café, and Miska Hauser, the violinist; he condemned Tom Jones's yacht, the "Wyvern," as, having nearly drowned a former owner, and he hurried on board the "Governor General," for Melbourne, when we got to Sydney, and, I expect, was off to England there and then.

And, now, some one may ask what was doing in these years, 1854-7, in the way of Australian history? Well! There were the Ballarat riots, Sir Charles Hotham's great unpopularity and death; the crowning of Wentworth's work, in 1853, by Stuart Donaldson and his colleagues, forming the first constitutional, responsible Ministry of Australia, in 1856. J. T. Smith was Mayor of Melbourne, and wasn't Kerr the Town Clerk? and Childers, Haines, Nicholson, O'Shanassy, Stawell, and Ebden, were they not very much in

evidence then, in Victorian politics? not to mention John Pascoe Fawkner, Evans, Chapman, and Michie; and old General Macarthur was *interim* Governor, after Hotham's death, and held levees and all that, and Lola Montez danced, so as to please the Ballarat people, and the star of Gavan Duffy began to rise, and they used to throw nuggets on to the stage, in place of bouquets, for Victoria had prospered much, since the days when a board nailed to a tree stump, by the river, marked the site of Flinders Lane, or of the first Crown Land Sale in Melbourne; and Madame Anna Bishop made people's eyes moist with "Home, Sweet Home." And we, too, in Brisbane, were helping to "make history" at that same time; for, we held public meetings in favor of Separation from New South Wales, at which Mr. R. A. Kingsford, myself, and others, moved and seconded resolutions, and where I discoursed, in my speech, of the iniquity of unfair land boundaries as a cause of war and bloodshed in past times, and of the injustice to posterity (as a bad inheritance) of such mistaken frontier lines. This, you know, was all because New South Wales wouldn't let us have the Clarence River in our new colony.

Yes, in 1856 and 1857, I spent many a pleasant day, and not the least so of them, with poor Whistler Smith; I use the adjective not of his wealth, for he had abundance of that, but in connection with his too early death, for he was one of the earliest of the true Australian aristocracy, to realise, that this island continent had a noble destiny to fulfil, and that its sons and daughters (native born) should try to be worthy of the same; he loved and admired his sisters, not merely because they were pretty, ladylike, and accomplished, but, because (as he said) they were "worthy of their country," and *that* meant much from *his* patriotic point of view.

There was a snug *coterie* of society at Darling and Potts's Point, and the South Head road then, which had something in it more than the ordinary, loose, cold-hearted ties of friendship, which commonly binds, what is called "society" together. Merchants, whose words were as good as their bonds, men of high honour, who were all close personal friends, in business and out of it, whose wives and families helped to make the union stronger; and old Captain Henry Neatby in the "Vimeira" (the forerunner of the "La Hogue"), and Captain Hight in the "Alnwick Castle," used to take whole batches of happy families home to London, from Sydney, in those days. I do not know modern Sydney so well, but I hope they are all as happy now, as then, on the villa crowned shores of Port Jackson.

It was about this time, that it began to be discovered, that the exodus of Australian farmers, and their labourers, to the gold-

fields, had put almost a stop to the local production of flour, and it had to be imported from Chili, a place where a system, akin to slavery, exists between the rich Dons and land owners, and the poor natives, and where flour and copper can always be produced cheaply. The "Caspar," barque, Captain Eldred, with 500 tons of flour from Valparaiso, arrived in Moreton Bay towards the close of 1855. I was appointed agent for the company which consigned her, and further vessels, to this port. Flour was flour then, and old George Thorn, of Ipswich, gave his cheque for £1000 for 20 tons of it, and Mr. P. O'Sullivan, (M.L.A.), who was then in business, in Ipswich, used to sell it at £7 per 200 lb. Australian bag, or, £70 per ton. There was no "poor man's loaf" in those days, and no "poor man" either, for that matter, when it did not "pay" Australians to grow their own flour at £50 a ton, but to import it from Chili, where it cost only £11 per ton to raise; Chili flour poured in after this. I got up from Sydney 2500 bags of it in the "Boomerang," steamer, which discharged at my wharf in place of the A.S.N. Co's, that trip; and the "Kate Kearney," Captain Punch, the only vessel which ever did, or ever will, load under the mill shoots up the river in Chili, and discharge her cargo at the Brisbane wharf, without lifting hatches, or lightering, came consigned to me; the "Manuel Montt" brought a heavy cargo from Chili, which was divided between Sydney and Brisbane.

One morning, soon after the Chilian flour in the "quintal" bags, from Tacna, began to pour in on me, I received a visit from three squatters—Joshua Bell, De Lacy Moffatt (who married Bell's sister), and Colin Mackenzie (Sir Evan's brother). They had, at their hotel, debated, after breakfast, "What to do," and "Let's go and worry Bartley about flour" was the verdict; for, as Colin M. told me after, they all three "meant" flour in earnest that time. They challenged me to contract with them for a three-year supply, at from £36 to £40 a ton, for all their stations; but, it was not safe for me to do it, as matters loomed then, and it did not come off.

A subsequent visit to Darling Downs included Dalby in my programme. A new, and larger, flat-bottomed steamer, the "Bremer," had been built, and I went in her to Ipswich, having as my fellow-passengers, Captain Geary, the Rev. Mr. Yeatman (of St. John's), Miss Sarah Grenier, Derwent Foster, and William Jubb. W. B. Tooth was in Ipswich, having ridden from Drayton, over 70 miles, that day. This was October 20, 1856. Tom Jones, of Barambah, G. D'Arcy, and J. F. M'Dougall, were at the hotel, and I started up country, with the two latter, next day, E. B. Cullen

lending me a horse ; and, at Drayton, I met Ralph Gore, and old Mr. Thomas Bell, of Jimbour, and A. J. Wood, afterwards surveyer at Rockhampton.

Next day, on to Gowrie and Jondaryan, where Brookes Forster (Robert Cran, overseer), was manager. Next day, on to Myall Creek, or Dalby, over a wet and boggy road of black soil. I admired the peaks of the lofty Bunya Mountains, away to the east, and, also, the smiling patience of John Ferrett, whom I met, piloting his wool teams through a sea of mud that would have tried the temper of St. Anthony. Joe Whalin kept the hotel at Dalby, and F. Roche the chief store ; and here I met old Beck, a squatter from the Moonie, who patronized Grenier's when down at "the Bay." A nasty pattering rain all night boded a bad time of it next day on the black soil plain, but I got all right to Jondaryan, and found Dr. Armstrong (*secundus*) there (his brother died the year before), and he, Vidal, and I had a sharp gallop into Drayton next day.

Emile de St. Jean, and Allport, were at Gowrie, and, at Drayton, I found Dr. Tyrrell, the Bishop of Newcastle, who held a confirmation, and Annie Glissan, and all the other pretty girls of Drayton, were in white muslin. The Bishop and Mr. Glennie were ahead of me next day, in a most slippery ride down the Range. The Lockyer was beginning to rise, and I heard that Laidley Creek was already up, so I started from Gatton early, and got over it ; but, at the Seven-mile Creek from Ipswich, I had to turn back, and retreated to M'Keon's, to wait the lowering of the Bremer, for I heard it was 16 feet deep at the One-mile Creek. After a day's spell, I essayed the Seven-mile again, and a friendly bullock-driver piloted me over by a sharp turn to the left, in mid stream in place of going right across. The Bishop of Newcastle, in whose diocese we were, had to creep over, on all-fours, on a log. My horse was lent me by E. Lord, and was no swimmer, and, in fact, was drowned, soon after, in trying to swim out of a paddock, with no one on his back. The bridge was not submerged at the Three-mile Creek, though the rain had never ceased. But the "One Mile" was a "stinger," indeed ! No bridge there, any more than at the Seven-mile. Here were some teams, from Ipswich, on their way up country, camped, and unable to cross ; but, a man in charge of one of them, seeing me hesitate, came to the bank, and, by signals, showed me how to steer. He knew of a narrow place, not deep by comparison with the rest of it, and I got over, and into Ipswich, where, at M'Donald's hotel, I was, first of all, greeted with incredulity, and, afterwards, slightly lionized, when I said I had come from Drayton ; for, all the guests there—viz.,

Dr. Dorsey (of Grantham), Bell (of Jimbour), Turner (of Helidon), De Lacy Moffatt, Dr. Labatt (of Warwick), and A. W. Manning, were all weather-bound, and unwilling to face the dread "One Mile;" and, unless you hit on the said narrow bank that I was shown, it was a case of being swept away. These places were all bridged afterwards.

There was a wedding at Brisbane on the 4th, the day I arrived from Ipswich. Mr. Henry Gilbert Smith, of Sydney (uncle of Whistler Smith) married Miss Margaret Thomas, sister of Mrs. Rowland, of Ipswich, Miss Frances Jones, of New Farm, being a bridesmaid, and I saw her carrying home a parcel of wedding cake, duly tied up with white satin ribbon.

I learnt a bush lesson this trip—namely, that no matter how straight a road you travel, and how fast your horse may be, and how much a flooded creek may wind, you cannot, in wet weather, race with it, or anticipate the coming flood.

At this period Fred. Daveney was Clerk of Petty Sessions, at Ipswich; Herbert Evans, at Warwick; and Moncrieff (a brother, I believe, of Lady Mordaunt), at Drayton. I don't know whether it was because I was an *ingenui vultus puer* in the early days, but people had a habit, then, of confiding their history to me. For instance, Geoffrey Eagar came up to Brisbane, in 1855, on business for the Bank of New South Wales, and he had an introduction to me (an old officer of the same). He confided to me that he, though 40 years old, had never before in his life been so far away from Sydney and from his wife and child, and, as I regarded his placid, suave, subdued manner, I recognized a new type of man—a gentle, refined, Sydney "cockney," far removed from the typical, rough Australian, and, yet, with nothing of London about him, either.

Again, old Thomas Grenier—who carried on that well-kept, and highly patronized hotel, over the site of which, and all its memories, the Melbourne street railway of 1892 now runs—confided to me how he, ruined, and burnt out, by a raid of the Maoris, at Korararika, in New Zealand, escaped with life, and came to Moreton Bay, in the early days, with three helpless girl babies, to begin the world again. He worked, and prospered, here, and died, well off, at the "three score and ten."

Good old days those, when Jimmy Ord used to be clerk of the course at Ipswich (no one was ever "Mister" then), and "Donald" and "Light-foot" raced; and "Old Joe," who was then the champion "pick-up" of New England, till the chestnut pony, "Ben Bolt" took him down; and when "Lizard" and "Mince meat" ran,

and Kent, of Fassifern (and Jondaryan) was never without a bit of blood on the course ("Cannonball," or something else) to throw down a glove, which few local men cared to lift, and only the Tait, and the Singles, from the south, could deal with.

In those days, as I travelled up country, or met those who came to town, I constantly encountered squatters new to me. Amongst those who came to M'Adams, the "Sovereign" Hotel, in Queen street, Brisbane, were Joshua J. Whitting, of Pilton, Darling Downs; Clapperton, of Tarong, on the Burnett (a great acrobat, though he did not look it); Borthwick, and Swanson.

The older hotels of Australia, town and country alike, kept, and submitted, from a very limited *repertoire*, better food, and better liquor, than the modern ones do, from the endless resources now at command; and an abundant supply of plate glass, and French polish, and mahogany and electric bells, is no set off against rancid bacon and butter, sour bread, beer, and milk, in some modern "palaces."

I remember one sturdy scion of the Yorkshire Lumleys, who, with his ancestors, I suppose, had known neither dyspepsia, nor starvation, for 800 years, and whose stomach was of cast iron strength; I remember him in a frightful gale, where even the seasoned captain and stewards were all sick; he came up smiling, and *alone*, at each meal; but everyone is not so gifted as this.

I was heartily amused, once, on board steamer, with John Tait, and his race horses, to see a worthy old member of Parliament, from the Maneroo district, very sea sick, and saying to his wife, "My dear, I can't think what ails me, for all I had for breakfast was a plate of tinned lobster, and a black pudding." I wonder *how* he could have proposed to *improve* upon *this*! And, then, 'mid the giant waves that roll off "Flat Top" Island, on the Queensland coast, was a steamer, which carried an objectionable fellow, the manager of a "variety troupe." He was noisy, and voluble, and bragged that he was never sea-sick in his life, as the mail boat anchored off the island; and, to prove it, he ate an enormous breakfast of raw onions, and similar horrors. But old "Flat Top" has a habit of "fetching 'em," when at anchor there, which the boaster had never bargained for, and, I am proud to say, that it asserted itself on this occasion, and the onions, &c., went to the fishes in due course, for the first time on record, no doubt, in his case.

My fellow-passengers on one trip were, Mr. Robert Cribb, then one of our members in the Sydney Parliament; he used to sit on the paddle-box, and enjoy his basin of bread and milk; and

Judge B. (the "genial") was also on board, and my cabin mate. He it was who used to go circuit out west, and, at one township, far out in the "Never Never" country, where there was no church, chapel, or parson, but only a court house, public houses, stores, &c., the Judge was asked, by a deputation, to read the Anglican prayers at the court house on the following Sunday, and, on no account, to omit the prayer for rain, as there had been a 12 months' drought out there. The Judge promised compliance, and duly officiated on the Sunday, but, somehow, in place of reading the prayer *for* rain, he turned over the wrong leaf, and substituted the "thanksgiving for rain." The subject was mentioned to him after church, and his mistake pointed out, when he instantly rejoined, "Look here, boys; it's never a good plan to open a fresh account before you've squared off the old debt; I'll be bound, now, ye never thanked Providence for the last batch of rain ye got, and ye owed for it still, and, now, I've squared that bill for ye, and ye can ask for more with a clear conscience." The deputation withdrew, satisfied that if the Judge *had* made a mistake, he knew how to get out of it, cleverly. Good-bye to the steamers for the present, and let me resume my recollections of people and places in the olden days (say) in October, 1857.

Robert Tooth, of Jondaryan and Sydney, was up on a visit, and I got a terrible business fright by one of my largest Darling Downs customers being arrested for the murder of his wife, whom, when quarrelling, he had shut up in the cellar, and put a 56 lb. weight on the flap of it, and she forced her head out, but could get no further, and the weight on the flap prevented her drawing back, and she was strangled, with no one near to help her. Captain Feez and Miss Milford were married this month, and spent a few days in Ipswich, and her brother, Herman, was up there at the same time. Here I also met Miss Octavia Laidley, and the Rev. Robert Moffatt (brother of De Lacy of that ilk). They also got married afterwards. We took the Brisbane band up with us in the steamer to Ipswich, on the 14th October, and it played, as usual, on the green in front of the Club, that afternoon.

We went in the "Brisbane" steamer, and collided heavily with the "Breadalbane," which met us near Joe Fleming's place, both boats recoiling reeling, and their funnels described segments of a circle against the sky, of which circle they were the radii.

The band played every afternoon, with plenty of pretty girls, there. Miss Cramp, the Rankens, Dr. Rowland, Miss Thomas, and Mrs. Parkinson were present, and a mad cow came surging through the

audience, and quite spoilt it all, for a time. The *repertoire* comprised *Robert toi que j'aime*, the "Karl's Lust," and "Pauline" polkas, and Messrs. Seal and Cramer were in the band.

On Friday, the 16th, I was off, with Joe King, F. Roche, of Dalby, Edward Lord, of Drayton, at 8 a.m.; we lunched at Moran's, and got to Cook's, at Gatton, at sunset. Lord and I had a delicious "bogey" in the Lockyer. What ancient reminiscences Joe King and Roche did discuss all through the merry gallop of that day, and I wonder who will ever write the book thereof. King and Lord (aristocratic conjunction of names, was it not?) stopped, next day, at Turner's place, at Helidon. Roche and I went on to "Drayton Swamp" (now, "Toowoomba"). William Witham had now replaced Bill Horton, at the "Royal Bull's Head," and some fine strawberries graced the table. Mark Roberts, of Clifton, and Whitchurch, of Felton, were at Witham's.

Next day, I went to Gowrie and Jondaryan; saw lots of calves branded, Robert Cran superintending; and, again, saw Marcia Forster, a beautiful child of the "super's.;" and, next day, back, with Watson, of Halliford, to Gowrie, and on to Drayton, where I met Mr. A. W. Manning, and his family (of Cambooya). He had just bought the Helidon clip of wool for 2s. a lb.

Next day, Sunday, October 25th, I went to hear Mr. Glennie in the morning, and the Rev. Mr. Fidler in the evening; the latter a specimen of the hard-riding parson, and a very pretty little horseman, indeed. *Such* a cold, frosty night it was, at 2,000 feet above the sea.

Next day, on to Cambooya, where the Manning children welcomed me, each with her little bunch of flowers. I stayed till 4 p.m.; took a turn on the Felton road, and back to Drayton. Next day, on to Clifton, and lost my watch in what was known as the "haunted ground," a patch of forest about three miles through. Here was a goodly, and hospitable, party to welcome a visitor. Mr. and Mrs. Cobham, A. P. Gossett, Dardier (afterwards of Sydney), Mark Roberts, and Challacembe.

King's Creek, at Ryford, and the Dalrymple, were, neither of them, next day, pleasant to cross; plenty of water, and an awfully boggy bottom. The road over the Condamine had been diverted, and the bridge was missed, and grass had grown over the road to Toolburra, and there was water to cross on a new and temporary track, and I was glad to reach Warwick at night. Here I met Arthur Macarthur, Dalrymple, and M'Evoy, the chief constable. Willy Campbell and Jack Lamb, of Sydney, arrived next morning to

breakfast, from New England, and I travelled to Ipswich with them ; these were the days when Stone and Holle, and, likewise, Broughton, made the clothes ; while Lobb and Fletcher purveyed the boots of juvenile Sydney swells ; and when Flegg and O'Donnell provided the "Wellingtons," at Hobart Town). Our conversation, as we rode eastward in the rain, was of the folly of mere money-grubbing, and Campbell sung us the "Stockman's Grave," a plaintive bush ditty. We were all bachelors, with small waists then. On, through the scrub, which was fairly dry, and to Balbi's Inn, at Fassifern, after a night's sleep, and a great drying of clothes, at Jubb's.

Lamb and Campbell were met by Tom Jones (of Barambah) at Ipswich, and went on with him to Brisbane, where, when I also arrived, I met Patrick Leslie, walking with R. R. Mackenzie, and something political was "up," no doubt.

We, of course, have had public regattas, as long as I can remember, in Brisbane. They used to be on the 26th January, up till 1859, and, after that, on 10th December, on which day, in 1860, there was a gig race—I was in Sydney, and so only heard of it—in which R. G. W. Herbert, John Bramston, F. R. C. Master, and A. Orpen Herbert, beat Shepherd Smith, W. T. Blakeney, A. E. Dodwell, and another, owing (it was said) to one of the married men not training, and being too fat. Next year, 1861, I saw the regatta. It was in front of Harris's store, and Geo. Harris gave a grand lunch on the wharf. E. B. Forrest's yacht capsized, but was righted, and went on with the race, and, I believe, won it, after all. He was trained in the Sydney boating school, where yachts have been known to gallantly stop in a race, and pick up a capsized crew, and then go on, and win, after all. We had regattas, of course, in the early days, before separation, when "Fassifern" Kent, and Dr. Hugh Bell, and Fred Isaac used to row in the gig and pair-oar races, when old Captain Geary, R.N. (the harbour master), was the inevitable judge and umpire, even as the Hon. E. B. Forrest now is, and many a time the old captain used to ask me up, on the flag ship bridge, to lend him the loan of my eyes (50 years newer than his, then) *re* the position of the boats. George Harris used to issue white satin programmes for the ladies ; and I, with a stern sense of duty, used to begrime myself in the loading and firing of the time gun—while others of the committee flirted with the ladies—an act of self-abnegation, which caused my health to be cordially drunk, down in the cabin.

We used to have some very tidy skiffs then, built by Messenger, of London, and Dick Green, of Sydney, at Brisbane regattas. But

our "yachts" were made more for comfort and ease, than for speed; the more ladies, and the more hampers, they could accommodate, the better we thought of them.

The veteran colonist, James Canning Pearce, was buried the day after the regatta of 1861; and his widow, with brave spirit, declined, publicly, a subscription, holding that her late husband should have been honoured in his *life* time; much in the same way that Dr. Lang's widow refused the tardy £1,000 of the Queensland Parliament.

One one occasion, about this time, I met R. G. Massie, a Downs squatter—and father of the famous cricketer—disconsolate in Brisbane, alike, from the terrific heat, and the fact that there would be no Sydney steamer for some days. I asked him to come to my place, where the "Belle Vue" Hotel now is, and partake of cool salmon and cucumber, and the beer of Bass, and he asked my opinion as to whether bonded stores in Mary street, opposite the A.S.N. Company's wharf, would "pay," and I said "Yes;" and he built those where Mort, Holland, and Burns, Philp, and Co., are now.

About the beginning of 1855, homœopathy began to take a firm hold in Sydney. Thomas Mort was an early convert to it, and made all the proselytes he could; and Bell and Huntly were its chemists, and it grew to be the rage and fashion, much to the benefit of the pale aristocratic children, who rode in carriages, and lived to the east of the Darlinghurst road, and who were thus emancipated from the horrors of jalap and antimony, and relegated to the gentler offices, and more tender mercies, of *Bryonia* and *Pulsatilla* globules; and the adults, too, were benefited, for it was a canon of the new doctrine that tea and coffee were to be abjured while under treatment; and that, alone, put a lot of people right in their nerves and "insides." Homœopathy is a noble science, but I often wonder how many, in the whole world, there are of really able exponents, and competent high priests, of its wide ramifications and mysteries.

From homœopathy to gold is a sudden transition! and, though not in order of date, I should like here to mention a matter of good luck in mining, which was not valued and utilized as it should have been. There was, at one of the Australian diggings, a handicraft tradesman, who worked at his business, and put his savings, and *more*, into gold shafts. I say "more," for he had persuaded the manager of the local bank to lend him £3,000 on security of his interests in the shafts, in which gold might be, but was not yet, struck. The head office of the bank "had no faith in the business," and ordered the local manager to call the money in, and he put the

job in the hands of his solicitor. But, at this juncture, the debtor was in the hospital with fever. Had he been up and well, his gold shafts would have been sold for what they would fetch, *i.e.*, not half what he owed to the bank, who would have bought them all in ; but, the solicitor was a humane man, and, fearing that the shock might kill the sick man, he resolved to keep quiet till the patient was out of bed ; but, before *that* happened, the gold quartz was struck, and £700 a week were rolling in for the bed-ridden man. The bank was paid off quickly, and, before the ever-increasing golden tide had ceased to flow, our hero was £290,000 to the good ; and how I wish I could end this (true) story here. He became besotted with so much money ; he was not, of course, an aristocrat, and it upset his mental balance. He knew not how to get rid of it fast enough, and so he chartered ships with horses, and ships with wheat, to all sorts of distant markets ; and dissipated his substance in every way, breeding race-horses, and so forth, till, at last, he was actually in debt to a bank once more, and *this* time the "good luck" fairy did *not* come to his help (he had been too ungrateful for that), and he went out to prospect for gold again, and died worn out, and was buried by the road side, a melancholy instance of money *in the wrong place*.

To return to the doings of 1855 once more. I went to Sydney that year, on a visit, and, as mentioned elsewhere, one of the first sights I saw, after landing, was the funeral of Sir Thomas Mitchell, the great Australian explorer. My father-in-law, who landed in the same place in 1827, saw the funeral of Mr. Oxley, a previous explorer, soon after *he* landed there.

About 1854, I first met, in Brisbane, with Mr. and Mrs. A. M'Nab, afterwards of Kianga. It was not so much what I saw, as what I afterwards heard, especially about *her*, that impressed me. She seemed to have been such a benefactress to people of her own sex, new arrivals, whom she had instructed in the ways of the bush, and taught how to ride a horse, &c., from her own wide experience in the early pioneer days.

People often have to meet an emergency in the bush. I remember that yellow-haired Hercules, William Turner, of Helidon, telling me how, at a place where he was, the servant girl's dress caught fire ; how he seized her with his powerful hands, threw her down, rolled her over and over, till the fire was out, and then, quietly, went down to the bottom of the garden to have a good private "swear" (out of everyone's hearing) at the agony of his blistered hands, and how the poor girl died of the burns, after all.

More fortunate was another one, the adopted daughter of a Condamine squatter. She was just as badly burnt, but he rushed to the store, cut open a 200 lb. bag of flour, and covered her whole body from the air with it, an inch thick above and below. She recovered, and is now a grandmother. There was no doctor, of course, within 100 miles.

I missed seeing the first Brisbane anniversary regatta, in 1860, where Herbert and Bramston pulled in the gig race, but I witnessed an equally good match, in Sydney, at the same time, where Dick Green, as springy as a panther, and as tawny, pulled away from a good English sculler, named White, on the Parramatta River, December 20, of that year. The "Washington" followed the race. Green's skiff (this was before the "outrigger" days) was black-leaded, and cleft the water like a knife. Herman Milford, and the Crofts, &c., were in the steamer. I thought Kissing Point looked rather like Brisbane, from the water. Green was beaten by Chambers, afterwards, in England; but the time when Australia was to assert herself, and her prowess, in racing, cricket, and boxing, was, even then, incubating, and I think the premier place should be assigned to the champion sculler, for nothing else requires so much "heart" and heroism. The footballer and cricketer have their mates around them, and get frequent spells of rest. Even the boxer, or wrestler, is allowed his interval for breathing time; and so with the jumper, the pole vaulter, &c.; but the man in the "outrigger" is "in for it," and alone; no ministering angel with sponges, or lemons, may tend *him*, during those 1,200 strictly consecutive seconds of supreme and relentless struggle, nearly every one of which brings out a tremendous spring and effort, of arm and thigh, of back and loin; 800 strokes per man in each race, and each stroke calling hard on every muscle in the body. Australia has good reason to be proud of her scullers.

I have spoken elsewhere of the neighbourly feeling that existed amongst the old residents about Darling Point, &c., near Sydney. One proof of this was seen, then, every Sunday, after service, at St. Mark's church. Mr. T. S. Mort, had his garden and grounds to the east of this church, and Mr. Thomas Ware Smart, to the west of it, and each of them threw open his place, as a thoroughfare, and short cut, to all those attending the service, so as to enable them to reach home without a long and roundabout walk by the public road. Mr. Smart was a wealthy miller, and one, of whom Mr. Mort said to me, "It was nice to have him on a board of directors with you, as he always took such common-sense short cuts through any difficulty that arose."

The congregation, at that date, included the Rotherys, the S. H. Smyths, the Skinners, the M'Carthys, of "Deepdene;" Whistler Smiths, of "Glenrock;" Robert Tooth, of "Brooksby," or "Ecclesbourne;" Croft, of "Mount Adelaide;" Edge and William Manning; Edwin Tooth, of "Waratah," &c. "Cranbrook" (inhabited by Captain Towns, and the Hon. Jas. White, in after years) was not then built; nor were the mansions of Dalley and Holdsworth, in their beautiful positions, near the light-house.

But Potts's Point was well "settled." There was "Tusculum," where Mr. Long, the wine merchant, lived; the fine mansion of old Thomas Barker, the miller. The Macleays were, perhaps, the oldest residents on the Point; and there were John Gilchrist (Gilchrist, Watt, and Co.), Challis (of the firm of Flower, Salting, and Co). Neither M'Quade's house, on the shores of Woolloomooloo Bay, nor J. D. M'Lean's "Quiraing," on the Edgecliffe road, were then built; but Mr. Henry Prince (of Prince, Bray, and Ogg) occupied a splendid house, that looked down on "Waratah," E. Tooth's, who with old Captain Geo. Harrison, R.N. (a surveying shipmate of Captain Wickham's, and afterwards of Castlemaine and Melbourne), and myself, resolved, one Sunday, to walk to the light-house, and back, before dinner, for an appetite. The captain being 50, and self 20, he said he felt proud of the ten-mile spin with me, before dinner, at his age.

Talking of dinner and Sundays, in Sydney—one Sunday, January 16th, 1853, at Edwin Tooth's, there were present his brothers, Robert, and Frederick, and Charles—for Robert was to sail, per "Vimeira," for London, on the 1st February—when there came the startling message that the Kent Brewery was on fire. Off we all went, post haste; found Donald Larnach, and plenty of people, there at rescue work. Malt and hops burn freely; and the re-building of the stone work, originally put up in 1834, was costly in 1853, with masons' wages verging on £1 a day, "all along of" the gold time. Such sympathy and assistance were shown by the neighbours, that it became imperative to publicly advertise the firm's thanks therefor; and herein I made a proposal—namely, that each of the brothers, and myself, should write out a notice—expressive of gratitude—for publication; also, that the form should be duly submitted to a committee of ladies—namely, their three wives; and the most aptly worded one of the four should be selected for publication. The ladies unanimously pronounced for mine, and it duly appeared; but, it must be remembered that *I* had nothing at stake, and wrote much more deliberately than they could in their flurry.

Business *was* brisk then, and I remember that Robert Tooth, finding that the scarcity of copper change, in Sydney, seriously affected the consumption of their ale, in the expansion of trade that took place between '51 and '53, offered £10,000 for £5,000 worth of copper coin, if landed in Sydney by a certain early date, which serves to remind me of another matter of £5,000 worth of copper coin. The Czar once offered for sale, by tender, £5,000 worth (nominal) of worn out Russian pence. Most firms tendered—as nearly as they could guess—its weight as old copper, and only one firm, more astute than the rest, knew that the copper had been got from a certain part of the Ural Mountains, and *must*, therefore, contain *some* gold; so they tendered the full nominal value of £5,000 for it, and were rewarded for their enterprise, as they got but little less than £5,000 worth of pure copper, and, also, got £5,000 worth of pure gold, out of it; for, as any one can see, a sovereign is easily hidden away amongst 240 pennies, and yet it is fully of the same value as they; and how still more completely hidden, too, if all melted together. This should be kept in view if Australia ever coins copper.

Coming down the Main Range, from Warwick, on the 20th September, 1855, I had a long talk to Yates, the overseer of roads, and saw his new marked line, cleared to ease the terrible scrub track, and, at the foot of the Range, I killed, on that day, the most remarkable snake I ever met.

I had left a horse, "Flash Charley," at Clifton, to recruit. He bucked till he broke the crupper the last day I rode him, and only stopped when I roared at him, and I got a roan mare there (which I had bought from Dick Warry, in Brisbane), fat from the Clifton grass.

When I saw the snake, which was all black and dark grey, and no red, or yellow, belly, I made light of it, got off the mare, led her with one hand, and struck carelessly at the snake with the whip in the other one, as he wriggled along a deeply-cut wheel track. I soon found that this would not do. I was almost as much "at sea" as the Rev. Robert Moffatt was, when he, once, tackled a nine-foot long brown snake, on the plains, with a stirrup and leather only; good weapons for a kangaroo at bay, perhaps, but not for a lithe snake. My snake flattened his neck till it spread out wide and thin as paper almost, sprung back, and bit viciously at the whip every time I hit at him, "skedaddling" all he could between the slaps, which only fell on his tail. I "concluded" to tie up the mare, as, while holding her, I could not get away so well if he attacked *me*; so, I hung the

bridle rein on a branch, and followed him up, raining heavy, dry clods on him, as he followed up his wheel rut. This was "too warm" for *him*, so he made off to the left, into the thick bush, where I had no intention of following him, so I picked up a stick, and threw it, quite carelessly, at him, end over end, in blackfellow fashion with the "nulla nulla." Strange to say, one end hit him lightly, just at the back of the neck, and he straightened out in temporary paralysis, which I rendered permanent, by a blow from the brass end of the whip on his head, and hung him on a tree, to dry, I made subsequent enquiries, and found that he belonged to a very rare, and very dangerous, species, one of which, in the early days of Port Jackson, bit a convict, who was at work on the North Shore, and the man died in 15 minutes.

Clark Irving was at Brisbane, on a visit, at this time. But, *apropos* of long, wearisome trips to Sydney, I relate the following: On the 4th October, 1855, I embarked in the "Shamrock," for Sydney. Spring well advanced, and southerly current on the coast, and we got to the pilot station at night, and anchored. Dr. Armstrong, of Drayton, who was dying, was on board. We got the length of Moreton and Stradbroke Islands, down the coast, on the next day. On the third morning we actually passed the Richmond River bar; on the 6th, after breakfast the "Boomerang" passed up, and signalled us that Lord Raglan was dead, before Sebastopol; and we cleared the "Solitaries" in the evening. Next day, we passed Port Macquarie, Port Stephens, and the mouth of the Hunter; saw South Head light ahead at midnight, and got to the wharf at 3 a.m. on the 8th, and all this was *with* the current. At the café I saw old Dr. Douglas. Sir Thomas Mitchell was buried on the 9th; and the purple lilac was in bloom; flower show was on the 18th; and I saw Miss Talbot, P. L. C. Shepherd, and Miss Perry there; "Shalimar" came in with English mail on the 19th; and, on the 20th, I called on Geoffrey Eagar, walked to Bondi, and I saw a fine game of billiards at the café, between young Riddell, the Treasurer's son, and his friend Johnson, the solicitor; called at Laidley's, Croft's, Mort's, and A. Morris's; dined at Geoffrey Eagar's place, out at the Glebe, with G. V. James; and left for Brisbane again on the 23rd, coaling at Newcastle on the 24th; and the first event of note, after my return, was the half-yearly circuit court, from Sydney, arriving, with Mr. W. A. Purefoy as acting judge, my old friend, Thomas Cathrew Fisher, as associate, and the Bar represented by Messrs. A. T. Holroyd, and Peter Faucet; and we heard that a new barrister, a cousin of John Ocock, named Pring, just out from home, was with the Bar also.

Mr. and Mrs. Balfour, of Colinton, were at St. John's Church on the Sunday, 18th November; and, on Advent Sunday, Mrs. J. Leith Hay's and Mrs. Pitt's babies were christened at St. John's Church, North Brisbane.

The court opened on November 19th. Three constables (for letting a prisoner escape), and two Chinamen were tried; and Moncrieff, the C.P.S. of Drayton, and a host of up country people were down for the assizes, and a bevy of good-looking ladies, as usual, were spectators on the Bench, amongst them Miss Clemence Fattorini. This was the time, I think, when the sugar brig, "Venus" was wrecked in the Bay, and helped to name the "Venus bank."

The members of the court, of course, paid a visit to Ipswich, and, one evening we spent at Dr. Dorsey's (Fisher and I), and there were, also, Mr. Bros, and Mr. Hickey there.

It was on the 14th December, this year, that J. P. Bell, Moffatt, and Colin Mackenzie visited me, after a contract for flour, as elsewhere stated.

The 28th December, 1855, was remarkable, as, perhaps, being the only day of the century, in Brisbane, when people had fires in Christmas week, so cold and wet was it. St. George Gore told me of port wine negus, hot, over a fire, at Warwick, on Christmas Day; but that was nothing to having it at Brisbane.

I have spoken of dancing. There was always plenty of it when the court came on circuit, a "hop," somewhere, every night. I had been brought up, in England, to regard dancing as frivolous, and English dance music, outside of the hornpipes, is *not* exciting; but when I came to Moreton Bay, and became acquainted with German and Scotch people, and realized the "ding dong," tireless fire that runs through a good Bohemian or Hungarian polka, or Scotch reel, and the undulating and poetic motion of a graceful mazurka, then the "Tarentella" bit me a little, and I ceased to wonder when I saw people dance as if the floor were made of indian-rubber. There were some graceful "slow" waltzers in Brisbane in early days, Captain Wickham one of them. Some dancers *are* intensely amusing, without, in the least, intending to be so. Who, for example, can help shaking his sides when he sees a girl, a good waltzer, figuring with a "bullock" of a partner, who cannot dance one bit? The incessant chase which his "number elevens" keep up after *her* "number twos," her foot, at each step, only escaping utter annihilation by the fact that it always flits—by the decimal of a second—from the exact spot where his pile-drivers are about to be deposited, is comic, in the

last degree, to a watcher; it is so very like the hand that always just misses the fly, or the mosquito.

The month of June, 1858, eighteen months before separation, was a pretty lively one in Brisbane. The new gaol, at the "Green Hills," was being pushed on by the New South Wales Government, and £30,000 were circulated amongst the working men of little Brisbane. Mr. Jeays (the father of Lady Lilley) did part of the work, and the rest was by Andrew Petrie and Son. Good times were, then. A rich, consumptive invalid, from Victoria, paid a Brisbane doctor, for himself and wife, for medicine, attendance, and board, £40 a month.

On the 7th, the steamer for Ipswich took up Mrs. Dunsmure, of Sydney, Miss Bourne, Blyth, of Blythdale, and Captain Feez, for the races began next day. Many of the 1857 faces were missing there, but new ones took their place, such as the Hardies, and the Hammers, &c. "Lightfoot" was the "crack" of this year. "La Rosiere's" circus and the bachelors' ball enlivened the town that night. I was at the latter, and shivered even in the ball-room, but stayed till 3.30. "Hop" at Laidley's at night; and the next night was the race ball, warmer, and more comfortable, than the bachelors' ditto, and 3.30, as usual, was the time to go home. "Hop No. 2," at Laidley's, on the 14th, not over till 4 a.m. On June 16th, races, and dissipation, were over. Business resumed, and bullock drays, loading up at John Pettigrew's stores, for Toowoomba, and, for Cressbrook, at Wheeler's store, old George Salt Tucker looking on; early to bed, as steamer went to Brisbane at 7 a.m., on 17th June, sunrise, and a muddy ploughing match it was to get to the wharf. I shot a wild duck on my way down.

I heard of several deaths on my arrival, at half-past 11; John Swanson, of the Burnett; Simon Lake, of the Kent Brewery; F. Terry, of the A.S.N. Co. (who married Miss Holroyd), &c.

June 19th.—Took a walk with Jimmy Gibbon, to look at our hills, past Fortitude Valley, near Childs's; he calls his "Teneriffe;" mine is not yet named.

June 20.—Dr. Fullerton at church; "Waratah" came in from Sydney, with R. M. Robey, James Paterson, and Mr. and Mrs. F. Bigge on board; the two first came up to see about the building of new wharf and sheds, on the *north* side, for the A.S.N. Co.

June 22nd.—Called at Dr. Hobbs's with a Sydney letter for my wife, who was stopping there, and found a distinguished visitor in the house, in the Rev. Thomas Binney, of the "Weigh House Chapel," London, just where the Monument, and Tower Hill, and the

fruit warehouses all meet. He was not alone. The Rev. Mr. Waraker, and Geo. Wight, and others, were there to do him honour. Mrs. Hobbs was very hospitable; the night was very cold, and there was a playful discussion as to whether a little hot, sweet gin and water was allowable over the fire on a chilly evening. Mr. Binney thought it *was*; Mr. Waraker thought it wasn't; but we were all unanimous on one point, and that was, that we, and the rest of Brisbane, went to hear Mr. Binney lecture that same night (I think) at the School of Arts. The Congregational party were numerous in the audience, and sightless Andrew Petrie was one of them.

June 23.—Brisbane races at New Farm; Mr. G. P. Serocold, R.N., a squatting partner of R. R. Mackenzie, was there; "Bob" Collins, Mrs. Compigne's brother, rode some of the winners, such as "Leeway," and "Model."

Next day, more races at the same place; the Gibbons, at "Kingsholme," asked a lot of us to lunch—Wm. Pickering, Arthur Harvey (Heussler's partner), myself, and others.

Next night, George Raff gave us a ball at his store, in Eagle street. John Musson was there; and Mrs. F. Bigge, of Mount Brisbane, was the belle, with a face like one of John Leech's pictures, all English, and not Australian. Poor Leech! he had still six years to live then. The merry Mrs. Compigne, and Mrs. Pollet Cardew were there; it was over at 3.15; and "Billy" Bowman drove us home.

At church on Sunday, 27th, were Mrs. A. W. Manning, and Mrs. R. Cobham, from the Downs, and Miss Helena White (afterwards Mrs. Graham Mylne) with Mrs. Little.

June 28th.—"Cobbawn Tom," the old blackfellow, died, and I was glad that I gave him 4d. a few days before, and sorry it was not a loaf of bread, which might have done him more good.

June 30.—James Warner, the surveyor, came to borrow my dingy, to take soundings for the company's new North Brisbane wharf.

A Mr. Crossland, scion of a rich Yorkshire family, lived at Ipswich in these early days; his lungs were delicate; Moreton Bay suited them; he could not be idle, so he opened a humble draper's shop in Ipswich, much to the surprise of visitors who knew Yorkshire, and the Crossland family, too.

I must not omit from my reminiscences the humours of Holt's Brisbane election, in early 1856. I am afraid that I was the sole instigator, and "getter-up," of that historical event. I noticed, in the southern papers, that one Daniel Cooper had defeated one

Thomas Holt for the "Sydney Hamlets," and, it occurred to me that, perhaps, the latter gentleman would like to get in for some other New South Wales electorate. The monthly boat, for Sydney, was just leaving, so I resolved that the forthcoming contest for the "Stanley Boroughs" (as Brisbane and Ipswich were called) should not be fought out in Ipswich alone, for want of a little "divarshun;" so I took a sheet of note-paper, wrote out a hurried requisition to Mr. Holt to stand for the "Boroughs," got five people—namely, James Leith Hay, Captain R. J. Coley, Rev. Robert Creyke, Robert Davidson, myself, and another, to sign it (only six of us, in all, and no time to get any more), and off it went by post, in the steamer, to Sydney. This was just before poor young Ommaney, the midshipman nephew of Dr. Stephen Simpson, of Woogaroo Creek, was killed by a fall from his horse. The finest hill on the river bank is named after him.

On 17th March, I got a letter from Mrs. Leith Hay, asking me to call, as there was news from Sydney that "Barkis (or, at least, Holt) was willing." By the same post came a letter to offer me the office managership at the Kent Brewery, Sydney, with a prospective partnership, which I was fool enough to decline, for the sake of less profitably following the fortunes of the Queensland that was yet to come. I found, at Leith Hay's, that Holt (his partner) had consented to stand, and that D. F. Roberts was appointed solicitor to the election; that we had *carte blanche* as to expenses. Mr. Hay started to canvass Brisbane at once.

Macalister, the Ipswich candidate, had a meeting of electors, in Brisbane, on 18th March, and refused to coalesce with Holt, and Dr. Challinor made a somewhat prosy speech at it. Henry Richards, of Rundle, Dangar & Co., also started to canvas for Holt, and W. R. Thornton, of the Customs, an old friend of the candidate, joined eagerly in the crusade. March 19th was spent in company with Hay, seeing Father Hanly, dining at Hay's place, and organising "Holt's committee," with him and D. F. Roberts, up till 11 p.m.; and, as a fruit of our deliberations, Charles Leith Hay, and myself, went up in the "Breadalbane" to Ipswich, next morning, for a canvas; called at Colonel Gray's, and found the town hostile (in a political sense). We got placards and circulars printed at Bays's office. Gordon Sandeman was at the hotel, and he and "C. L. H." soon got heavily into "yarns" on army matters. H. M. Cockburn dropped in, and we asked him to take the chair at Holt's local meeting.

We spent Saturday in circularizing Ipswich. Simon Scott, of

Taromeo, Gideon Scott, and Stephens, of Charrapool (always called "Uncle John," by Edward Lord, of Drayton) came to the hotel, and we dined at Colonel Gray's, on Sunday 23rd, and heard his talk of Albuera and Waterloo. On Easter Monday we returned to Brisbane; on 31st Mr. Holt landed, from Sydney, and was received with a perfect *furor* of applause; on April 2nd, our party went up, by the "Bremer," to the Moggill coal pits, thence on to Ipswich, by the "Ballarat"; we had iron staples and ropes to keep the crowd from the table, on the hotel verandah, at the meeting, but they broke the ropes; the meeting was stormy, and the hotel noisy all night. Dan Collins, of Ipswich, and Captain Allison, of the "Gazehound," nearly came to blows on politics. But, thank goodness! the ballot has now knocked 90 per cent of all that on the head. Next day back to Brisbane, firing the steamer's cannon, all the way, in honour of the event; F. A. Forbes, Macalister, and Holt, also Dr. Simpson, all on board.

The nomination was on the 4th of April; Holt was ill, but spoke well, and introduced one Boerhaave (of whom Brisbane electors had *not* heard) into his speech. Dr. Hobbs proposed him, and Jimmy Spence (foreman stonemason at Petrie's yard) seconded him, with a remark, that, if the Sydney legislature would but send their hats to Brisbane, we could find heads and brains to fill them, a speech which "brought down the house." The polling was on 7th April. John Balsillie, the blacksmith, was, in the absence of cabs, carried on a litter, on the shoulders of six men, from the hospital (where the "Survey office" now is) to the Court House (opposite the present Café Royal) to record his vote for Holt and Richardson (the latter married P. N. Russell's sister, of Sydney). The Revd. Mr. Piddington, the respected Wesleyan minister, came to give his vote, when "Professor" Brown roared out to the returning officer, who presided (I fancy it was Colonel Prior), "administer the Bribery oath to that man," a piece of insulting bravado which the then law enforced compliance with; there was no ballot voting then. Both before, and after, the polling, the excitement was terrific. I spent the day at South Brisbane to fetch up stragglers there, to Grenier's, where a scene occurred between Patrick Mayne and George Dickins, who always acted as Court Crier, when the Sydney Judges came down to Brisbane. The former publicly questioned the latter, and the energy with which he replied, "I ham," to one query, quite knocked me over.

At the close of the poll the numbers were T. Holt, 320; J. Richardson, 317; A. Macalister, 190; F. A. Forbes, 170. Brisbane

had "bunched," Ipswich had "plumped," and fought it out. Holt became Colonial Treasurer, in the first Sydney responsible Cabinet, and gave us our £30,000 gaol. I (as the chief conspirator in the election) was asked by some one if I would like to be a J.P., and as there were then only a few of them, north of the Tweed River, it was an honour; but, I said I would take out my pound of flesh later on, and little did I dream, then, how it would be paid to me. A man, in my employ on the wharf, killed his wife, by a sudden blow, under circumstances of great and long continued provocation, in the way of her drunkenness, and neglect of him and the children. The Sydney Judge passed sentence of death. I did not like any one, who had been in my employ, to be hanged, and I asked for his sentence to be commuted. Mr. Buckley being one of our members, and Mr. Holt in the cabinet, 15 years at "Cockatoo Island" were substituted for death. My action was much criticized (*pro and con*) in Brisbane, but I was satisfied, with this wind up of Holt's election, in addition to other matters, such as the rope across Queen street, the two hogsheads of ale, in the roadway, and the bonfire to see to drink them by, and the burning, in Brisbane, of our opposition candidate, in effigy, which closed up the day of polling.

The months of April and May, 1856, were of historical import in Brisbane, in the way of elections and shipwreck. The colony of New South Wales (of which we formed a village) was in the throes of the most important general election ever held, to send in members to the *first* parliament under a constitutional and responsible cabinet of ministers. On 11th April, a flash of lightning shivered a fine gum tree, in the street, opposite the present "Belle Vue" Hotel. Dr. Dorsey and Henry Buckley contested the county of Stanley; I got much chaffed, in Brisbane, for signing a requisition for the former; the latter was elected and declared on 12th April; party at J. Leith Hay's on 14th, in honour of Holt's election; Charles in full Highland costume.

April 16th.—"Sable Chief" at the wharf, Captain T. A. Lake (now, or lately, of the "Wodonga,") "father" of our modern steam flotilla.

April 20th.—Miss Gore and Miss Coutts, of Darling Downs, at church; found a blackfellow's skull that afternoon, in the forest, when walking round to Kangaroo Point with Mrs. Robert Douglas.

April 22nd.—News from Markus Berkman, at Warwick, of gold found near the Canning Downs station, at "Lucky Valley."

April 26th.—Had a spurt on the river with Geo. Hill (now of Sydney, then here with T. B. Stephens) and raced Mowbray's boat, with Collins, Gore, and Barney in it.

April 28th.—Rode up to Ipswich with Bushnan, of Fassifern, called at Colonel Gray's, Miss Deering (afterwards Mrs. Wickham), and Mrs. Hay there. Much amused, later on, at Dr. Dorsey's dry humour to my friend Burne (brother of F. N. Burne, afterwards of Lansdowne, Barcoo) as follows:—"My dear boy, when you begin life here, as a squatter, you will find the stock and station agents very attentive to you, they will ask you to tea, and their wives and daughters will play the piano to you, and you will be expected, in return, to buy your flour, woolpacks, sheepshears, and stockmen's boots from them, and should you omit to get your flour, &c., at their place, you will *not* be asked to tea any more; in fact, my dear boy, life, in this part of the world, is made up of, and is, very much, an affair, of—"stockmen's boots"! The moral of the parable was obvious.

April 30th.—Started for Drayton, at 9 p.m., met nearly a dozen Chinamen galloping towards Ipswich; new building up at Laidley Creek; met whole droves of cattle and sheep; Wilson, of Wombo, and a youthful gentleman, in charge of Gore's cattle, from Tummavil.

May 1st.—Paid 2d. toll, at the new turn-pike gate, on the top of the Main Range; the whole town of Drayton placarded with posters, for people to "Vote for Clark Irving (of Sydney), for the "Clarence and Darling Downs" electorate; a new C.P.S. (Allan Ravenscroft) had succeeded Moncrieff.

May 2nd.—Clark Irving declared elected; I rode to Clifton; De Lacy Moffatt, Atticus Tooth, Wm. Beit, and Thos. Coutts, at the "Bull's Head"; listened to ghost stories, at Clifton, till I felt "creepy," especially at that about the murdered blackfellow sitting under the tree.

May 3rd.—The Condamine running high, at Talgai, and I thought of the fate of Duvall and Jefferies.

May 4th.—Staid at Dix's, at Warwick; old Mr. Kingsford preached on the text, "Quench not the spirit"; I walked out to Spreadborough's; ate gum off the wattle trees.

May 5th.—Bought some Canning Downs gold; on to Jubb's; the old man talked of ghosts in a dairy at Goulburn, of J. S. Ferriter, Alphin, and Dr. Gwynne, "all by-gones."

May 6th.—Scrub, simply awful, up to knees, all along, never expected to get through; only got to Balbi's by dark; scrub turkey for dinner.

May 7th.—Searched for, but could not find, the sapling, that upset the dray, and killed poor Mrs. Jubb.

May 8th.—Met J. Laidley and R. J. Smith, in Ipswich; latter asked me to Town Marie where Miss Deering, and Mrs. Hay were; rode to Woogaroo, met Royds, Alford, Wallace, Petrie, and Bridges, of the Bank of New South Wales, on the road.

May 10th.—The steamer “Breadalbane” came up, from the South Passage, with goods and immigrants from the wrecked ship “Phœbe Dunbar” (which I mention, also, elsewhere in this book).

May 11th.—R. R. Mackenzie, at church, in mourning for his brother; tea at Thornton’s; Mrs. Balfour, of Colinton, there.

May 12th.—T. C. Breillat, the Sydney miller, up here; called on him; escorted Mrs. Greenwood (Miss Deering’s sister) to Kent’s party, and spent the evening, myself, at Mrs. G. D. Webb’s.

May 14th.—Old George Thorn gave me a large order, and paid cash in advance.

May 16th.—“Don Juan” arrived at the wharf; George Hill rowed away from a new chum, in a race, in Blocksidge’s ferry boat.

May 17th.—The “Boomerang” arrived; the Judge, Herman Milford, James Sheen Dowling, &c., on board; a letter came from Thomas Holt, telling me Robert Tooth was in the “Upper House.”

May 18th.—Captain Tucker, of the “Phœbe Dunbar,” in church.

May 19th.—Heaps of people down to the assizes; Brewster, Dorsey, Lord, &c., all at Jimmy Collins’s hotel (late Geo. McAdam), where Holt’s head committee had sat.

May 20th.—Made up my mind to go to the Bay, and see the wreck of the “Phœbe Dunbar”; we left, in the “Breadalbane,” with Captain Coley (Lloyd’s agent), Captains Taylor Winship, Tucker, and “Tinker” Campbell, on board. (I may here state that John Campbell, of Redbank, is reputed to be the original of Judge Haliburton’s “Sam Slick”; the Judge said he took the character from a man named Campbell, who emigrated, from Nova Scotia to New South Wales, and who was a tinsmith by trade).

We lost the boat that towed astern, when we got over the bar, as it was rough, and we anchored for the night, and, next morning, we got early to Stradbroke Island, and found the “Phœbe Dunbar” with her stern high on the sand, at Amity Point, and after much hawsering and dodging round we pulled her off, and then ran her up higher again, at the top of the tide, with her nose in the water; the pumping was incessant, and I went down below and looked at the leak, and we anchored for the night again. The blacks (who saved the “Sovereign” people, in 1847), came on board, and speared lots of mullet for us; the latter were as thick as the water itself, in one creek close by, and it was fairly “shtiff wid ’em,” and

the darkies told us some amusing yarns about "Mitter Bobby Towns," who was a business connection of Campbell's.

Next morning, 22nd May, took a tank on board; left the ship at 7.30 a.m.; saw the "Apprentice," "Pearl," and "Triton," in the Bay, and ran the 60 miles, to the wharf, in four hours. Met T. C. Breillat, and Edward Wrench, on the wharf, and was introduced by W. R. Thornton; Wrench and Breillat had been sent up, by Holt, to arrange to open a branch of the Joint Stock Bank (a "wrench" to take off the "screw" of the other banks), which duly commenced life on 1st July, 1856, where Trouton's shop now is, and thereby hangs a tale. When the allotments, where the Joint Stock Bank and its three shops (132 feet) *now* are, were first put up, they were sold two, or three, times over, by the Crown, at £20 each, £2 paid and forfeited, on account of the creek near. At last F. A. Forbes, of Ipswich, got them, and sold them to D. F. Roberts, for £600. Wrench and Breillat asked him the price, and he said £1,000, for 132 feet; they thought it too much, and tried up and down Queen street for something cheaper; but, not finding it, they came back to Roberts, and said they would take his two lots at £1,000. "No, you won't," said "Dan," "You will give me £1,500 now." And they did.

The Bank of Australasia had the chance of Finney's corner for £1000, but, for some reason preferred the site at Wharf street.

It was about this time that immigrant ships, like the "Parsee," "Conrad," and "Phoebe Dunbar," brought hundreds of useful colonists to Brisbane; men who have since made their mark here, even as, seven years or more previously, the "Fortitude," "Chaseley," "Artemisia," &c., had landed the Cribbs, Trundles, Dr. Hobbs, and others. It was at this time that I bought the seven acres of land, on Wickham Terrace, and Carseldine, of the Bald Hills, fenced it in for me, even as did George Wride, for me, with the land where Messrs. Morehead and Cowlshaw now reside.



OTHER REMINISCENCES OF QUEENSLAND.

When Mexico is on the *tapis*, by an American writer, we hear of "the land of Anahuac," and the talk is of *alfalfa*, and of *frijoles*, and *sombreros*, and *monte*, and so forth, and when South Africa is on the boards the changes are rung on the Limpopo River, the Lurilopepe, the zebra, giraffe, and hippopotamus. What, then, shall *our* watch word and rallying point be when Queensland is the subject? Shall we name the "Bunyip," which (myth, or no myth) is, far and away, the most weird and wondrous, in its conception, of all human romances in natural history, and Australia alone can claim it. A tradition, no doubt, of some vast monster, some *Iguanodon*, or, *Plesiosaurus*, that lingered in old Australia to the last (when the rest of the world had quite forgotten it) even as the *ceratodus* lingers still. Here, in Australia, is hoary antiquity (if you like) and its proud exemption from the terrestrial changes, which have engulfed the bygone seats of learning and civilization in the (so-called) "old world."

There is a deliciously watery sound, now, about that same African word "Limpopo"; does it not conjure up visions of deep pools, aquatic reeds, and the utter impossibility of anything like thirst existing near it? But, arid Australia has also, its wells, at "Oolawambiloa," and if *that* be not just as suggestive, also, of reeds and rushes, and cool liquid depths, as the South African name is, then I am no judge of euphony, or of appropriate titles.

Queensland is not unlike the United States, in shape, with the Cape York Peninsula corresponding to that of Florida. The Gulfs of Mexico and Carpentaria helping out the resemblance; but, Queensland, which, is about three times the size of the giant state of Texas (which, again, is bigger than France), lies a good deal more "in the sun" than "Uncle Sam's" territory does, albeit covering about the same stretch of the latitudes; a wonderful country, too, of which little was known, thirty years ago, and which New South Wales handed over without a sigh, and gave cheerful delivery of, fully persuaded that there was "nothing much in it"; no Charters Towers, no Mount Morgan, no opal, silver, or tin mines, no Mitchell grass, no sugar land—Oh! dear, no; of course not!

an opinion which must have become somewhat modified since 1859, for, the largest gold producer, the largest cattle raiser, in Australia, was then sliced off from New South Wales, and she never knew what she had lost till years afterwards.

We will not go into the rusty records of Old Dampier, of Coleman street, London, who called up north when William the III. was King, nor will we quote Captain Cook. The associations of Northern Queensland are, all, either too remote, or too modern to "come home" to us, yet, but, there is a "tale to tell" further south. It is not long, since Tom Brooks, the last of the 1822 batch of Crown prisoners, passed away, aged 86, in Brisbane. I was always told, by a smoker, to give him tobacco, and I did so. But Queensland first sprung into free life, soon after 1840, when pastoral pioneers, from the south west, pierced their way through, *vid* New England, and the Leslies and others found the new grazing paradise, called "Darling Downs," where scientific government explorers like Sir Thomas Mitchell, alone, had been before. And, soon afterwards, brigs and schooners, from Sydney, brought people and merchandise into Brisbane, and a free town population sprung up, both there and in Ipswich, and their political views and interests clashed somewhat with those of the pastoral graziers across the main range. The latter were not opposed to transportation, or coolie labour, but the townfolk (in whom the Nonconformist element was strong) would have none of either, and so the two antagonistic classes grew together, side by side, for awhile; and then old England, thanks to Dr. Lang, Mrs. Chisholm, and others, began to pour free immigration direct to Moreton Bay, still further strengthening the hands of the townfolk against the squatters.

There were life and fun in old Brisbane, and, still more, in old Ipswich, in those days, with more of energy and vitality in the people, and quality, too, in the cattle, as you receded, further and further away, from the enervating, and relaxing sea air, and its attendant sour grasses.

There is a funny story told of a little foreign storekeeper, who came up from Sydney, in a 100-ton schooner, to Brisbane, laden with all things needful to open a store, and who mounted the old windmill (now the signal station), and whence the dense forest, at that time, came down nearly into Queen street, and he took in the view, and he began to count. "Five public-houses; dat ish all right; but vot is dish? Zeven chapels; it vill not do; dese beeples vill know too mosh for me;" and so he auctioned his cargo, and returned to Sydney. Had he but gone on to "Limestone,"

where the hotels outnumbered the chapels, the district might not have lost him, after all.

The effervescent high spirits which find vent in what is called "having a spree," and which are rife in most newly-settled places, were abundant in Brisbane and Ipswich, in Drayton and Warwick, from 1845 to 1855. The same conditions obtained, afterwards, in Gympie, Rockhampton, and Townsville, but at dates, of course, later than the years named, and after the older townships had settled down into the decorous and staid life which befits mature age.

There is a fine "breezy" legend of early Ipswich, as to how a dozen stalwart gentlemen squatters, dining at M'Donald's hotel one evening, were challenged, to come forth and fight, by 12 muscular "bull punchers," camped at the "One-mile," and who had already "dined." The challenge was accepted *nem. con.* (the "J.P."-ships being laid aside, and piled in a heap, *pro tem*, along with the coats), and it is said that the wielders of the whip, and dispensers of raucous blasphemy at the "boggy pinches," got no end of a thrashing.

There were some heavy men who used to dine at that same Ipswich hotel in those days, and when I mention Dr. Dorsey, of Grantham; Wm. Turner, of Helidon; John Deuchar, of Glengallan; to say nothing of Sandy M'Donald (who mowed down the great "Black Perry" in a rough and tumble), and others of the "ten to a ton" sort—though, of course, I do not, for a moment, affirm that any of these were at the dinner in question—it will be seen that any crowd who tackled a batch of the early Moreton Bay squatters, had their work cut out for them. Bush-hardened muscle, from the dry uplands, when allied to "blood," was bound to tell.

Married men were quite as "vital" as bachelors in the midnight pranks of the period, and the ballad history of one of them sets forth that

" Three Benedicts, of furious mien, were foremost in the fray,
Four bachelors, of aspect mild, by them were led astray."

It was considered very rude, in those days, in exclusively male society, for anyone to go to bed before the rest of the company did, and anyone, so offending, was liable to be brought in, in his blankets, placed on the table, and made to sing a song, or give a recitation; and I well remember one bitter cold night, before the Ipswich races, in June, 185—some 20 of us, married and single, "camped" at a married man's house, three miles out, whence all the ladies had fled, and gone into Ipswich, to make due preparations, at friends' houses in town, for the following night's ball; so we men were alone. The

first to retire, at 10 p.m., was a worthy Scotch benedict, from Brisbane, Robert Douglas to wit. I soon followed him. Meantime, he had been missed, and brought back by a Vigilance Committee, carried in, and deposited on the table, and compelled to sing; and then he vowed a big vow, that, as *he* had not been allowed to sleep, not a soul else in *that* house should retire to rest before daylight. I was the next victim, and I heard, with horror—so far as regarded my chance of *enjoying* myself the *next* night at the ball—the tramping, solemn procession of those familiars of the inquisition, and monks of the brotherhood of the corkscrew, as they approached my place of refuge, and, as I realized that I *had* to go back with them, and contribute to “the harmony of the evening.” The married men, as usual were the ringleaders, but the biggest fire-eaters of them all were sadly afraid lest their wives should hear of it, and swore us bachelors all to secrecy; so, we saw the sun rise at 7 o’clock, and had to dance all the next night at Ipswich. Alack! the programme would hardly suit me, nowadays.

I have narrated, elsewhere, how the “Phœbe Dunbar,” ship, bumped, and thundered, and blundered in over the sand banks at the south entrance of Moreton Bay. I have been in and out through that passage frequently; out, in 1872, with John Tait, and the horses “Quack,” and “Pearl;” and in, often. It is a fearful place to look at from the outside, the breakers charging furiously, like a wall, at the sands, straight across, to all appearance, from Stradbroke, on the left, to Moreton Island, on the right. Yet, in goes the steamer, as it were, to her doom, and, after a bit, we discover that a spit runs out from the left, and does not extend quite across, so we dodge, in deep water, round the end of it; and, further on, there juts out another spit from the right, the huge rollers marking the site of it; we dodge round to the left of it, in ample water, and so on. Those spits overlap, as seen from the outside, and hence the wild tumult of continuous breakers, right across which the sea aspect presents to view; and, when those sand banks “junction” after a gale, then it is that “Sovereigns” and “Phœbe Dunbars” got lost. There is a most delicious “oystery,” sea weed, ozone odour amongst those shallow sandy breakers, such as I never inhaled elsewhere, on sea, or on shore.

I took a trip to the Downs in July, of 1859. Went up as far as Ipswich on the 6th, in company with John Petrie, and Harry Younger, and spent the evening with Donald M’Kenzie, John Hardie, and A. K. Cullen; dined on pigeons that had laurel berries in their crops.

Next day, to Moran's, and met K. S. Tosswill; found Walter Gray, and Faircloth, at Gatton; I think they were electioneering, for "Billy" Handcock was "up" for Parliament; I did not stop, but pushed on, past Grantham, Helidon, and pulled up at the *new* town of Toowoomba; such a lot of old bare gullies were bridged over since I was here last, in 1857; new bridge at Laidley Creek; Whitchurch, of Felton, "big" Gilmour, and Wilson, of Wombo, were at the hotel.

July 9th.—Strolled round the new town, and found Martin Boulton, butchering; found John Dare (M'Adam's old waiter) had a good hotel here; rode into Drayton; goblets of champagne, at Horton's, to Handcock's success; James Taylor bad with the whooping cough; saw Baker, the new police-magistrate, Boland, Houston, &c.

July 10th.—Dined at Edward Lord's, on a kid; Mr. and Mrs. Frank North at church; saw Miss Emma Mehan, and Mrs. and Miss Farren, at Stephen Mehan's in the evening; Lieutenant Nicoll, a visitor there.

July 11th.—Rode to Eton Vale; lunched with John Watts and Mrs. Watts; Snell, and Miss Young there; nice comfortable "home" of a place; was asked to stop the night, but pushed on, with old Boland for a companion, to Pilton; the country round Emu Creek was very pretty; Boland had had his jaw broken by a dentist in Toowoomba; got to Pilton at sunset; an icy-cold place, and must lie very high; the Hirst boys, and Atkinson, were there.

July 13.—Track very indistinct for three or four miles; saw Clifton station far off, to my right, across the plains; got on to a good road at last; crossed the Dalrymple, and found Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, at Glengallan, very hospitable; Mrs. Cowper was there, and, after lunch, I met Mr. Cowper, on the Warwick road. I had never been this way before, but old "Harlequin" knew the track to town, and carried me, *via* the bridge, into the much altered town of Warwick, which I found in all the "agonies" of the races, quite full, and not a bed to be got; I put up at Hudson's, where were Carden, and Bob Collins, J. D. M'Lean, of Acacia Creek and Westbrook; also, Beevor, and Lethbridge; I had to "camp" on the sofa, against the window, in the parlor, while all the jockeys and servant girls in Warwick danced merrily, the night through, on the verandah; sleep trifling.

July 14th.—Out to the Warwick races; the Canning Downs "stable" beat the New England horses hollow; "Punch and Judy" show there; the Gores, Cobhams, Hardies, Andrew and Mrs. Ross,

Mr. and Mrs. Jephson, present ; another *extempore* ball at Hudson's that night, and in the parlor, too ; the bachelors invited the servant girls, &c. ; a sort of servants' ball, in fact, as they have, at times, in England ; Gillespie, Westley, &c., were there, and C. M. Winniett (who had been brought up in Germany) danced a "Varsoviana" with Mrs. Simon Mayer ; I "fled," at midnight, to Berkman's, and slept there, to make up for last night, and for the to-morrow that was to come.

July 15th.—Walked out to the races, for the only time in my life, as "Harlequin" was not to be found, and I suspect some "wretch" had "borrowed" him ; Andrew Ross beat Dick Cobham, a private match, over hurdles, despite some accident with the girth, or stirrup. Bennett Clay (see map of Brisbane, "Paddington" Estate) had a show on the course, barrel organ, dogs, and monkeys, I borrowed a black coat from W. H. Brown (afterwards of the S. D. Court, Brisbane), and went to the Canning Downs ball, having been invited on the course ; it was a splendid function ; Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Cowper. Mrs. Jephson, Mrs. Hardie, Mrs. Carden Collins, Mrs. Beever Daveney, Miss Anna West, the Misses Gore, Messrs. A. F. Matveieff, C. Wheeler, &c. ; the supper was splendid in poultry, jellies, wines, and fruits, and worthy of the old "Leslie" name and fame in every way, though the station belonged, I think, to Gilbert Davidson, then ; we walked back into Warwick, in the fog, at 7 a.m.

July 16th.—Woke, at mid-day, very seedy, for I had sat down but little at the ball, where I had for partners—but no ! that is no part of history ; G. L. Pratten, and Donald Cameron, of Tarampa, had arrived at the hotel ; and, after some very strong coffee, I felt a little less like a dead man, and took a £5 chance in the raffle for the race horse "Donald," where I threw 42, and Charley Graham, of the Logan, was "mean enough" to throw 47, and deprive me of my prize, so I bought "Rush," the winner of the "Stockman's Purse," instead.

July 17th.—To church ; saw George Huntley there.

July 18th.—Started at 7, cold and foggy ; passed Glengallan by a new short cut, a good road, too ; passed Wienholt's (Maryvale) at a quarter to 11 ; Jubb's at noon ; found the old man engaged in pulling down the ancient hotel, where so many of the olden scenes had passed, and bygone yarns had been spun ; and just as well, too, for old "Moreton Bay" was about to die, and young Queensland to be born ; got to the scrub, it bad only in one place ; top of the Range at 2 p.m. ; glorious view, to the south-east, of the peaked mountains,

“Lindsay,” “Barney,” &c. ; got to Balbi’s at 5·30 p.m., 10½ hours in the saddle, without a pull of the reins.

July 19th.—Got into Ipswich by a new road since I was last this way ; called at the Club ; saw Colonel Gray, and he told me that separation was granted at last, and that the colony was to be called “Queen’s Land,” and that a new diocese was to be cut off from Newcastle, and that a Dr. Tuffnell was to be the bishop of it. There was some acrimony in Ipswich at this time, because Brisbane, beaten at cricket, the month before, proposed a four-oared boat race. The “Breadalbane” was to start at 4 a.m., *three hours before* daylight, for Brisbane, so I put “Harlequin” on board, and, as the steamer had no sleeping accommodation, I “camped,” cold and miserable, on the cabin floor, to sleep as best I could.

July 20th.—Got to Brisbane by 8 a.m., just in time to post a (vain) letter to Sir Wm. Denison, in Sydney, about commuting the sentences of “Chamery” and “Dick,” two young Burnett blacks, who had assaulted an old German woman.

Wm. Wilkes, who was the editor of the “*Courier*” newspaper before this period, in Brisbane, had a dry and caustic humour of his own. On several occasions, it had been complained to him that the tides, and times of high and low water, were incorrectly given in his journal. The “worm turned” at last, and, addressing the latest deputation on the subject, said, “Look here ! if the tides don’t know the proper time to come up, its *their* look out, not mine. All I know is, that the correct hour is always printed in the “*Courier*,” and, if the tides can’t manage to arrive then, so much the worse *for* the tides, that’s all.” And the deputation withdrew.

I have spoken of Mr. G. L. Pratten. He was the son of Mr. Job Pratten, of Cooper’s Plains, which reminds me of the number of scriptural names amongst the early settlers in, and around, Brisbane—Elijah Stubbins, of Cooper’s Plains ; Moses and Aaron Walmsley ; Moses and Aaron Adsett ; David Bunton ; while, the Abrahams, Isaacs, and Jacobs, and other Old Testament names, are too numerous to mention.

A standing jury in civil cases (I never was on a criminal case) in Brisbane, from 1855 to 1860, or so, was made made up of (alphabetically) N. Bartley, Charles Coxen, Sylvester Diggles, and Robert Douglas. Such confidence had our fellow-citizens in our freedom from bias, that we were never challenged by anyone, and we found ourselves so constantly together in the box, when the Judge and Bar arrived, once in six months, from Sydney, that we used to say, quietly, “Here we are again.” Douglas was not able to go home,

at lunch time, to Kangaroo Point, so he used to come to my place, in George street, where, over cold meat and "Bass," we used to bewail the flattering, but extremely irksome, confidence, which the people, alike, of Sydney, the bush, and Brisbane, had in us four, the quite inevitable jurymen of the period.

In the early days of Moreton Bay, no one escaped practical jokes. Even poor Leichhardt, before he left on his last fatal trip, experienced something like one. "Ludwig" was geologising near the "Glass-houses," those queer-shaped hills, north of Brisbane, and, having got together a goodly collection of the rocks and crystals of that curious region, he gave them, in a bag, to a blackfellow, to carry down to Brisbane, while he, himself, went off the road, to the Pine River, to geologise there, also. Meantime, "Cobbawn," the blackfellow, on first shouldering Leichhardt's sack of specimens, was struck with its extreme weight, and it, at once, occurred to him, that it would be an act of extreme folly to carry such a lot of stones all the way to Brisbane, while plenty of the same (from *his* point of view) could be picked up by the road side, just outside the town; so "Cobbawn" shot Leichhardt's treasures down by the road side, before he had carried them half-a-mile, and then gaily trotted to Brisbane with the empty sack, which he, again, filled up with "road metal," just outside the "settlement." Leichhardt, of course, arrived, in due time, from the Pine River with his own lot of rocks, and, meeting "Cobbawn" (who was waiting to be paid in tobacco), spoke him thus, "You got him sack all right, 'Cobbawn?" "Yowai, massa." L. L. looked at the contents, and, in horror, exclaimed, "Baal that same fellow, 'Cobbawn;'" to which the latter replied, "Baal gammon, massa, all same that fellow, no fear," brazening it out, and quite unconscious how one stone could possibly differ from another. Poor Leichhardt heaved a sigh over his lost curiosities, but there was no time to replace them.

It was in this year, in March, 1847, that the steamer "Sovereign" was lost, with the number of 50 lives, in the south entrance to Moreton Bay, by the captain, foolishly, anchoring in the breakers as he went out. The sea, breaking over the sandbanks, swept the paddle-boxes from the steamer, and left the latter a wreck. The captain was saved, but only to be drowned, afterwards, near Two-fold Bay.

The constables of those days had a method of bringing black murderers into town to be tried, which was much more effectual, against escape, than the handcuffs of modern days. When on the march, they had a rope, 20 feet long, round the neck, and held in

front, and another, of the same, round the neck, and held from behind. It was impossible to slip these off, like mere handcuffs. The "darkey" was treated exactly like an unbroken colt, and was often nearly as strong; but the rope tamed him, no matter whether he tried to hang back, or to run forward. Indeed! it is stated, that some obnoxious black murderers, like the brute who killed Grant and Glynn, at Bribie Island, in 1855, were sometimes, extra-judicially strangled, *en route*, in this fashion, by men who misgave the slower routine of the law. I well remember one dangerous black, who, though he never committed actual murder, was the terror of white females, in lonely places, for another reason. He was of enormous strength and ferocity, as well as cunning, and, for a long time, he baffled all pursuit in the lonely creeks, mountains, and gullies, where he doubled like a hare, walking in the beds of streams for miles, and, when out of the water, he strapped a pair of bootsoles on to his feet, with the *heels* in front, so the following of *his* tracks was rather a toilsome delusion, and a snare, a *reductio ad absurdum*. He was a brutal bully to his own tribe, who resolved to earn the white man's reward for him, if possible; but they dreaded his violence and strength, till, one night, in camp, as he lay on the ground, six of them suddenly held his head and shoulders down, while two more, with a tomahawk, so maimed one of his feet and ankles, that he could neither run, stand, nor hurt anyone. He was taken, and I, visiting the hospital, by chance, soon after, saw two wardsmen on the stairs, carrying what I took for a huge, black, intensely curly dog, of which only the enormous back head, and neck were visible, all hairy curls. This was the wounded aboriginal, and my error was a natural one. I forget, at the moment, whether he was hanged, or died of his wound, but, I believe, his body was given to a foreign *savant*, and is now in a museum in Northern Europe.

I have spoken, elsewhere, of the three Sydney judges, Sir Alfred Stephen, Judges Dickenson, and Therry, who used, in turn, to come up, and deliver the Brisbane gaol every six months, and I was much impressed with the urbane, painstaking courtesy, and conscientious regard to fair play always evinced by John Nodes Dickenson, and his anxiety that every prisoner, or suitor, however poor, humble, or even alien, should not suffer for want of due and full consideration, by the Bench, and all who were under its control. It put me in mind of the three leading duties of a judge, the three hurdles (so to speak) which he has to get over. Firstly, to *feel* quite free from bias, and impartial; secondly, to give practical and skilful effect to his unprejudiced feelings; and, thirdly, to do it in such an intelligent, open

manner, that his fairness is apparent to all men, and respect for his office increased.

Speaking of judges and crimes, I must not forget one reminiscence. Everyone has heard of Tawell, the Quaker, who was once in Sydney, having been sent thither, for forgery, early in the century, his business being that of a chemist, and it being sold, afterwards, to Ambrose Foss, who died about 1853. Tawell, as we all know, was hanged for the murder of a servant girl, by poison, near Windsor, Berks, about 1841, after he had returned to England. Before he went home, Tawell wanted to convert all his property and securities into cash, and, amongst these, were about £7,700 of good bills, some, "extra" good, such as Jones and Walker's, &c. Tawell could not wait till they fell due, nor could he discount them all, as he was known to be "winding up," and leaving the colony; so he called on Mr. Wm. Barton, the sharebroker, then, of Macquarie Place, Sydney (father of the Hon. E. Barton), and left the bills with him, and asked him to try and get some offers to buy the whole lot, outright, for cash. Mr. Barton set to work, and the highest cash offer he got for the whole £7,700 worth, as they stood, and "without recourse," was £5,000, which Tawell would not accept, as they were certainly worth more than such a heavy discount, as £2,700, would imply; so, the bills were handed back to Tawell, and Mr. Barton thought no more of it, till he was surprised, one day, by a visit from the Quaker, who addressed him as follows: "Friend, I have been thinking that it was not thy fault that I would not accept the highest price that thou could'st, by thy labour, get offered for my bills; thou did'st thy best, so here is 1 per cent. for thee on the highest offer that thou did'st elicit," and Tawell left £50 on the desk, and walked out. And, yet, this man, who committed forgery before, and murder after, this same affair, did, thus, what the most straight-laced business man would consider quixotic, and ultra-conscientious—namely, to pay for an uncompleted and useless service. Tawell, the Quaker murderer, *must* have been a strange mixture of good and bad qualities, or, have varied greatly from day to day.

Wm. Wilkes, edited the "*Courier*" newspaper, in Brisbane, before and after the Crimean war. He was a racy humorist, and a bit of a democrat as well. The following song, called "The Merry Boys of Brisbane," to the fine old "romping" air of "Loudon's Bonny Woods and Braes," was often sung by him on festive occasions, and, it is needless to state, that he was, also, the writer of it:—

Cares we have, many,
 But we care not for any
 While our pockets bear a penny,
 We're the merry boys of Brisbane.
 Who, of all this happy party,
 Looks, with coldness, on our joy,
 Let him rise and hence depart, he
 Will not do for Brisbane.

Chorus: Hence melancholy,
 Let us drink and be jolly,
 Dull care were a folly
 In us, merry boys of Brisbane.

Whate'er our ranks, or ages,
 Be we juveniles, or sages,
 Independent, or on wages,
 We are, all, the boys of Brisbane.
 Lawyer, merchant, overseer,
 Squatter, clerk, or auctioneer,
 Must *all be one*, or *not appear*
 Amongst the boys of Brisbane.

Chorus: Hence melancholy, &c.

If your heart be filled with ruth
 For loss of cash, or woman's truth,
 You're a very silly youth,
 Merry boy of Brisbane.
 If, by cruel maid forsaken,
 You've escaped the nuptial tie,
 Bless the luck that saved your bacon,
 Merry boy of Brisbane.

Chorus: Hence melancholy. &c.

Some from us sever,
 Fearing brimstone for ever,
 They may be mighty clever,
 But they're not the sort for Brisbane.
 Some shake at us a pious head,
 Go home, and solemn tears they shed,
 And then, perhaps, get drunk in bed,
 Oh! tell it not, in Brisbane.

Chorus: Hence melancholy, &c.

We drink wine, and who denies it, but, 'tis socially, we prize it,
 If you keep from greed and lies, it's all we ask from you in Brisbane;
 And so we pass the night away, and strive to keep "the blues" at bay,
 For folks who work, must also play, both elsewhere, and in Brisbane.
 Thus, scorning double-faced deceit, long may we all in friendship meet,
 And heartily each other greet! dear, merry, boys of Brisbane.

Final Chorus (all standing up, and joining hands):

Hence melancholy, &c.

At the latter end of 1853, great changes took place in the ownerships of Darling Downs runs. Prices still ruled low, and stocking was not heavy, as the drain of labour to the goldfields hampered management much. The magnificent run of "Westbrook," with only 16,000 sheep, was sold at 15s. per head, all given in, by Hughes (of Hughes and Isaac), to "Jock" M'Lean, of Acacia Creek. George Gammie sold his splendid united properties, of Clifton, Talgai, Toolburra, and Ellangowan, separately. Clifton fell to William Butler Tooth, with 10,000 cattle, at £3 per head, and it soon had over 100,000 sheep on it. Talgai was purchased by Hood and E. O. Douglas (Hon. John Douglas, of Thursday Island); Toolburra, by Coutts. Goomburra belonged to Pat Leslie, and Robert Tooth bought it from him, and, also, Jondaryan, from its then owner. Alfred Sandeman had Felton; Daandine belonged to J. P. Wilkie; Chinchilla, to Matthew Goggs; Weranga, to Crowder; R. P. and S. Y. Marshall had Goondiwindi; and Hayes was at the Weir River; St. George Gore, at Bodumba; Blyth, at Blythdale, and so on. Values soon rose, and heavy improvements justified it. Robert Tooth bought Jondaryan for £30,000, and sold it to Kent and Wienholt for £108,000.

There was plenty of (what I may term) "civilization" even in the early days of the Darling Downs. I remember finding, at Clifton, in 1854, a volume of a novel that had formerly belonged to the library at Jondaryan. It was marked inside the cover, with a pasted label, engraved in fine steel and old English, with the name of the owner, and the word "Jondaryan" beneath it, which had been sold at a sale there, some time before. Here was evidence of organization and settlement, beyond all doubt, and at a pretty early date, too, a date when most stations in Victoria and New South Wales were rough and primitive, and when you had to go to Tasmania for postilions, in velvet caps, and marble pillars in the entrance halls of mansions; for beagles in the yards, and hunters in the stables. The Downs were pretty, then. You could ride from Dalby to Warwick, and hardly see a fence to break the flower carpet of the plains into sections. Clifton stockyard was one of the "prides of the Downs;" a model of solid symmetry, the rails as square and parallel as the lines in a piece of music.

Captain Wickham was the Government resident of Moreton Bay, when Charles James Latrobe was superintendent of Port Phillip, and J. E. Bicheno, the Colonial Secretary of Van Diemen's Land, and E. Deas Thomson, of New South Wales. Captain Wickham's marine survey work, in North Australia and Magellan Straits, is well known, I can vividly recall a scene with him, once. He liked

deep water, and sea room when moving. I remember his vexed soul, when he and I once, as passengers, paced the deck of the "Shamrock," steamer, Paterson, master, from Sydney to Brisbane, A.D. 1856, when the A.S.N. skipper took the eight feet draught "skimming dish" (built for bar harbours, such as Brisbane then was) close in shore. Before, behind, and on each side of us, spurted up the little jets of water, where the sea broke on pointed, solitary, spikes of rock, just below the surface. We kept inshore to "dodge" the great southerly current, of course, John Clements Wickham, R.N., was as "exercised" as Lord Nelson, when he strolled up and down, and wagged the stump of his arm, that time (at Copenhagen, was it not?) "They'll pick up the ground somewhere, Bartley, they'll pick it up, as sure as fate," said he, as he frowned, and turned and looked round in his walk, every now and again.

One case of commercial ability, if not of commercial morality, happened in the early days of Brisbane. A local publican became bankrupt; the liabilities were large, and the assets *nil*; in fact, the debts, divided by the estate, represented that figure which mathematicians delight to term by the name of "infinity." The creditors were furious, and resolved to prosecute him criminally, and their wishes were deferred to, for a dapper lawyer's clerk went round to each and all of them, and said, "We are instructed to prosecute Swindlehurst for fraudulent insolvency, and, as there are no assets to provide a fund from, the creditors are all being asked to subscribe to help to put him in gaol; you need not pay the money, now, but only put your name down;" and, so, "all hands" cheerfully became responsible in writing, for £3 3s., up to £5 5s., each, as might be. When the day came for the insolvent to appear for his final examination, and he asked for his certificate, the judge enquired if any one appeared to oppose him, but no one responded, so he got his certificate, there being nothing before the court, *per contra*. He emigrated the next day, and the creditors found out that they had been duped by a dressed up confederate of the absent one, but as he had, carefully, taken *no money* from anyone, it was useless to call in the police.

There is a legend of what befell a smart young American, named Fisher, who "cruised" about Moreton Bay in the early days. He was a travelling merchant, and had had a week in Ipswich, and was on the return route to Sydney. Some roystering folk, of Limestone ("the social villagers" they called themselves), had taken "all sorts of care" that Fisher should miss the river steamer to Brisbane, which alone, would enable him to catch the monthly boat to Sydney;

but "young Massachusetts" was not to be done in that way, for, eluding the persecutions of his too hospitable hosts, at night-fall, he started to walk to Brisbane at 7 p.m., and arrived at the "Woogaroo" Hotel, the half-way house, at midnight, where, having "refreshed" he resumed his pedestrian tour, and, at dawn of day, he breasted a hill, rubbed his eyes, thought how very like, Brisbane, when approached from the south-west, was to Ipswich, when seen from the north-east, and, in a moment more, the full horror of his position dawned upon him. Ruin was complete; he had taken the wrong outlet at Woogaroo, and had spent the rest of the night in—walking *back* to Ipswich again. Let me draw a veil over his sufferings. He was dead beat with fatigue. The raillery of the pitiless "villagers" was an ordeal to which death was preferable. He had lost the Sydney steamer for a month. All he could do was to "lie low" the while, in Brisbane, which he termed "the last place ever made." He lost money here; his Yankee ideas were far ahead of our old "stringy bark and green hide" fashions, and he was here just about 30 years too soon. Poor Fisher! he made a fortune, after this, by contracts in the "Secesh" war, in his own land, and died in the "seventies."

The "villagers" of Ipswich were an "airy" set then. One of them, Charles Wheeler (the forwarding agent, *not* the midshipman), was told that New South Wales would not grant us "separation," as she was in debt, and would not cut up, or divide, the security. "Look here," said Charley, "don't talk that nonsense to me. See now! New South Wales is a good account to take up" (as if it were some small sheep or dairy property); "give *us* her assets, and *we'll* take over her liabilities, and there need be nothing to stop 'separation.'" There was a vigour and a grasp about the ideas of those men of the "fifties" that has died out now.

There was a financial crisis, once, in Queensland (I decline to name the year), and a certain Judge refused to travel circuit, unless his expenses were guaranteed, as Government cheques were not quite like bank notes at that unhappy period. The Chief Secretary and the Colonial Treasurer exchanged anxious telegrams with each other, and correspondence with the obdurate judge, which were (more or less correctly) reported in the papers, and somewhat as follows:—

"Tintinnabulum (Colonial Treasurer), from Ipswich, to M'Scotty
(Colonial Secretary), Brisbane.

"For goodness sake send up some money. The old boy (meaning the revered judge) won't budge a step, from this to Toowoomba, till he gets his hotel expenses in advance. I am going to gain time by taking him up to Wivenhoe,

to see an unheard of, imported Dorking cock that roosts up that way ; but this dodge won't last us more than 48 hours (in other words, that cock won't fight any longer) ; so you must be ready with the 'dibs' in two days' time, or the gaol, up above, will not be delivered."

This evoked a letter from M'Scotty, to the Judge.

"MY DEAR JUDGE,

"At a time of depression, like the present, it behoves every man to be patriotic, and to spare his impoverished country all he can. May I point out to you, therefore, that, in addition to the first-class hotels at which your Honour usually stops, there are some second-class, but perfectly respectable, inns, at which reasonable refreshment may be procured at moderate rates, and to recommend them to your notice, as a means of economy, during the present financial crisis ?

"Believe me, my dear Judge,

"Yours, faithfully,

"A. M'SCOTTY."

To which the Judge replied—

"MY DEAR MR. M'SCOTTY,

"I have received your letter, and was, previous to its receipt, fully aware of the fact that there *are* wayside inns, of a certain class, between Ipswich and Toowoomba ; but, alas ! they contain living entomological specimens of a genus, which, however vigorous, pleasant, and even healthful a stimulus, their midnight attentions might convey to your own hardy, northern epidermis, yet, in the case of my own more effeminate southern organisation, they would be productive of results inimical, alike, to that repose of body, and serenity of mind, so needful for a judge, when on circuit duty. Therefore, though I thank you for the hint, I must confess myself, with deep regret, unable to avail myself of it.

"Yours, very truly,

"JAMES WYCHWOOD."

The reader of my reminiscences in Moreton Bay will have observed that, in the early days, even as now, there was a good deal of "Human Nature" about. Mr. William Shakespeare (of Stratford-on-Avon) is generally supposed to have ably illustrated this particular subject ; but, after all, he could never condense nearly so well as did the *other* "W. S.," whom I am about to quote ; and that which Shakespeare, Carlyle, Darwin, Tennyson, and a host of poets and philosophers spent their lives in trying to teach us, was all crystalized into five pregnant words, by Wackford Squeers, of Dotheboy's Hall, near the exquisite vale of the Greta (far before the Avon)—when he uttered his deathless aphorism, "*She's* a rum 'un, is Nater." Yes ! 'tis ever so ; and, when even William, of Stratford, himself, becomes powerless to give expression to our ideas, we can still fall back on the terse, inimitable, and only "Wackford," who is, somehow, *never* at fault.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Yes! Those were the days when "Bob" Nichol, the astute lawyer, afterwards a member of the first Australian Cabinet, in 1856—he who put a stop, by his famous "Act," to the carrying of dangerous weapons in the streets; those were the days when G. R. Nichol used to practice in the police court of Sydney, before stipendiary magistrate James Dowling, and with a Mr. Cory, usually, in opposition; and prior to the time when Henry Connell took office as C.P.S. It was not unusual, then, for solicitors to wear dress coats of faded lustre in the police courts. Bob Nichol was, in Australian *parlance*, a "warm one to bump against" in any legal encounter; but he was weak in the throat, and did not live to be very old.

Those were the times, also, when the staunch race horses of early Australia used to run their mile and a-half, and two-mile, heats, and the "sprinting" business was held in utter contempt; when Noah Beal was the "boss" trainer, and Jimmy Ashworth, a feather-weight in the saddle; when "Jorrocks" and "Euroka," "Cossack" and "Sportsman," were "about;" when John Eales, of the Hunter River, imported English thoroughbreds, and Thomas Icely, of Coombing Park, bred race horses; and, who now shall tell of Toby Ryan, of Penrith, and of Bungaribbee "Camel," and Dr. Dobie's "Satellite"? Those were the days, too, when the "Queen's Guineas" were seldom forgotten in any race programme of note. Shall we catalogue the names of "Plover," "Bessie Bedlam," "Cooramim," and "Samson," and breathe a wish that finer steamers had, then, been running on the coast, as we should, then, have learnt, what never will now be known, and that is, whether the four-legged "cracks" of New South Wales were, or were not, the equals of "Swordsman," and "Shadow," the equine king and queen of Van Diemen's Land racers. Great trouble was taken, in those days, with a race horse, even to the extent, in some cases, of carrying with him, the water which he had been used to drink in his Hawkesbury home.

Those were the days when I used to see, in the main street of Sofala, on the Turon River, Dr. Revel Johnson riding old "Jorrocks," the race horse, as a hack, and a pretty hack he made,

too. That was the time when Mr. Pickering, the father of "Nemo," of the "*Sydney Mail*," lived, also, at Sofala. That was the time when the regimental band, "by the kind permission of Colonel Bloomfield," used to play in the afternoon by the Bourke statue, in the Sydney Domain; and W. B. Dalley, then a jacketed boy of about 14, on a pony, used to come with his father, and listen to the music, and the Colonel, himself, smiled, and bowed, and chatted to all the ladies present whom he knew.

Those were the days when old John Croft, the merchant, and partner of Thomas Whistler Smith, used to give me sound advice, when the ladies had withdrawn, and the wine circulated after dinner. "Bartley," he would say, "you are a young man beginning life in Australia, let me advise you never to attempt to '*develop colonial resources*' (as it is called); they are the only things I ever lost money over. I was a pioneer shareholder in the Australian Steam Navigation Company. We pioneers all lost money over it, and our successors reaped the harvest. Don't you ever meddle with '*colonial resources*,' Bartley, if you be wise." To this I replied that I supposed such pioneers were like the coral insects who lay the foundation of the glorious, pretty reefs that appear near the surface, to be admired and praised, but who, themselves, while supporting the beautiful, and seen, fabric, perish unseen, and unrecked of, like the homely, useful, strong, but unseen, foundations of some faultless Gothic spire that ravishes the sight in the upper air.

Mr. Whistler Smith, and his handsome wife, were prominent figures in Sydney society in 1851 and afterwards, at "Glenrock," Darling Point, and her brother, Philip Street, was the only non-resident bachelor squatter that I ever met with, who, on his station, on the Upper Lachlan, put (per his manager) real silver spoons before all calling guests, above the labouring class, in rank; for the Lachlan was a rough place in those days.

This was the time when Sydney was stirred up by the visit of the two "live lords," as the witty pretty girls of the period named them, to wit, Lord Kerr, and Lord Scott, scions of the ducal Buccleugh, and another family, whose title I cannot, at the moment, remember. They saw "Greenoakes," where Tom Mort presided, and did not forget to travel up to Moreton Bay and Darling Downs, and see the "lions" there, as well as those at Darling Point. They called at Jubb's hostelry (pulled down in 1859), high up on the pleasant ranges round "Maryvale," and Cunningham's Gap, where the green wattle, and the clear creeks, and the mountain air, combine to make it a paradise, and they nicknamed Mount Mitchell "Jubb's bald

peak ;” he knew it well, for, “belting” up that mountain, with his “breeks” over his arm, and separated from the drays, in the “early forties,” he met the “myall” blacks, as elsewhere described, all spears and boomerangs, and, to his horror, found them unable to understand English, so he made signs that flour and sugar were on the drays, and off they went after them, and good old Jubb “shook hands with himself” over his escape. He *was* “a character ;” illiterate, rough, and aggressive in appearance, he had a most oily, emollient, voice of the “haw haw” type, and loved to tackle and wrestle with words of five syllables in his talk, with (it must be admitted) but indifferent success. “Margaret, my dear,” he would say, as he sat back in a rocking chair, to his wife (fat and broad as himself), “stand behind me, and pass your fingers gently through my hair ; it is as good as a shampoo.” How Kerr and Scott *must* have enjoyed Jubb ! Poor “Margaret” died tragically, for Jubb accidentally upset the dray over a sapling, when driving, and it turned right over, and with her under it. It was Jubb to whom Ernest Elphinstone Dalrymple—whose tablet is in St. John’s Anglican Church, Brisbane—complained that Providence had, in his case, omitted the one great blessing of all—namely, health.

Those were the days when Sir Daniel Cooper used, wisely, to shake up his liver by a daily morning trot in Sydney, in the summer season, which, in that city of the sea, is somewhat “rough” on that most important organ of the body, and causeth it to stagnate, unless duly stirred up by horse exercise.

And yet, another episode of those days do I recall. Thomas Whistler Smith had an uncle, Henry Gilbert Smith, an elderly gentleman of high standing in Sydney, bank director, and of great wealth, who owned much of the North Shore, of Sydney. Late in life, Mr. Gilbert Smith married, his bride being a lady who resided with Sir Robert M’Kenzie’s family, at Brisbane, and Gilbert Smith travelled to Brisbane for the wedding. In those remote days, however, there was, in the future capital of Queensland, a scarcity of hotels and boarding houses where a gentleman could suitably spend a honeymoon ; so Sir Robert (who was Mr. Mackenzie then, not having yet succeeded to the baronetcy) took rooms, beforehand, for his friend, at a respectable suburban hotel, in Fortitude Valley, a two-storey brick building, kept by a landlord of somewhat obtuse intellect, who, in his younger days, had voyaged with horses, and had been kicked by one of them on the head, a matter which effectually scattered all the very few wits he originally had been blessed with. When Sir Robert engaged the rooms, the landlord

beckoned him mysteriously on one side, and thus delivered himself, "Look here, Mr. Mackenzie, I don't quite understand a party coming here, giving the name of Smith (it's a very common name), and saying that a certain lady is his wife; I hope it's all right, but I don't like it; and, mind, it's only to oblige *you* that I am doing it, because I know *you're* a gentleman, Mr. Mackenzie." Sir Robert's reply was forcible, and included an adjective, and the words "you old fool," amongst other phrases. Anyone who knew the punctilious, old-school, Sir Charles Grandison, "form" of Henry Gilbert Smith could best appreciate the intense comicality of the demented landlord's scruples; for the latter would have objected to the late Hon. W. H. Smith (the first Lord of the Treasury) equally as much, and solely, too, on account of his name. Such are the blunders of a thick skull. Fortunately, the parties most concerned never heard of it at the time, so no feelings were hurt, and, afterwards, they could well afford to laugh at the farce.

Those were the days when old rosy face John Black, manager of the Bank of New South Wales, when it used to be on the other side of George street, might be seen, on Saturday afternoons, in the black dress suit and white cravat, which he always wore, buying his Sunday fruit in the old Sydney market, a custom which was observed by most of the old Sydney gentry and "identities" in those days, for this market was the only successful reproduction, at that date, and in the southern hemisphere, of the London Covent Garden one, and there was a dash of old Leadenhall Market about it, also. From the stalls of Baptist and of Stanley, too, there arose the grateful "reek" of thyme, marjoram, mint, and sage, striving with the odour of peaches and strawberries, rock-melons and pineapples, from the next stalls, and here the wondrous vegetables from those unpromising looking, but highly fertile, sandy soil gardens on the "Surrey Hills" of Sydney, might be seen, in the shape of kidney potatoes, asparagus, tomatoes, and watercress; and the oranges and lemons, raspberries, black, red, and white currants, grapes, bananas, walnuts, filberts, pears, and so forth, were all of full Covent Garden status, and, perhaps, in some cases, even a little more so; and the stalls, too, where they sold poultry, huge turkeys, from Menangle, and the south country; bacon, from Moruya; and the other stalls, where red-eyed ferrets, and white mice, starlings, thrushes, and blackbirds, from old England, toy terriers, and the like, all helped to impart a Leadenhall flavour to the scene; and, on Saturdays (only), lovely red and yellow "bulls eyes," and other choice "lollies," were set forth, at one particular stall, to rake in the pence

of the school children, and the "legion" of adults who cater for such. And what shall I say of the flower stalls, and the bouquets of red and white moss roses, violets, cape jasmine, gardenia, stephanotis, melastoma, agapanthus, epacris? No! I will *not* be lured into writing a catalogue. Enough, that they all helped to swell that pleasant *pot pourri* market odour, and to grace a scene, which was English to the backbone in its character and surroundings, such as no Rio Janeiro, or foreign, market, however redolent of fruit, flowers, and coloured folks, can recall. That old Sydney market is, now, no more, I hear; but may its memory, and that of the people, who, in the by-gone, used to frequent it, be kept ever green!

Those were the days, too, when we used to practice, in the old Sydney "Philharmonic," with Johnson, the organist, for a leader, and Aldis (erst famous for his good cigars) used to sing, in his melodious voice, some of the solos in Handel's and Haydn's oratorios, the "Creation," "Messiah," and so forth.

Those were the days when the "Chusan," first of the P. and O. mail boats, to visit Australia, steamed up Port Jackson waters, and, as she, with her 600 tons of capacity, passed the giant "Great Britain" at anchor, off "Pinchgut," I could see the latter, of 3500 tons, project 75 feet before and 75 feet behind the little "Chusan." But, that did not prevent us from giving a grand ball, at the "Exchange," or somewhere, in honour of the first "P. and O." visit to Australia, at which ball the pretty girls of New South Wales, in the black head ribbons, and other fashions, immortalized by John Leech, in "*Punch*," of the period (1852), were in full force.

Those were the days when Thomas Sutcliffe Mort (partner of Ewen Cameron) used to mount the rostrum, and wield the hammer, and dear old R. M. Lindsay, the purveyor of rare books and other "notions," in Castlereagh street, was to be seen at every sale in his line. It would be a scarce volume, indeed, that you could not rummage out in R. M. L.'s repository, even back to the works of Dampier, the bold buccaneer; Lindsay, on one side of the rostrum, and Donald Larnach, on the other, were greatly in contrast, and they evidently did *not* employ the same tailor. And, after a day in the rostrum, the same Tom Mort would be the life and soul, the amateur wizard and conjurer, of a children's party, at his pretty mansion of "Greenoakes," where grew some prize winners at the flower shows of Sydney. Ever energetic, whether in dock-building, meat freezing, or making the children happy, I can see him, now, before me, as, with his hands thrust into a pair of patent Wellington boots, on a table, and with a skilfully arranged curtain and a dis-

guised face, he posed as a dwarf, dancing a hornpipe, before the delighted youngsters. He deserved that statue in Macquarie Place, did good-hearted "T. S. M."

Those were the times when Edward Salomons, also, wielded the hammer, at high-class furniture sales, on Potts's and Darling Points, and it would be a "hard old Sydney sort" indeed! who could "weather" successfully on that quiet, white waistcoated, gentleman in the war of "chaff." I strolled into John Gilchrist's house, when Salomons was auctioning the furniture—"let's have that piano tried, before you put it up," said a bullying broker. "No occasion," said E. S., "you were 'tried' yourself once, and I never heard you were any the better for it."

Those were the times when old Sam Blackwell, of the sylvan hostelry, in "Green Ponds," near Constitution Hill, in Tasmania, where the sweet briar grew by the road side, into a thick tree, used to train the black mare "Deception," and the bay mare "Modesty," to measure their strides with the cracks of the "Cocked Hat," and other stables, on the north side of the island. I remember once when "Bloomsbury," the erst champion, finished behind "Shadow," on the racecourse of Launceston, and old "Slatherywhack" (such was his *soubriquet*, and, I forget his real name) yelled out, "Yah! look at the 'Cocked Hat' bullock *now!*" It is sad to confess, but is nevertheless true, that uneducated, and plebeian, horse trainers are, at times, deficient, in that knightly chivalry, to a fallen foe, or rival, which characterizes the refined christian gentleman.

Those were the times when old Gamaliel Butler, the solicitor (splendid name for a lawyer), practised, in Hobart Town, and left sons and daughters behind him, worthy of the ancient stock.

Those were the times when Arthur Sydney Lyon started the first newspaper, the "*Courier*," in Brisbane, and had his nickname (like everyone else then), and was known as "Tag Rag," and I was introduced to him at the time when the "*Moreton Bay Free Press*" had usurped the old site, at the corner of Albert and Queen streets, when Allcock did the printing, and Robert Meston, and Doig, the editing thereof.

Those were the days when Samuel Deane Gordon (nicknamed by Patrick Leslie) carried on his business at Bridge street, Sydney, and Charley Bath drew an unexceptionable glass of English ale, at the George street corner of that same classic thoroughfare; and when Arthur Gravely sold good ironmongery, in Sydney, in the days of the Iredales.

Those were the times when Dr. William Lodewyk Crowther, of Hobart, was in his prime, and used to walk from the latter place to Oatlands (52 miles) in a day, shooting as he went, and we all know how many extra miles *that* includes; but, the summer day *is* long in Van Diemen's Land. His two pointers, "Sancho," and "Rascal," are visible (to my mind's eye) at this moment. All this was before he went to Paris to complete his medical studies, and contracted the awful typhus of that city, in the hospitals, a matter which weakened him ever afterwards, or, he had not died at 68, as the pedestal to his statue in the Hobart Town Gardens, tells us; for 68 is young for a Tasmanian to die at. It was on that trip home that he took his fine zoological collection, which the Earl of Derby, at Knowsley (the "Homer" Earl) purchased from him, including 50 guineas for a pair of Tasmanian "devils." What grand cherries the doctor used to grow ("Giblin's seedlings") in his back garden, in the pretty metropolis, on the Derwent estuary, which runs up amongst the mountains, till the very scenery of Thirlmere and Helvellyn is reproduced before us, and under a much clearer sky than that of Cumberland. I once had the honour to assist him, by holding her hands, while the doctor operated on the eyes of a pretty girl, for a squint, the sole blot on her beauty; her affianced lover sitting in the outer room, to await the result, the while. The whole affair was over in five minutes, the girl cured, and, as the worthy kind doctor called it, a splendid case of "strabismus"; and, it was a full reward to see the delighted face of the lover when the girl rejoined him. Dr. Crowther married Victoire Marie Louise, daughter of Colonel Müller, of the Ceylon Rifles.

Those were the days when Edwin Tooth, of Bagdad (V. D. Land), and other country gentlemen, belonging to the old Abyssinian hunt, took care, each, of a pair of beagles, in the farm yard, and kept high-class hunters in the stable. Sir William Denison, the Governor, being amongst the boldest riders, but always carrying, so it was said, a small Bible in his coat pocket. Tooth went over a famous leap there, in the steep down-hill incline, a "nasty one" to negotiate, and His Excellency, not to be outdone, followed, saying "Ah! Tooth! *You* led me into temptation *that* time."

Those were the days when Cleburne's flag waved on the wharf at Hobart, and when Webb, the local confectioner, made the best pastry and Bath buns south of the line (ere Cripps arose later, in Sydney, to rival him;) when Richard Lewis was the leading draper, of the city, and his eldest daughter the belle of the "Havannah" ball. By the way, what *has* become of that type of copper coloured, taut,

trim, saucy looking, sailing frigates, of the 1845-1855 era? we never see them now.

Those were the days when high play went on, sometimes, at the "Ship" Inn, at Hobart, with 160 golden sovereigns in the pool, at loo, in the days when euchre, and poker, and nap, "were not" yet. When T. Y. Lowes held periodical sales of wethers; when "Woolly" Smith (so called to distinguish him from the endless other Smiths) dealt in the golden fleece; when "Gipsy Poll" kept the lively, maritime, Hobart public house; but, woe to the bold man who called the landlady "Gipsy Poll" in *her* presence—"My name is Mary Anne——" was the mildest reminder *he* got—to the effect that he had "put his foot in it." *Some* of these lion hearted seamen did, at times, get a terrorizing from the female element of humanity; there was Jack Doyle now, the primest pugilist (six feet two) of all the sailor tribe thereabouts, and, who never knew fear till the following episode occurred: He was an A.B. on board a female convict ship, from London to Hobart, and he took a fancy, on the voyage out, to find his way through a bulkhead into the 'tween decks, in search of night adventures, and, as he crept along, someone, who did not see him, laid her hand, by accident, on his whiskers, and at once screamed, when, as many of the "Jenny Linds" as *could* get at him, did so. The noise brought assistance and he was rescued, terribly marked and battered, and that was the first and last time in his life that Jack trembled.

Those were the days when Moses Joseph, the wealthy, sent forth his ships, the "Rosetta Joseph," and others, to the new and lucrative Californian trade, he being universally known as "Mo Jo" for shortness, in all his vessels, by his irreverent mates and sailors.

Those were the times when Captain Robert Towns, of Sydney, began to import tea, coffee, and sugar, from the east, much to the surprise of conservative old John Thacker, of Sydney and Calcutta, who thought that he and Severin Kanute Salting, of Sydney, had the monopoly of that branch of commerce. This was the time when a very sarcastic lady (a baronet's wife), who believed in no "captains" but army and navy ones, blithely enquired what *regiment* "Captain" Towns belonged to? not perceiving that Wentworth's brother-in-law, and a large shipowner and merchant, to boot, was quite equal to some army captains. If Sir Francis Burdett had only been sent to Australia, in place of to the Tower, *he* would, probably, have encountered some colour sergeant's daughter, turning up her nose at him, had they met in a quadrille in the convict days.

This was the era when James Paterson, of the A.S.N. Co., Sydney,

and Captain Tilmouth F. Dye, of the Hunter River New Steam Co., used to smile at each other in the street, and (metaphorically) "cut each other's throats" with their opposition and reduced fares and freights.

This was the time when the Howsons, and Carandinis, and Miss Hart, delighted the gallery gods at the old "Vic" theatre, in Sydney, and when Torning danced his hornpipes and sang his "patter" songs.

This was the era, also, when Mr. William Barton, the sharebroker, of Sydney—and father of the subsequent Speaker and Attorney General—did a flourishing business. Arriving in Sydney, in 1827, as secretary to the Australian Agricultural Company, at Port Stephens, he left their employ in 1830, and became the first "bull" and "bear" south of the equator. He helped to float many of the early Sydney banks and insurance companies, now towers of wealth, and *not* of the 1892 fungoid, mushroom, and liquidation type. He was on the London Stock Exchange, in 1810, and served his time to old Mr. Barwise, there, a venerable relic of the bygone, who, born in 1740, still wore, in 1810, the hair powder, pigtail, black knee breeches, and silver buckles of the George the II. days.

Those were the days, when my cousin, Theodore Bartley, of Launceston, in Tasmania, first stall-fed cattle, in Australia, on his own farm turnips, and realised 10d. per lb. for their beef, in Launceston; and it was then that he, preferring principle to pelf, started the anti-transportation crusade, and the battle cry went across Bass's Straits to Melbourne, where Heape and Grice, Octavius Browne and Co., Dalgety, Gore and Co., Westgarth, Ross and Co., and a score, or two, more of them, in that city, each put down their hundred guineas to help to fight the cause, and keep the fair land of Australia from any more of the old taint. This was the "anti-transportation league," and it carried its point against all local and English opposition. Theodore Bartley lived at Kerry Lodge, near Launceston, and from his verandah you could see, far to the right, the mighty "Ben Lomond," and to the left, just as distant, "Mount Arthur (after Colonel Arthur), and full in front was "Ben Nevis"; all worthy of their titles, and no mere mean imitations of their Scotch namesakes, for Ben Lomond "topped" 5000 feet in height, and they could, all three, look down on most Scotch mountains.

Those were times when young Landale, and his sister, used often to ride, together, on the road between Perth and Launceston. The name has, I believe, since been heard of in the "Riverina" of New South Wales, and in the University boat races in England; and

Edward Lawrence, too, and his brother Vernon, and his sister, also, were equestrian, and Edward, like many another gallant youth, in that all-too-quiet island, before 1851 and the gold revelation, would gallop 100 yards at the "charge" and wish himself a cavalry officer, on service. I think his mother married Dr. Milliken.

Then it was that Tabart's place at "Fonthill," near the "Eastern Marshes," was one of the outliers of civilization to the east of the great coach highway, ere you came to the drear, lonely, night haunted forest of Van "Demon's" land—a pleasant oasis in that spot; while to the west of that same grand macadamized artery of traffic, were the more populated Westbury and Deloraine; and the Archers were at "Woolmers," and the Bidees at Jericho, the Drys near the Western Tier, and "Anstey Barton," was a great sheep estate, and any one who had 10,000 or 15,000 sheep then, on his own freehold, was a "swell," for they had not, then, even dreamt of the quarter million and half million shearings of modern days on the giant island mainland, whose murky "loom" I first saw from the deck of the old "Raven," brig, in Bass's Straits, and Anstey was a partner of the Urquhart, who always, so badly, wanted to impeach Lord Palmerston at that period. It was then, as now, that Mount Olympus, cloud capped, looked down on the lovely glassy solitudes, near Lake Echo and Lake St. Clair, and the Table Mountain frowned from his 4,000 feet of level summit, on Bothwell below him.

One could not help being impressed, in Tasmania, with the total and happy absence of those hideous names, so common in Australia, such as "Dead Horse Gully," and "Murderer's Flat," and so forth. I often wondered as to whose good taste it was all owing; was it to some refined female scion of the Sorell or Gellibrand, families in the early days? or to a Sharland, of New Norfolk? or whom?

Speaking of murderers, there used to be a hut between Ipswich and Mount Flinders, in Queensland, deserted, and called the "Murdering Hut," but I never heard its history. I remember, well, passing it one evening, homeward bound, from Fassifern to Ipswich, while Gordon Sandeman passed me, outward bound, thence, and on one of those "clever" cobs he used to ride—"spick and span," as the elder Mr. Chester, himself, at the "Maypole" at Chigwell—and disappeared in the darkening, twilight forest, as we met, saluted, and passed on.

I had a great surprise, once, in Brisbane; J. and G. Harris, occupied only the upper floor of their Short street store, and I had the lower floor and wharf in 1855. One day I went up to Ipswich, and, on my return, the whole wharf had disappeared into the river, by

one of the periodic land slips, common in the "made ground" of that bank of the river, and not the wharf only, but the whole bank fell in and left the store, crammed with sugar and goods, standing within 10 inches of a precipice, 10 feet perpendicular, into the water, an ugly sight, and one that upset business, for a time, completely; for, duplicate wharfs did not "grow on trees," then.

Those were the times when schoolmaster Cape, at Sydney, taught and reared the boys who are now amongst the patriarchs of Australia; and, when jolly looking William Long, the wine merchant, used to stand at the door of his warehouse, in George street, resplendent in a matchless white waistcoat; and, when George Hill, senior, peered through his kindly, half-closed eyes, at you, a veritable type of old Australia.

Those were the days when Major Walch kept the book shop, in Hobart Town, and "Peggy leg" Wilmot (the police magistrate, and Governor's son) used to muster the passengers of outgoing ships to see if any "bolters," from the convict ranks, were on board; when the hunting tower of "Kermode's folly" crowned the hill near the high coach road, and the family lived at Mona Vale, and Simeon Lord at Avoca.



THE DELPARDS.

A line, or two, now, anent the rest of the Delpard family, introduced at the beginning of this volume, and whom, of course, I grew to know after I came to Queensland. Mr. Delpard, in one of his business visits to the coast, had brought up Alice Rowland, his banker's daughter, for a taste of mountain air, and to stay with Lucy and Laura for a time. Alice Rowland was a clever girl, educated at a Sydney boarding school, demure in manner, but full of fun ; her hair and eyes were, alike, of that clear, tawny, amber hue, a rare shade of reddish brown, giving to her handsome face an aspect of dignity, and indeed, but that it appears to be the bounden destiny of every woman, however noble, to find an ideal in the person of some man, or other, and often inferior to herself, Alice ought to have been quite unapproachable, to most of them ; she kindly helped Mr. Delpard in his selections, at Messrs. Foulard and Winsey's, for the girls at Wyndômél ; she amused him all the evening, with her superb piano playing, at the bank, and he and she started for Wyndômél, next day, in his roomy buggy, and on arrival learnt that the paddock slip rails had been left down, and that Laura's horse, "Tartar," was nowhere to be found, and Clement Tyrrell's travels in search of him were numerous.

The station profits that year were £15,000, and the girls, after Alice had been a month with them, coaxed, and bullied, their father and mother to take them and Alice to Sydney, for six weeks, where an old friend of theirs, Mr. Cotton, a merchant, of George street, residing at Darling Point, had been long expecting the fulfilment of their promise to "look him up," and make his place their home, for a time. It is needless, here, to speak of their voyage, past the green "hummocky" capes, and lofty mountains, which are purple, blue, pale green, or brown, according as the distance varies, or the sun, or the clouds, have the mastery overhead ; or to whether the "warm wet" tints (seen only after heavy rain) predominate ; or, the hazy shimmer of drought obscures and spoils all.

Alice Rowland was a bad sailor, but the Delpard girls, like their father, knew not what sea-sickness was. Direly did poor Alice suffer the martyrdom of the sea scourge, that earthly, or watery,

purgatory, wherein every wholesome meal digested, in the past, appears to rise, in judgment, like some deadly, unforgiven sin ; but, the "Albicore" got to Sydney at last, and steamed with signals flying past the beautiful "North Shore," where only nine per thousand used to die annually ; past Kirribilli Point, past the trim steam frigates with topgallant yards down, and long booms out, and longer pennons, that speak such volumes about the grim reality of the "articles of war" and discipline ; on, past flashing little boats, gaily painted, whose sharp keels cut swiftly the salt water, clear as that at the Nore light, and the wavelets were as a mimic of the great outside sea ; only, the Australian boats were gayer in colour, and under a brighter sky of intense light.

Mr. Cotton's great family carriage—dark green, picked out with claret, with the blue, up-standing roans, in silver-decked harness—was at the wharf, to convey our folk to "Knutleigh," his waterside mansion of nut-brown Pymont stone, and our girls, who had not seen Sydney for some years, were delighted as they whirled past the glittering shops ; so different from the dingy stores at home, for this was some years ago, you must know.

Enscenced in their comfortable rooms at "Knutleigh," the seat of Charles Cotton, Esq., with its billiard room, and young Cotton's 15-ton yacht, the "Mozambique," anchored in the little bay at the foot of the garden, the girls looked forward to the next few weeks as something delicious to come.

But the grand ball at "Knutleigh" was *the* event of the Delpards' visit to Sydney. Like all well-appointed villas, it had its own ball room proper ; no vulgar dismantling of the drawing room took place. The grand pianoforte, by Pleyel ; the fine water colours of Australian scenery, by Prout and Gill ; the photographs from Venice, Sicily, and Malta ; the old carved cabinets, from the Earl of Tewkesbury's sale ; the artistic bronzes, the vases of Sevres and Dresden ware ; the choice glass cases of "blue John," fluor spar, Australian malachite, minerals, stuffed birds, and shells, were all matters not to be lightly disturbed for the sake of a mere dance ; so they "perpetrated the hop" in the ball room, a 70 by 40 feet apartment, next to the picture-gallery, and, who were the guests ? Why, all the world of Sydney, of course. There was pretty Effie Burns, who married the wealthy Mr. Nelson, squatter, on the Richmond River ; and there was the Juno-like Miss Romyn, the great Crown lawyer's daughter, who broke so many hearts, and retired to a convent, after all ; there was Eveline Sprott, the wine merchant's daughter, from Cook's River, with her tantalizing little *Moresque*

profile, with its *retroussè* nose, its delicately feminine ears, chin, and throat, its dark eyes and brows, and "aggravating" *toute ensemble*, which provoked more partners and proposals than many a more perfect Grecian profile did; and there was young Hampden, the son of a dissenting-chapel-building millionaire, who objected, on principle, to balls and parties, but relaxed the rule on this special occasion; he was in faultless "get up," and danced with a keen zest for the forbidden pleasure. There were the captain and officers of the "Neilgherry," P. and O. steamer (then in port), all looking more severely nautical than did the commodore and lieutenants of H.M.S. "Sumatra," who were, of course, present; and the officers of the French man-of-war "Renaissance," just in from New Caledonia, lent variety to the scene. With them, was the great naturalist, Radchoffski, who, with his closely-cropped head, and dark "goggles," was a conspicuous object in the ball room; he brought some marvellous specimens of gold, in "spongy" stone, from Noumea, with him. There was the plump, soft, creamy, blonde German beauty, Madame Sturmenstein, the young and accomplished musician, wife of the Sydney Consul for Hesse Detmold. Some of the aldermen and Cabinet Ministers, were *not* there. Last, and not least, were the three lovely daughters of Dr. Emery, the eldest and handsomest of whom had married rich John Galvin, of Batavia, and fell a victim to its deadly climate; and, yet, her next sister was about to join her fate to that of Harry Browning, who held a high civil post in India, and who was in Sydney, on leave. Dr. Emery (so people said) ought, as a medical man, to have known better than to risk another of them in this way, but he allowed his motherless girls to do as they liked. And, it would be unpardonable to omit all mention of Serena Mountjoy, known amongst the young "bloods" of Sydney as the "White Witch;" fair of skin, with chiselled, delicate features, and hair of the lightest colour; large, grey, opalescent eyes; brows and lashes much darker than the hair; with an erect and stag-like mien, and a thoroughbred air (*Australienne* and *bizarre*); it was strange she was still single, while her elder and younger sisters were both married; but Serena had not yet encountered the Eugene Aram of *her* ideal. Her father was dead, and it was hard to determine whether his horned cattle, which fed over limitless plains, or his sea-borne cargoes, had enriched him most. Her mother was dead, the sister of one of England's most advanced thinkers and politicians, and of a name famous in story. The family was a clever and a wild one, her two brothers being sad scapegraces, yet noble, in their way, with it; it was the wild blood that springs from trans-

planting an old race to a new clime, the transition ferment before the good wine was matured. They lived chiefly at their father's squatting stations, and seldom saw Sydney. Serena's elder sister, a quiet blonde, with blue eyes and plentiful yellow hair, was married to the rich owner of 50,000 freehold acres, and her younger sister to the junior partner in her deceased father's business. She was not more beautiful than our Wyndómel girls, but of a far rarer type of beauty.

It should here be mentioned that there was a valuable heirloom in the rich Mrs. Delpard's family, and now with her. It was a necklace of rubies and pearls, which an ancestor of hers, 150 years ago, the captain of a well-armed East Indiaman, had captured on board a pirate *lorcha*, which attacked him and got the worst of it. As to where the pirate got it, will never be known; from some rich, and badly-armed, Manilla galleon, no doubt. The rubies were all oblong, and the pearls of a long, oval shape; all the stones exquisitely matched in colour, brilliancy, and appearance; the rubies were from Burmah, the pearls from Torres Straits. No place but Burmah ever did produce such coloured rubies, and only Burmah itself, 150 years ago, when the mines were on a different vein from the present one. You cannot get them now, at any price, anywhere, and the necklace was of very high value and beauty, and everyone thought it could not be improved upon, till they saw, set in the centre of it, the flame and spark-emitting opal, like a ball of fire, and the size of half a walnut, which Clement Tyrrell found on his trip with the cattle to Cape York Peninsula; but we must not anticipate. Lucy, with her mother's permission, wore this necklace at the "Knutleigh" ball, and there was nothing, in the jewellery line there, from Sydney, Melbourne, or London workshops, that could vie with it.

There were some pretty dresses in the room. One of ruby silk, covered with black lace; one of Indian, green and gold, beetle wings, with gold lace; another of amber and scarlet; one of lavender and cerise; but the most remarkable of all came from Worth's, in Paris, and was made up entirely of pansies, in some velvety material, and from the size of half-an-inch long to nearly a foot.

A word here for the champagne. It had no label, no gold top, only a dab of white paint on the shoulder of the bottle, but it really came from the Duc de M.'s vineyard, and it *was* wine.

A pleasant variation to the delights of the ball room was found in a promenade on the broad stone terrace outside, lined with huge vases, containing rare plants, some for beauty, some for odour; and

down the handsome balustraded stone steps, which led into the garden, and so on to the beach and bay, which bordered the grounds. It was the night of the full moon, and, from the terrace and upper steps, the eye ranged across the vast harbour, where a long streak of silver on the restless waves pointed the watery track to the now dim and shadowy recesses of Fairlight, Manly, and the North Harbour, and to where the sleeping Quarantine Ground lay, bathed in Luna's bright midnight rays; the teak-built ship "Beejapore," 1,676 tons, outward bound, rode at anchor near the Heads, while the tinkling bells, and red and green lights, of the ever passing steamers to, and from Melbourne, Moreton Bay, or Hobart, served to remind the busy revellers that life was going on, as usual, outside their circle; and the great merchant ships at anchor, inside of Bradley's Head, struck, on their bells, the passing half-hours of the night, which, as usual, flow, alas! all too swiftly in the voluptuous surroundings of a first-class Sydney private ball, and it came to an end at 4 a.m., and everyone, under the age of 30, felt sorry, though I cannot answer for the elder ones.

Next day, Mr. Delpard had to go to the steamer wharf, in the afternoon, to see to the shipment of some horses for the station, and to send a box of clothes for Tyrrell, which had come from England, *viâ* Sydney. There was a great rush to the new diggings at Cape York Peninsula, and the wharf presented a bustling scene. Pack horses and pack saddles were being shipped for the rough country, where no road for teams yet was, and the nags could be seen, slung aloft, and dropped below, till the room there was filled, and, then, the rest of them on deck. It put Delpard in mind of old Crimean days. A motley crowd was on the wharf; some workers, but many idlers. Bags of fine Adelaide flour, boxes of Lambeth sperm candles, tins of American kerosine oil, miners' tools of all kinds, Mauritius sugar, China tea, Java rice, pickles from Soho Square, tarpaulins, &c., rose rapidly in the air to the "whirr" of the donkey engine and steam winch, and vanished down the hatchway with *prestissimo* movement, for the steamer must sail that night, on her 1,200 mile trip, to where Captain Cook beached his ship, in 1770, in the "Endeavour" River, the nearest port to the Pactolus drifts and sands of the Palmer. Keen were the espionage and glances of the detectives as they essayed to "spot" any illegal departure from head quarters. Sharp was the scrutiny of the steam company's officials that no one went on board without his ticket got, and fare paid. Bitter were the tears, and fervent were the kisses, of those who were to part, some, perhaps, never to meet more, for cannibal

blacks, crocodiles, fever and ague, tropical heat, starvation, and drowning were amongst the perils that lay in wait for those who manfully dared all, for the sake of the bright and easily packed gold which so nicely distends the chamois bags of the lucky ones, and which puts all the (then doubly relished) luxuries of life at their command, when they return to civilization, not the least of which luxuries may be reckoned the power of giving new dresses to the poor old mother, and the shabby sister, or sweetheart, who have so patiently borne the ills of poverty and suspense that wear out the heart, while the beloved bread-winner is away, and while the turn of luck, and the safety of life, were, as yet, amongst the undecided issues of fate.

But, all pitiless, and like a parting knell, the steamer bell clangs out at last, and, with a cruel wrench, the agony of which is felt long afterwards, the final severance comes. The steam ceases to roar in the escape pipe; a painful moment, or two, of dead calm ensues; the bronzed skipper is on the bridge, speaks a few words, touches an electric bell, and, anon, the water is in a froth under the stern, hawsers are cast off, handkerchiefs are waved, hands are kissed, tears are wiped away, only to flow again, and the great iron monster churns her way past Dawes' Battery, the Martello tower of Fort Denison, and "the Bradley"—a week after, to awaken with the echoes of her steam pipe, the shores of a river, which it is a pity that James Cook cannot revisit, and see the change that has come over it.



WITH CATTLE TO CAPE YORK PENINSULA.

Wyndômel Station had originally been formed (and the powerful tribe of the black aborigines thereon broken up and dispersed, in the year 1844) by two brothers, named Tindal, young men—younger sons—of a good family, who, with their trusty servant, Jim Carrick (fairly educated, and the son of the game-keeper), left England in 1843, with some £3,500, to seek their fortune in Australia. They worked the station with varying success till 1849, when Charles, the younger brother, bitten with the Californian gold fever, sailed thither, taking with him Jim Carrick, and leaving Henry to carry on the business of grazier, at Wyndômel, on joint account. Charles was drowned in a boating trip up the Sacramento River, after his return, unsuccessful, from the mines; and his brother Henry, who got the sad news from the returned Jim Carrick—hating the solitude—sold the station, and returned to England, and the property had passed through several hands before Hugh Delpard bought it. Jim Carrick, however, had remained a fixture as sheep overseer, under all the different masters it had seen, and he was now looked upon as the father of the run, and the oracle of all the hands employed.

One of the "institutions" of Wyndômel was old Donald Macalpine, chief of the shepherds. He was the best draughts player in the district. In vain, did "strong amateurs," and even travelling "Dick, the card sharper"—who knew everything—essay their hands on him; the old man's knowledge of the "Dyke," "Laird and Lady," "Bristol," and so forth, was too thorough; and he was so good and gentle with it all. There was none of the lust of victory, the *gaudia certaminis*, in his draughts play. He would often turn the board round when he had you beaten, and shew you how he could, still, save and "draw" it. What *he* wanted was, not conquest, but for the dear old "dambrod" to be properly set forth in all its beauty. His attitude at the board was perfect, and was a study in itself. There was none of that slovenly placing a man half on this square, half on that; no "fiddling," and half

drawing back, in a move ; he sat upright, with his chin in his hand ; and, when he played, his hand darted out, placed the piece at once, in the middle of the square indicated, and back went his hand to the chin again. Lucy or Laura Delpard could talk to you all day of "dear old Donald," and his *mignonne* orphan daughter, and would tell you, that if there *were* a gentleman, or an angel, upon earth, it was this old shepherd ; and, as even Mr. Delpard himself used to say, "It was a sight to see the old man's kindly face, and his self-respect and gentlemanly manner," as he explained to a novice the mysteries of that scientific game, pointing out to him, how, early errors in the game of draughts, as in the game of life, lead to trouble later on ; that every step, and its consequences, should be well weighed before taking it ; and that he who moves with the most circumspection and slowness, early in the game of draughts and of life, will be able to move with the greatest freedom, rapidity, and ease, in the later stages of both, and that the rash beginner is, generally, the sad and painful ender. In short, that every move is a seed that bears fruit, later on, both in life, and in the game of "draughts."

There was a school for the children of the station hands, and a small chapel at the head station, where service was held every Sunday, either by the master, or by some travelling minister.

On the very same evening that the Delpards were at Cotton's ball (Tyrrell being again away after the lost horse), a strange gentleman rode up to the head station, and, accosting Jim Carrick, asked for the road to Kronamite, the next station past Wyndômel. He was attired in a suit of shepherd's plaid, with a golden sealskin vest, with a 30-dollar Panama, or Guayaquil hat, of faultless shape, on his head ; he had neat riding boots, and a 100-guinea brilliant solitaire stud ; he wore no rings, but a ribbon to his watch, and one round his hat ; and Jim Carrick at once detected something of the American, grafted on to the Australian, "swell" in him, and his interest was aroused. The stranger agreed to take the rest and refreshment which Jim offered him, and, the horse being stabled, and the visitor's card left at the big house, after a good luncheon had been negotiated, the traveller lit a cigar, and strolled to Jim's cottage for a yarn, before resuming his journey.

"Good lambing this year ?" asked he.

"Pretty fair, sir" (replied Jim), "95 per cent."

"And how many breeding ewes have you ?"

"Just 55,000. Fine thing to be a squatter, sir, and have 50,000 half-sovereigns, in the shape of lambs, dropped into your pocket, as

it were, before breakfast, on a few fine mornings of the year ; don't you think so, sir ?”

The stranger acquiesced heartily.

“ Are you from America, sir ?” queried Jim.

“ Yes ; I have just came from California and the West Coast, and I am making the tour of Australia now.”

And then Jim and the other one fell to comparing notes, as to the California of 1849 and 187—.

The stranger, whose name was Everett, said, “ I am an Englishman, but I must confess that California is a mighty producing country, and its farms would surprise you Australians ; but, still, I should prefer Australia as a home, from what I have seen of it ; and, if in good hands, it could produce even more abundantly than California does, for you seem to have a greater range of products than any country I have seen—wool, tallow, meat, sugar, cotton, gold, tin, copper, rum, wine, silver, mercury, wheat, and so forth.”

Frank Everett stayed so long, listening to Jim's yarns about olden California, that it grew too late for him to go on, and Tyrrell had returned from his tracking expedition with the black boy, much struck with the latter's almost inspired skill in the task. He himself could track on the plain earth, but on the ground which was *all* rock, then the “ darkey ” shone. A displaced speck of sandstone, which a white man could hardly see with a pocket lens, held close to it, was plain to “ David,” the black boy, from the Maranoa River, while such things as broken twigs, bent grass, disturbed earth, &c., were “ big print,” in capital letters, compared with some of the bush type, which an Australian aboriginal can read freely ; as, when he examines the bitten end of a blade of grass, and tells you whether the sheep, or horse, that bit it, did so two days, or two hours, ago, from the signs of “ bleeding,” healing, or growth, on the end of the cut.

Tyrrell and Everett soon fraternized, and the former stated that he had received a letter from Mr. Delpard, in Sydney, to take up a draft of fat cattle from Wyndômcl to the new goldfield near the Cape York Peninsula, where men were digging up gold, in the sandy river bed, in handfuls, over a stretch of 40 miles, at a place 200 miles from any good depôt, and were living on horse flesh ; and men were not only going thither through all dangers, but some actually lying down, and dying there, of starvation, by the side of their bags of gold. It was different from any place found in Australia yet, and a man would start from the coast, carrying all the flour he could, and very little else, and, if he were wise, he would return,

while he had enough left to carry him back, with such gold as he had been able to get ; but, many lingered, fascinated by the ease with which it was got (for two millions worth of alluvial gold lay buried in that basin), and died, starved, ere seeing the coast again. The man who could carry most flour was supposed to be the best off ; and one German giant, with 90 lb. of it strapped on his back, chuckled, as he started from the coast, at the thought of the haul *he* would make, and, on the first day, he outwalked everyone ; the second day he did not do so ; the third day he was sick ; and the fourth day he was dead, without reaching the golden sands at all. This was a part of what Tyrrell related to Everett, whose imagination was much appealed to by the news.

"To-morrow," said Tyrrell, "we begin mustering, and, with tent and rations in a bullock dray, and some stockmen, and plenty of spare horses, it will be 'hey ! for the new Eldorado' with me."

"By Jove!" said Everett, "I should like to go with you ; I'm not bound to time, or place, in any other direction."

"Glad of your company," said Tyrrell ; "we shall take plenty of spare horses, so you will not be short in the way of remounts."

The following day saw Tyrrell and the stockmen all in the saddle at sunrise, and off to the cattle camps, at the base of the mountains ; then came the "cutting out and drafting" on the camp, with its dangerous collisions, its daring riding, its deafening whip cracks, the well-trained prop and wheel on the metaphorical "cabbage leaf," in order to follow the cunning movements of some of the "Rooshians" among the bullocks. The "fats" required were, in due time, cut out, yarded, and "tailed," *alias* shepherded, on horseback, till the whole party were prepared to start. Before leaving, Tyrrell received Sydney letters from Mr. Delpard, and Lucy, the former on business matters, and the latter telling him how they were enjoying themselves, and passing their life like a summer dream in happy Sydney. She had been to the theatre, and heard Locke's glorious music in "Macbeth," which some London "star" was then playing. She wished him a safe return from his northern journey, was sorry he was losing all the fun in Sydney, and was his "very sincerely." But, as we have before stated, Tyrrell's mistress was "Madame Labour" just then, and love was allowed no room, or, at least, no voice, in his heart for the present ; so, putting the letters in his pocket, he turned, with a half-sigh, to consult the sturdy little bullock-driver, who was to convey the rations for the overland party. Jack Worley was an old "prisoner of the Crown," and had been broken into colonial life on the banks of the Mokai River. He

could drive bullocks to perfection, and turn his hand to shearing, fencing, or any kind of bush craft. His cheery voice could be heard raised, with unflagging spirit, as he urged his bullocks along in summer heat, or winter's cold, equally at home, and undismayed, in the stifling heat of the awful "mallee" in December, or when crossing a flooded river at the base of a snowy mountain, in August. He knew how to get water from the roots of the "mallee," as the blacks did, and could decipher a blackfellow's epistle cut in notches and lines on a little bit of wood, such as was once thrown over the wall of Brisbane gaol, to a condemned aboriginal there, from a countryman of his, up on the Burnett River.

The country through which Tyrrell and Everett had to take the cattle, from Wyndömel to the diggings, near the Gulf of Carpentaria, comprised the greater part of the colony of Queensland, passing through the Wide Bay and Burnett districts; past the golden calcespar of Gympie, and the rosy "copper bloom" of Mount Perry; on, past Cania, and the Boyne River, back of Port Curtis, to the Tropic of Capricorn, where Nature, all round, begins to show out on a vaster scale as you go north, larger rivers, larger plains, and larger animals, including the 25 foot (so called) "alligator;" and huge, tropical shade trees, not of the eucalypt tribe; the two great rivers, Fitzroy and Burdekin, with their far reaching affluents, drain a country more than half the size of France; tropical palms begin to appear, and the supply of gold still increases, for, just here, and away to the right, is the world-famous mine of Mount Morgan, which, in a little over four years, turned out 907,000 ounces of pure gold from 383,000 tons of stone, giving (in dividends) the sum of £2,750,000 to a mere handful of lucky shareholders, and making a record which the world (of gold mines) will find it hard to surpass. Gorgeous and dense "scrubs," or localities of rich vegetable soil, full of noble trees, united by thick undergrowth and creepers, into a verdant tangle, forming moist, cool, green aisles of shade, and where the giant fig tree (*ficus macrophylla*), with its tremendous buttresses (where a battalion could hide), and its banyan nature, towers, like a cathedral cupola, above its fellows. Still going north, the rich sugar lands of the Mackay district are passed, and a bed, which forms part of the great 1,000 mile stretch of coal land, which is one of Queensland's numerous heritages from Dame Nature, and, again, the gold asserts itself in abundance, as to quality, but most of it locked up in trust for future generations, and guarded from present spoliation by being mixed inextricably with sulphur, iron, copper, antimony, and other obstructions, and unavailable, unless the aid of high-class

chemistry and metallurgical skill be invoked ; and, as that lies chiefly at distant Freiburg, and Swansea, *this* gold has to "wait."

West of all this lie the proud pastoral plains of Queensland, where the rich, succulent herbage, showing less than a foot above ground, is fed by roots six feet deep in the soil, moisture-gathering, and drought-defying, to an extent unknown in the shallow-rooted surface grasses of more southern Australia, which wither, and blow away, when the sun of summer scorches *them*, and where it is only green in the winter season ; the reverse of Queensland, where summer is the time for verdure.

The "potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice" (I have read that expression somewhere, I think—Dr. Johnson and Thrale's brewery, to wit) is suggested by the unlimited beef and wool that these kingdom-like, blue grass prairies can raise ; beeves of "a thousand" weight, such as delight the heart of the Melbourne butchers, and enable the squatter to drive "four in hand," and carry a plethoric bank book. All this sort of thing is kept up to concert pitch by the "Mitchell grass," and whether, hereafter, they freeze the meat, salt it, tin it, or inject that potent liquid into the newly emptied arteries, which, at one operation, salts, spices, and preserves the meat, matters not ; it all means money for Queensland.

These were near the routes by which Everett and Tyrrell must travel ; while, in coming home again, they will have to sail past some of the most beautiful islets in the world. This north-east coast of Queensland is distinguished by many picturesque beauties of reef, island, mountain, and river, and the sunset of the tropics sheds its glory on many a tranquil scene by the shore, where a new Robinson Crusoe might meet with romantic adventures, to eclipse even those in Defoe's original and charming, tale, inside the shelter of the premier coral bank of the world, 1,200 miles long, and known as the "Great Barrier" Reef. To resume.

Everett took a geological hammer with him, for he knew that the route lay, more or less, near the great Australian Cordillera, which teemed with mineral wealth. The first few days of travel led them through a country where the *baulinia* tree was plentiful ; it bears a scented flower, like pencil cedar, heart-shape leaves, and is heavier than ironbark, and, when polished, looks a mixture of maple and mahogany. This was the home of the lovely little "ground parrot," with its scarlet thighs and belly, its throat and breast a pure *aqua marine*, like shallow sea water ; its back as brown as a nightingale's, and with two bright crimson bars on its wings ; pale green at the back

of the neck, red at the root of the beak, with a beautiful long tail, though its body is no bigger than a blackbird's.

Geologically, Everett found the following: The sulphuret of mercury (cinnabar), like frozen red currant jelly (he had met with it in California), mixed with calcespar, and resembling costly rubies and pearls all pounded together in a mortar. In places, the quartz held pure native quicksilver, in lively pellets, in the crevices thereof, and with blue and green copper stains in the stone. In other places, the copper ores were mixed with visible gold, but then the mercury was absent, and visible mercury, or cinnabar either, was never to be seen with visible gold, though manganese was, in plenty.

Further on, by some days, the country changed, as regards its vegetation. Zamias and cycads appeared, and lagoons, full of the great blue and pink waterlilies of Queensland, and, when Everett brought his geological hammer into play, he found the gold much mixed with the arsenates and sulphurets of lead and iron, and copper very scarce, except in the shape of a little native copper in the creeks. Castellated peaks of rock rose above the foliage in the mountains. Deadly, brown snakes, with the yellow belly and stumpy tail, now and again caused a split and a bolt in the herd of cattle, and, in some cases a bullock died before morning.

Everett and Tyrrell were musical, and either of them could sing a good "second," and the camp at night was often enlivened by the strains of a small banjo, which the former had, and a "Wheatstone" concertina of the latter's. The wild refrain of the "Huntsman's Chorus" would echo amongst the old gum trees, as the lurid light of the camp fire shone on their venerable trunks, and Everett could sing, by the score, those dear old "nigger songs" (as it is the fashion to call them in England), words and melody, alike, racy of old Tennessee, from the land of buckwheat cakes, and "fish chowder," songs that are too good to export, and never find their way to London, but which you may often hear in New York, or Frisco.

This region being traversed, they came to one of open downs, bestrewn with carnelian and chalcedony, strange petrifications and fossils, of a remote age, a strip of country often traversed by the cyclone, which tears its awful way, unresisted, from Cape Capricorn to where the gold and malachite intermingle, out west.

At a township, in this district, a little bit of horsemanship occurred. There was a nag, called "Earl Grey," in the mob of horses, a fearful buck-jumper, whom not one of the stockmen dared ride, for, when mounted on him, you found yourself, in a moment, four yards in the air, with nothing in front of you, his head and

neck being tucked in between his forelegs, while his powerful hind-quarters seemed able to propel you into the next week. None of the men could sit him five minutes, and Tyrrell was sick of being shot, saddle and all, over his head. There was one Tommy Endell, a lanky, six feet six, white native of New South Wales, who here undertook to tame him. Many a "match" had Tommy won. He was twenty-two, and had been used to a horse since he was three-years old. The conditions of a "buck-jumping" match are, that each competitor picks out the worst horse he can for his opponent, both mount at the same time, and the first man "off" loses the money. Tyrrell was anxious to have the horse made tractable, for he was a most serviceable style of animal. He was quite easy to mount, and Tommy fixed the saddle on, in a way of his own, that prevented any getting rid of *that*, and, for the rest, he "chanced it." The Earl "went to market" straight away, and the sight of two lanky legs on a curled up, bounding grey ball, was all that met the eye at first. Tommy was found to be immovable, so the "Earl" played his next card. This was, to bolt furiously for 100 yards, "prop," "buck," turn round in the air, and come down with his head in the direction that his tail was when he went up; a great ordeal, no doubt, for a Hampstead Heath rider, but Tommy had "been *there*" before, and that was all lost on *him*. "Earl Grey" now wanted to conclude a treaty of peace (as he was getting tired), and to go on quietly, finding that Tommy was not to be "negotiated." But now, Mr. Endell thought *he* would "wade in," and take a hand; so he began to pull the hairs out of the grey's tail, and set him, at this insult, off again, with no effect whatever on the imperturbable Tommy; and, as often as the horse relaxed his efforts, his tail was again appealed to, with no result, beyond making him almost kill himself with exhaustion, and, at length, with head and tail, alike, drooping, he ceased to respond any more to his rider's endearments; so Tommy jumped off, and said, "*There*, believe *me*, *he'll* never buck again;" and he never did, either; but he was quite unfit to ride for many days afterwards, full of grass and "bounce" as he had been at the start; he looked as if he had just come off a 500 mile journey, on poor grass, "tucked up" and jaded. Endell was a master of his business, and had only been "sucked in" once, when he got on the back of an aged horse, that had never even been handled before; it bucked, of course, but that was nothing; it bolted for a lagoon, meaning to drown Tommy therein, but he pulled its head round, and held it so; it, then, savagely seized hold of its rider's left foot with its teeth, and held on like a bull dog; this was.

so opposed to all the canons of fair fight, and so out of Tommy's "line" altogether, that he roared for assistance, and the spectators prized and hammered the animal's jaws apart; and Endell got down. He was lame for weeks afterwards; but he got level with his equine friend, by chaining him to a five ton ironbark log, which he might either bolt with, or not, as he liked, and, by applying stock-whip and bullock-whip to his hide, till he sobered him down to a quiet draught horse, but he was never saddled any more. Tommy Endell, bold on horseback, was rash, also, even to temerity, in his spelling. I was privileged to see a letter of his once, in which he expressed his opinion that Mr. — (a horse dealer), the "oxshnear" (auctioneer) was a great "scroundle" (scoundrel). It was a plucky try at spelling, was it not?

A horse, greatly in contrast to "Earl Grey," was known as the "Old Chesnut," with one white foot, and a white "blaze" down the face. This kindly old animal had no other name, and he belonged to Worley, the bullock-driver, and was a treasure in his way. Quiet as a sheep, he could take you home to Wyndômel head station, from any outlying part of the country, and you would never get lost in the bush while on *his* back, if you only let him have his head. He would, carefully and instinctively, balance a drunken man on his back, and not let him roll off, if possible, and would bring him home safely, and any station "hand," when "on the spree," always took the gentle old "Yarraman" with him, so as to be sure of being taken home all right. It was a sight to see the good old fellow, when his drunken rider got off for a moment, to pick up hat, whip, or other dropped article—it was edifying to behold the patient, *sober* horse, look round reproachfully at the other's imbecile efforts to remount, as much as to say, "Whatever *is* the matter with you? You know I can't be of any use to you, till you *do* get on my back."

The geological formation, now, was of quartz, and what gold Everett could see was of a "wiry" formation, as if the quartz had been soft, and the gold squeezed out of it in little threads.

The weather grew perceptibly warmer as they got further north, and both Everett and Tyrrell appeared daily in shirt, thin breeches, and boots, and the usual water pouch of canvas slung at the saddle side, and kept from contact with the horse's skin by small battens sewn upon it. A waterless stage being now before them, the hogsheads on the dray were filled with water, and a small drink given to the horses and working bullocks, but the cattle passed a restless night, and tried to break out of camp, for drink, in a style greatly in contrast with their behaviour when full of grass and

water ; a tiring, anxious job for all hands on horseback at night, but they got to Bullarenda Station, and water, after this, and were very hospitably received by George Manton and his bride, who (*née* Caroline Rose) brought him £15,000 on her wedding day. Her father, old John Rose, was an Englishman, of no great ability, but he had married an Irish woman, with the brain, and almost the figure, of Dr. Johnson, and they kept a corner public-house in a coast town. Old Molly Rose took care of the money, and put nearly every sovereign she got, through a hole in the floor of the bar, and every spare bank note into the bung-hole of an empty sherry cask, in the darksome cellar, amongst cobwebs and luminous *fungi*. There were no banks near in those days, and when, after long years, one did start business, Molly banked her notes and gold (£7,000 in all), sold the business, and lent money on mortgage, and bought land, and John, in time, found himself worth £100,000 ; he, who would never have saved, or made, money, but for his wife.

Bullarenda was left behind, and the crocodile country was now approached, as soon became evident, when a river had to be crossed. The Queensland crocodile has a mouth very full of long teeth, and two of the longest lower ones fit prettily through a couple of convenient holes in the upper jaw, making a grip surpassing that of any bull dog's mouth—forming a “lockstitch” not likely to rip—and as secure as, even if less multifold than, the hold of the python, or octopus, and, when the brute is 25 feet long, and weighs as much as five or six large bullocks, he *is* a nuisance amongst cattle and horses. Crocodiles are hatched from a pretty china shell sort of egg, broad at one end ; they grow very slowly, so the large ones must be very old. One of these brutes took down poor “Lassie,” one of the best cattle dogs with the party, as she was swimming over after the “mob.” The crocodile was in comparatively shallow water, and Everett, mad with rage at the pitiful sight and cries of poor “Lassie,” aimed a very heavy rifled carbine bullet at the monster, which took effect on the upper part of the left side, bearing downwards. The saurian “sloped,” and was clearly “in trouble.” Our party had no time to stay and see more of him, but some of them heard, by letter, of his fate from the people at the station. The dog-eater had been struck fatally, the heavy, conical bullet cleaving its way between the edges of two of the joints of the back bone, causing “old scaly” to feel “kinder paralysed,” and, as if this were not bad enough, the messenger of retribution had cut open a large blood vessel in the liver, causing, from internal hæmorrhage, a feeling of faintness, quite new to our ancient man-eater ; but his brave old constitution, which

had seen generations of men pass away, kept him alive for three days and nights after he had "got his gruel." When he had become a thing of the past, the station hands proceeded to dissect him, found the wound as described, and his stomach full of agates and petrified wood lumps, of great hardness, some bones and teeth, and those of poor "Lassie" as well. These amphibious brutes evidently swallow stones for digestive purposes, even as the domestic fowl does, and, like the fowls, they select the hardest, and most durable, they can find. This crocodile measured 23 feet 9 inches. When a crocodile seizes a South Sea Islander by the leg, on a Queensland sugar plantation, the poor kanaka is carried off (like a mouse by a cat) into the water, drowned, and eaten. Not so, however, if the New Hebrides man happens to have a sharp steel tomahawk in his hand, or, even if someone would come up and hand him one, for those savages are perfect *maitres d'armes* with the hatchet, as many an island massacre can testify, and, before "Crockey" well knows what is the matter with him, his eyes, and the bony sockets which surround them, have become a mass of pulp and chips under the lightning blows of the little steel axe. He wonders where the darkness and the horrible pain, all so suddenly, come from; he realizes that there is something desperately "uncanny" about this new position of affairs, and, guided by the smell, he makes for the water (minus his man), just to think it over, and there to die of starvation, or mortification, it matters not which; for his eyes will never grow again, nor lead him on to any more luxurious "feeds."

Next day, a towering mountain appeared in sight, ahead, and one of the great thunderstorms of Queensland impended, of which we will give a general description here.

"First, a gleam of lurid splendour sweeps athwart the mountain's spire,"
Then a midnight storm comes hurtling down on zigzag paths of fire."

It had been one of those days that fully presage a real thunderstorm; the north-east sea breeze blew to the inland, broad and strong, battering the Pacific slopes of Australia in a uniform wide sweep, measuring 900 miles from wing to wing, and, but for the odour of the eucalyptus, you could have smelt the mangroves and sea weed far inland on that sultry day. Neuralgic people felt their usual thunderstorm headache coming on; but, still, the sea breeze mitigated the awful heat, unless you turned your back to it, and then—then you quickly realised that the summer of Queensland is a strong man indeed, and dies hard, and only that, when the tremendous autumn rains have well drowned him.

The sun shines cloudless till about 2 p.m., and then a little fleecy film rises *against* the wind in the south west horizon ; it rises slowly upwards and spreads sideways, and grows a little darker, and is evidently travelling—but, the question is—can it ever face that dense, potent, sea breeze, and turn it back ? We shall see anon. Presently the westering sun, still high in the heavens, is overlapped by the edge of the storm cloud, and a grateful shade is instantly felt, and soon a black arch of cloud rises to some 20° under the fleecy white one, and pushes it upwards, with the black and white in startling ominous contrast, and covering one third of the circular horizon to the south west ; and it begins to look less like a cloud than a black wave, in that the whiter feathery top appears to curl over like sea foam as it approaches you, and there is a suspicious green tint, here and there, that heralds the coming bombardment of hail stones. Run for shelter, good people all, and pity the cattle and the fruit trees that can find no cover, for we are “in for it, now” ; the blue lightning darts, straight, angry, and dangerous, to the earth, in that black cloud, and a growl, as of a distant lion, is heard afar off. But, still, the blue sky and the bold unconquered sea breeze reign supreme to the north east, and with us too, but, can it last ? No, the north easter falters, he—the sea-born—is daunted, at last, by that gruesome invader from the inland ; a dead calm, of five minutes duration, now ensues, followed by couple of minutes puff of intensely hot air (from the south, of all quarters), it is the last remnant of the morning’s heat, caught, compressed, and intensified between the two opposing wind armies. Ragged edged, black, cyclone clouds, on a paler back ground, scud across the heavens, and now a dry hurricane from the south west, sends its advance guard in the shape of blinding dust, dead leaves, and small tree branches ; it is seen afar off, and, in a twinkling, all have passed away to the north east, and are laid to rest with big, scattered, rain drops, which make a mark like a half-crown on the earth ; and now there is no longer any doubt as to which is the victor between the north easter, from the sea, or the south wester, from the land, who returns with interest, and fully condensed into water and ice, the humid vapour which the former giant has been storing up on his wings, from the ocean, all the torrid forenoon that is past. And, now the full grandeur and danger of “L’Orage” is upon us ; incessant, blinding, lightning, striking the earth and sending up a puff of dust wherever it pierces deepest, deafening thunder, instant on the flash ; a roaring, sweeping, tree-bending, roof-tearing, cyclone of wind ; and, rain that gives two or three inches to the hour, of its fall, and quickly fills the

creeks and drowns the unwary, and then rattles the hail king, who never breaks the promise, or, rather, threat, of his forewarning green clouds. Your life is not safe in the open, for, the stones fall from a terrific height, and are of the size and shape of small flattened oranges, or glass salt cellars, and covered with little knobs, and they riddle your roof where it is of iron or slates. When the storm has passed over a town, little children run out and gather the stones, and they freeze the butter, for, in coldness, it beats any artificial ice; and the next day, like eggs, can still be seen, piled up against a north east wall, the unmelted stones which fell the day before.

It is worthy of note that there can be no full fledged thunder storm in Queensland, without a previous sea breeze to supply the necessary vapour for condensation. It may be hot enough to roast you, but, if it only blew from the north, or west, and not from the sea, a storm *may* gather, it is true, but it will pass off abortive around the horizon, and not come, straight as a cavalry charge, from south west, as a true storm does, for, it lacks the needful material for rain, and with one solitary, dry flash, and rumble, it is all over. Our real storm declines at sunset, and mutters gently far into the night, with pretty toy-like, darting, harmless flashes, *across* the sky, and by 2 a.m. all is over till the next event.

The country now passed through was of a coal formation where the *lepidodendron*, the fossil grass tree, and the handsome corals of the carboniferous era, and the fossil ferns, whose names all end in "pteris," were plentiful. Here, at night, they were hospitably entertained at the camp of Hector Livingstone, lieutenant, in charge of an outpost of native police, a man who looked born to wear the bonnet of Scotland and the eagle plume; a man who carried his nationality in his face so strongly, that you could hardly look at him, without recalling the rhythm of Walter Scott's heroic poetry. Scotch music, "Castles in the air," appeared to float around, and the impertinent, rapid little "lilt" of "Jock o' Hazledean," seemed to act as a foil to the slow, nobler, plaintive "Blue Bells of Scotland," and the inspiring "Gathering of the Macgregors." Tall, swarthy, aquiline, handsome, his knightly mien revealed the best blood of "Auld Scotland," and with his high narrow head, his black beard and moustache, he looked, every inch, a Highland chief. He had drifted from India to Australia, never rising and never falling in life; his strong, bony, fleshless hand, seemed born to grip a claymore or pistol, and he looked just the man to sell his life at a fearful price to cannibal blacks, or white foes, either, and the former would have found him very tough eating after paying a dozen lives for his one. Not the

Pretender himself, with his bright locks and his Royal Stuart tartan, nor even Lord Marmion looked one whit more a patrician and lady killer. Brave, chivalrous, generous; had he but possessed the one virtue of fidelity in his dealings with the other sex, he would have been almost perfect; few women, married or single, but what quailed a little before his falcon glance. He was, too often, loved, and he was too manly, or not manly enough—which is it?—to omit returning the compliment. Poor, comparatively, as he was, he might have married money, birth, and loveliness, all combined, but he was too honourable (in his own strange way) to swear fealty to any woman, knowing, as he did, how his love of conquest would be fired at the first glance of admiration he received from another one, and so it fell out that he elected to bury himself in the wilderness, and, by wrestling with the grim realities of life there, to renew that spirit of old Hannibal, which is apt to degenerate into effeteness, in the Capuan air of a city.

An amusing companion, full of dry humour, he made our friends jolly over some "Exshaw" cognac, which his camp afforded; they responding with music. The "camp fire," what a magic there is in the words! What memories they recall of the days when, as yet, dyspepsia was unborn within us. What a sensation of "home" there is in the sight of its cheerful, ruddy, night glare, in the pure open air. What a contrast is its little bit of civilization and welcome, to the dreary lonesome bush, around it for miles, every way! Who could feel nervous, or depressed, with that fire in front of him? its smoke mingling with that of the pipes as the "yarn" goes round. I never felt so well in my life as when I used to have the morning watch, with the travelling sheep, from 2 a.m. to 6 a.m., in the open air, so different from that of a tapestried bedroom during the same hours. There is a feeling of vitality in morning air, which goes far to explain the reason why Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, would have formed such splendid customers for a modern life assurance company.

The day before they got to Livingstone's camp, a bullock, of erratic nature, broke away, from the herd, and Clement Tyrrell set sail after it, as it would be worth about 9d. a lb. at the "mines." The country was a brown, trachytic rock, and a good deal of "hyalite" or "volcanic glass" about. The bullock laid his hoofs hard to the ground, and, as Tyrrell neared him, something seemed to flash in the sun, under his hoof, as if it were of iron and had struck flint. He was headed and turned with a cut of the resonant stock whip a moment or two later, and, as they retraced their steps in the direction of the mob, Tyrrell saw something glitter on the

ground, and he got down and picked it up, and found it to be a piece of opal, shaped like the roof of a house, about two inches long, one and a-half wide, and the same deep, and which had projected from the brown rock, and had been broken off, and rolled over, by the blow of the bullock's hoof. An examination of the rock surface shewed other and similar, but all much smaller, projections, which a passing blow would not so easily dislodge. The piece in Tyrrell's hand was brown and "weathered," on the roof surfaces, but at the base where the new fracture had taken place, it glowed with the blended fire of the ruby, topaz, emerald, and sapphire, in patches and in sparks as well; while, within and below the weather worn and dimmer, rougher surface, there burnt the same deep seated flames of colour as gleam irrepressible through the milky veil of the noble Hungarian opal. It was a gem of price and a fortune in itself, and he resolved that the said bullock should be broken in as "Opal," with the "workers" in future, and not left to the knife of a butcher, after *this* little stroke of luck.

Two days after the opal find, the great mountain, before spoken of, was close at hand; a pretty little creek, the "Glenburndale," flowed at the foot of it, and from its sands a man could wash out gold to the tune of, perhaps, half-a-crown per day; but, this not being the Australian idea of wealth, its delicious water remained unpolluted. Above it, rose the tropical mountain, clothed in places with the wild bamboo, dense thickets of which just served to hide the edge of ugly precipices, 500 feet deep and more, from view. Tracks of a very large cat animal were to be seen, and the black, hairy faced, kangaroo, a most hideous, unearthly looking animal, was to be found there. The mountain was covered to its lofty summit with stalwart trees, which, on the top, looked dwindled to the size of moss from the plain below. It was a wild, hoary, loveable, solitary old mountain, much pleasanter to look at, and to weave fanciful theories about, and to imagine wondrous sights in the hidden recesses thereof; much pleasanter to do all this from the plains below, than to climb to its 4000 feet summit. Yet, Tyrrell and the black boy took a turn, up its yet unvisited sides, and found, on a base of slaty and dioritic rock, on one of the steepest "pinches," an outcropping reef four to five feet wide, peeping up, white in some places, weathered and brown in others; clothed with lichens of yellow and green colour, and with hues of the same, which were *not* caused by lichens, but by gold and malachite, which lay in small patches on the surface of the reef. No other white man's foot had ever trodden the place before, or, would be likely to find it again in the dense "scrub"

which lay all around it, and Tyrrell and the black boy had only penetrated it in order to see the view it afforded of the Glenburndale rivulet below. The place was marked on the Government map as "high scrubby ranges," and was remote from all gold miners' haunts or aught but the tracks of travelling sheep and cattle.

Other peculiarities were to be seen in the outcrop; it was pitted with rusty, cubical hollows, the "casts" of long decayed iron pyrites, each cast lined with a residuum of the undecaying gold which no oxygen, sun, or rain, could corrupt; and, there were other hollows less exposed, and lined with the "needles" of pure "cerussite"; and, in case anyone has not seen the latter, it may be explained that it is the carbonate of lead, and it forms in thick "needles" of what look like white, waxen, shining alabaster, bound together in little sheaves, the "sheaves" lying across each other, and adhering together—at all kinds of angles—forming a mass, beautiful, beyond description, to the eye, but heavy to lift as no alabaster, or wax, ever was. It is in tropical Queensland, alone, that this beautiful ore is found mixed with little seeds of gold at the junction of the "sheaves," forming cabinet specimens, which no "needles" of malachite similarly graced with gold can surpass in beauty. You can meet with "cerussite" elsewhere in Australia, but *not* mixed with gold, as it is in this richly endowed north part of Queensland; and there was a rare good point about this reef, which Tyrrell was too much of a "new chum" to realize at the time; carbonates are less intractable than sulphides, and there would be but little waste of gold above the "water level" in this reef; still, we must *not* anticipate.

Speaking of tracks they were now approaching a peculiar part of Australia, where the watersheds are unique. The beds of water courses in all other parts of the world are plain enough to shew you when you are fairly *in* one of them; not so, here. Some of them are very wide, and in the middle course of them the depression will not be more than 15 feet from the level of the far off and unseen sides of the channel. You may be travelling in (what you take to be) an open, level plain, but there is a shallow depression, imperceptible to you, on account of its vast width, and which forms a channel for the storm water; a channel, so wide as compared with its depth, and having to carry off the tremendous rainfall of the monsoon, that a whole caravan of drays and cattle may be surrounded and swept away before "a bore" half-a-mile wide, with no hope of escape, and with no warning noise—from what, just before, seemed to be a billiard table of grassy plain; but the rainy season of autumn

was not yet, and our party were quite safe. In a few days more, the face of the country again underwent a change, and the rugged slate rocks, and giant ranges of hills, betokened near approach to the backbone of the mighty peninsula, which points to New Guinea, and where lay the golden sands to which our party was bound.

The talk at the camp fire that night turned upon the atheist lectures and public discussions, so common in America, and elsewhere, as to the existence, or non-existence, of a Deity, or Supreme Being. Everett had travelled much in his time, and was some ten years older than Tyrrell, and spoke very warmly on the subject.

“Such people,” said he, “have never seen the Moslems at their prayers in the desert, or on board ship; or, even, the Buddhists. Let one of these doubters go to a high-caste Jew, and get him, if he can, to lightly breathe, or even to speak at all, the Hebrew name of his God. To *them*, as to the true disciple of Mahomet, God is *the* one pure, awful, reality, the *one* only clear, terrible, truth of the universe, whatever else may be doubtful, or shadowy, or—having two, or more, aspects—may be open to controversy. To the Moslem, God is the *one* indomitable and unchangeable certainty of the universe, the one subject in which there is no play for fancy, or risk of the imagination being led astray by appearances. It is only “Christian” countries that can get up a music-hall debate—2s. front seats, 1s. in the gallery—on the dread subject; and this is presumptuously done, too, by beings whose own sphere of existence is so very limited that they cannot live at all if the temperature keeps long below 20°, or above 120°; who have to be renewed three times a day with food, and 18 times a minute with air, of which 90 per cent. is waste; creatures, whose best ground lenses and telescopes can only penetrate a brief space outside of the little planet which holds them; who are unable to determine, of their own knowledge, that a grain of sand is not a microcosm, or that our universe is not a mere atom on some larger system. It is *these* people, forsooth! who take on themselves to decide who and what God is, or is not. Ah! well! the poor Mussulman, or the strict Jew, shames them well, and knows far more than they do.”

Tyrrell gathered from this peroration what travel had done for Everett, and he liked him all the better for it.

“The relations between the sexes, too, form another deep and wonderful subject,” said Tyrrell.

“True,” said Everett, “each of them is quite ignorant of *what* it is that attracts them in the other. All that they *know* is, that they *are* attracted; and they are, after all, mere puppets in the

hands of a Great Magician, who directs the whole plan for His own purposes, and never miscalculates."

"And I could never understand," replied Tyrrell, "how, after marriage, divorce came to be so countenanced in the world."

"Aye," replied Everett, "it seems a terrible proceeding to tamper with so mystic a bond, when once formed; and, surely, if the Creator of the world could say, 'Go, and sin no more,' then a husband might well say, 'Come, and sin no more.'"

In a few days more their destination was reached, and they were beset. Other drafts of fat cattle, from depôts nearer at hand than Wyndômel, had arrived, but were as a "drop in the bucket," as were also the stores of flour, &c., which had arrived coastwise, and escaped the attentions of the murderous blacks on the road up from the Endeavour River, and who were such utter barbarians that when, in the mixed fight, a carbine bullet had stilled the heart of any one of their mates, they could not understand why he fell, with nothing near, or visible, to strike him, like a spear or club, and they used to prop him up again, deeming him to be only under some temporary spell hatched by the white man.

Our friends were thronged by a host of yellow-faced, bony-limbed, wolfish-eyed, diggers, each with his heavy bag of gold, and his little bottle of quinine, but few who had had a proper, "square," meal for some time. The spur and stimulus of daily gold-finding, from two to ten ounces per man, kept them on in a temperature ranging from 85°, at midnight, to 110° in the shade, at times, in the noontide heat. Excitement and starvation combined *do* pull a man down, and old diggers, who have run the gauntlet of the west coast of New Zealand, and graduated in tropical Australia, acquire a toughness of fibre rarely met with.

The bullocks were rapidly converted into meat, at 9d. and 1s. per lb; the hides, of course, for want of salt, and want of labour, were all wasted, except to make buckets of. Tyrrell had been offered, by Mr. Delpard, one-third of all that the mob fetched over Wyndômel price and droving expenses, and Clement fancied he saw his way to pay, at all events, a deposit on machinery, to be placed near the Glenburndale Brook under that reef, when once the place had been duly gazetted and proclaimed. Tyrrell was paid in gold, reckoned at £3 10s. per ounce, while it was really £4 2s. 6d. fineness of assay. And, now, for a journey to the coast, as far as Tyrrell and Everett were concerned, while the men, horses, and dray, went back by the road they came.

Tyrrell and Everett returned home southwards, by steamer, along

the very picturesque coast of tropical Queensland, which is dotted with clusters of lovely islands, each and all of the full beauty of Norfolk Island—that single, solitary, speck of sylvan life set in the wide ocean. About the most northerly of them was great “Whitsunday” Island itself, 14 miles long, 10 wide, and rising from 1,500 to 2,000 feet, dotted with pine trees on side and summit. There are over 20 islands in this group, stretching over 25 miles of sea inside the Great Barrier Reef, fit abode for a Robinson Crusoe, any one of them. Numerous little channels and sandy bays abound, and some islands looked lovely enough to have been dropped, ready made, from the sky by one of Aladdin’s obedient magicians, when he rubbed his lamp. Turtles were on the beach, cockatoos and pigeons in the forest, shady gullies, turfed with green, contrasted with the darker verdure of the foliage. One little island was only 200 feet wide, level enough, and turfed enough, for cricket, if the few scattered pine trees had been away. The islands grew smaller, but not less beautiful, as they voyaged south, and they were now passing through the Northumberland group, several of which are about four miles by three, or three and a-half, wide; their height is 1,000 feet; grass and pines, as usual.

Before coming to them, the magnificent “Whitsunday Passage” had to be steamed through. It was about three miles wide, the high bluff mainland of New Holland, on the right hand, looking almost barren by contrast with the green gems of islands lying on the left. Nothing in Japanese, or other travel, could merit a more glowing description than this scene of loveliness. Sydney Harbour is beautiful, so is Hobart, so is Rio, but here we have “linked sweetness long drawn out,” islands of beauty, stretching on, and on through degree after degree of latitude; and when the steamer anchored, one moonlit night, 200 yards from one of them, in 100 feet of water, the run ashore for a few of the passengers was a treat indeed. Oh! could Percy Bysshe Shelley but have only seen *these* islands! How white the sandy bays in the moon rays! How dim the forest! where the “sough” of the wind could hardly be discovered in the ear from the low murmur of the sad sea waves on the rocky beach. What a place for fairies and gnomes of the dancing species! This island was about 500 feet high—indeed, as the steamer made to the south, the islands gradually grew smaller in size, and less in height, but the beauty never waned, till, at last, in the Percy group, near the limit of the southern tropic, growing less and less, they died out altogether.

It was here that poor Strange, the naturalist—who came up in the

ketch "Enterprise," from Sydney, with Walter Hill (of the Government gardens, Brisbane)—was murdered by the natives in 1855, a score of years before Tyrrell and Everett passed down the coast. It was here, also, and about this same time, that Norman Leith Hay fell in like manner. And, speaking of the blacks, the steamer with our friends had, of course, called at the various ports on the coast, and, at one of them, had taken on board a handsome, noble-looking, young, blonde, married lady, very plainly dressed, and with two children, one in arms, and a black aboriginal female nurse. She had been a Miss Friell, but was now the wife of a northern squatter, named Bremner. Everett watched her descend the cabin stairs, one child in her arms, the other holding her skirt, for she would not trust "Yerlina," who had never been to sea, and was not used to staircases. Everett was struck with her brave, self-contained face, unlike what he had ever seen before in young women, and her small hands and feet, which last her ill-fitting, baggy, prunella boots could not quite conceal the symmetry of. He learned, from the skipper, her history. When she was a baby, her father and mother had been "bailed up," alone, in their wilderness home, by the wild blacks, and, both loading and both firing through loopholes, had rendered such a good account of the assailants that they retreated, with several dead, and more wounded, and took the broad hint thus received. They took care never to be left alone again in this way; and Madeline Friell grew up with her mother's brave, fighting blood in her, and would be a quick, dangerous, customer, still, for the black, or white, ruffian who molested her, or her "bairns." Everett could see she *was* a lady, despite the plain and unpretending style of her homely costume; for she had been reared, and had lived, far from cities. She was all useful, and not ornamental, except in the figure and face which Nature had bestowed upon her, and she owed nothing whatever to dress for her striking appearance.



SINBAD'S VALLEY.

And how shall I describe this Sinbad's Valley, where the agates are, the only *real actual* treasury of this kind on the face of the earth? It lies at the head of the Gilbert River, in tropical Queensland—the Gilbert, which runs into the Gulf of Carpentaria, and is named after Leichhardt's companion in travel. You pass a chaotic, rocky, mountain country, formed of the "Desert Sandstone," with huge outlying "sentinels" of rock pillars, such as may be seen in the Yellowstone Park, of North America, and on its western prairies; and anon you come to a change of formation, for the "Amygdaloidal" basalt is at hand, and you approach the agate country. Imagine, if you can, the Khyber Pass, and the north-western narrow gorges that guard the approach to Hindostan from Central Asia. Picture to yourself these, lined with the basalts of Cape Pillar or the Giant's Causeway, and of Staffa, upright and unscaleable. Fancy only one entrance to this lonesome cleft, which, when once you are in, branches out, right and left, into lofty, narrow, labyrinthine basaltic *culs de sac*, to bewilder and lose the adventurous wight who wants to find his way out again, and who cannot select, except by the water flow, the real avenue of escape from the blind alleys of entrapment.

But here we have the central valley itself, walled with cliffs, and grass-grown in places, and, in the centre, filled with agates of every size, shape, and colour, with more and more of them if you only choose to dig under the grass and soil at the sides, and unearth the buried treasures; while in the middle of the dry channel, where water runs in wet seasons, you may wade in tons of agates, sardonyx, onyx, and carnelian; and *such* ones, too! The sardonyx, to vie with those in the Roman Emperor's tomb, at Halicarnassus, or the priceless ones at the Vatican; and the agates, from the size of a ham, or a horse's head, down to a hazel nut calibre; and the colours, well! I can only describe *some* of them, the variety is too bewildering. Here we have wide, concentric and numerous rings of transparent red, white, and blue, alternately, in a large specimen. Then we have a marvellous imitation of prettily mottled, and parti-coloured Castile soap, and spotted all over with lovely "eyes." Anon, we pick up a splendid piece of transparent lavender; with equally transparent *cerise* in the pod-shaped centre of it, the whole formed like a huge mussel shell. And, now, we have the same lavender and *cerise* again, but opaque this time, and beautifully blended in layers and cushions, with the suggestive hues of a red sun, rising or setting, in,

and through, a warm-tinted, gray cloud lining. Now, again, we have a clear, tawny amber, in whose liquid depths the eye can follow, from the surface, the pure white bands, or lines—some wide, others almost microscopic in size, but all of symmetry and regularity—which light it up. Here is another, with its opaque red, white, and blue, arranged almost like the "Union Jack;" and another, where the purple, red, blue, lavender, and white, are delicately laid on, as if a dainty-hued flower were painted in a lady's album by a deft hand. And I must not forget the priceless sardonyx, with its clear meat-coloured red, and its pure dead white, in broad alternate bars; and another gem, also. You have, no doubt, in childhood, bought, at a "lolly" shop, a stick, or pipe, of white, encircled with spirals of brilliant yellow, red, and blue colours, all sugar, and in startling contrast. Well! all this is reproduced on hard, pure, white agate at the Gilbert River, and is lovely and imperishable, which the "lollipop" is not.

Here is another, clear as water, and full of bands and drops of unmistakable opaque red sealing wax; here are square pink and white concentric lines, alternately, in a square agate; here is a clear, golden, yellow "sard," full of circular, opaque, white "eyes;" deep red, pure carnelians; all these polish gloriously. But, perhaps, the most charming of all is to get a section of the green basalt itself, stuck full of tiny pink, or crystal, agates, like plums in a pudding, and to cut it across, and polish each face, where the half-sections of each agate and crystal gleam out (like stars in the sky) from its back ground of dark green basalt matrix. There is an agate found (but not common) at Mondure, in the Burnett district—the rare "Oriental bloodstone."

Everyone knows the "moss agate" of America, with flocculent masses of green, swimming, as it were, in a clear sea of aqueous silica; and everyone, also, knows the "bloodstone," a soft jasper, which polishes well, and has pretty red spots on a green ground. Well! from Mondure I obtained a specimen, big as a turkey's egg, of the finest moss agate, of intense hardness; and the thick green patches which were set in the hard transparent sea, were beautifully spotted with red. It was the only specimen of the very rare "Oriental bloodstone" I ever saw, or handled, and it was as beautiful as it was scarce.

Visitors to Uruguay and South Africa are under the delusion that *their* agates and sardonyxes beat the world. It is needless to say that they could never have visited the basaltic passes of the Upper Gilbert, or their ideas would undergo a change. Diamonds in

plenty occur in South Africa, and have been dug up since the days of Van Riebeck, in the year 1657, near Bloemhof, down to the present era, and the beautiful agate and sardonyx are always associated with them in the Orange and the Vaal rivers, so like to our own Brisbane and Burnett streams, in their wide, half-dry, sandy, beds, save in flood time, and so unlike European rivers; but no South African, or South American, stone, of the carnelian tribe, can surpass our Queensland beauties—even of the valueless, but exquisite, clear, red, giant “walnut shell,” lined, in the hollow, with big crystal points of glittering, transparent, quartz, found at Mondure.

Shall I go on describing agates and sards? I could give you a new combination of colour, design, and beauty, for every day in the year if I did. These stones are all harder than steel, and take a high polish, and imagination revels in the priceless double-handled cups, vases, and designs, which the old Greek artists (could they only have got hold of such material) would have fashioned out of it. Talk not to me of the “Manx pebbles” with their sober black, grey, and white, or the agates of Uruguay and Hindostan; they have neither the colour, the size, the variety, nor the hardness of these children of the basalt of the north, and were not the spot so remote, even for Australia, so desolate, wild and forbidding, its agates would, long since, have taken the world by surprise. But, it is, like the mythic Sinbad’s, all but inaccessible, and no vehicle could easily get thither, and “load up” with its merchandise.

A dire tragedy was enacted at midwinter, some twenty years ago, near this basaltic “valley of Sinbad,” where these lovely agates and crystals abound, in the country which Richard Daintree explored and photographed before he went to London’s big show in 1871. The exact spot where it happened was at “Cave Creek,” in the wondrous “Upper Gilbert” land. There was a storekeeper and goldbuyer named John Corbett, a stirring active fellow and pushing business man, in that hot, new, savage country. He had made money in a digger’s public house, and used to supply the miners, at the Cloneurry “rush,” from his store on the Norman. The tropical climate of the latter place, however, took his wife from him with fever, and left him with her three little children to rear as best he could; but, his energy never flagged, despite the further misfortune of the foundering of the “Black Dog,” schooner, with plenty of Corbett’s goods on board, on her way up from Townsville. A teamster named Martell, on the Western Creek line, saw blacks, between Cave Creek and the “Conglomerate” country. He had a loaded double gun, and they did not molest him; there were about

70 of them. He told some travelling Chinamen to "look out for squalls," but they believed him not. A little further on, Martell met Corbett riding and leading pack horses, one with a bell on its neck (the latter intended to take his three little motherless bairns home to the old country, to leave with his relatives in Ireland), he asked Martell how much further it was to the top crossing place of the Robertson River, a tributary of the Gilbert, and Martell told him "sixteen miles." Corbett asked if there were water there, and Martell told him "yes, at the *mouth* of the river," and asked Corbett to camp for the night with him, as it was now 3.30 p.m., but Corbett said he must push on, and this was the last time a white man saw him alive. Next day, Martell was overtaken by a Chinaman, who asked him whether he had lost any of his horses, as he, the Chinaman, had seen some on the road, and one with a bell, and no one with them—two bay horses and a black one. This answered the description of Corbett's three, so, Martell reloaded his gun and retraced his route, and he had only travelled three miles, when he found the dead body of poor Corbett, lying on its back, on the left hand side of the track. His revolver was in the middle of the road, at his feet, two barrels still loaded, a saddle lying at his head, and his hat in the middle of the road. The horses were a mile away, one, with a very heavy pack on, and Martell took the lot to the police camp, at Western Creek, and fetched Doctor Bourke and Trooper Kinsale out with him to where the body lay. Some of the grass had been burnt, and the body a little moved, also the hat and saddle, since Martell was last there; the body was overrun with ants. The constable searched for the chattels, on the body, and found keys, penknife, papers, three rings on the fingers; the right hand pocket of the trowsers hung out as if rifled. *360 ounces of gold dust were strapped, in a belt, round the body, untouched.* Bengal tigers could not have spurned the gold more thoroughly than did these Gilbert blacks; and, this was what the trooper found. The doctor found a wound through the heart, travelling upwards in a slanting direction, *not* a bullet wound, or anything like it, but like a spear thrust, as from a person on foot, at one above him on horseback. The three little children were fatherless, now, as well as motherless (though not poor), and the black barbarians, who had killed their father, were too utterly savage to know what gold was, even in that land of gold, malachite and sardonyxes. They stole nothing beyond life, unless it might have been the dead man's tobacco from that reversed pocket. But, it is satisfactory to know that the native police and their carbines "accounted for them" soon afterwards.

FOLK LORE OF AUSTRALIA.

The veil that conceals, from the rest of the world, the accumulated bush craft experiences, which the observant and highly perceptive aboriginal races of Australia have been learning and piling up since creation, will never, now, be lifted. The race is dying, too fast, and at a time, too, when, with the whites, all is hurry and bustle, and no leisure for cultured pursuits, or patient enquiry seems available. One little corner of the curtain, however, I should like, here, to raise, and it reveals just enough to make one long for more, and to wish that the subject could be enlarged upon.

The vast shoals of mullet fish which swarm, northerly, up the east coast of Australia, in the autumn and winter, as if in search of warmer waters, and which pour into every bay and river as well, are well known. Strange to say the blacks found out, centuries ago, that, many weeks before a real good mullet season, in June, the "blue mountain" parrot, in March, is also unusually plentiful. This parrot has about as much apparent connection with the mullet fish, as Tenterden steeple has with the Goodwin sands. Yet, the omen never fails, for scanty parrots are followed, inevitably, by scarce fish; similarly the black magpie, crow-shrike, or butcher bird, is the sign for the blackfish; if no "churwung," then no "dingala," if plentiful the one, then plentiful the other. If the tailor fish is to be in full supply, then, the wattle tree must be in extra full bloom beforehand; if the blossoms be scanty, this fish will be conspicuous by its absence for that season. The crow-shrike in May heralds the bream in July. These rules are rigid, hard, and fast, and for seven years at a stretch, sometimes, the absence of the one fully guarantees the absence of the other. And, hey! presto! the next season gives us a return of both, in plenty, but always concurrent, and never divorced. And the wild hop plant (of all created things) is, when it flowers, the sure token that the oyster is, simultaneously, in the pink of condition for eating; so, this plant is called the "Kilyingan gilyural." Now, what *can* be the occult conditions of sea, air, earth, or sky, which affect at the same time, or season, the parrot and the mullet? and link inseparably the destinies of the mimosa tree and the tailor fish (not to continue the couplings)? No one, probably, ever will know. All that the aborigines, themselves, have learnt since the days of Adam is, that it *is* so. All one can do is to feel that the little corner of the veil thus lifted from the mysteries of nature only feeds, in place of satisfying, the appetite for information on the subject.

ALADDIN'S OPALS.

The opal and the agate are the two special stones in which Queensland challenges the world. The latter occurs free, and quite naturally so, only in the bed of a stream. The opal is generally found, best in quality, in the most desolate country, far from water and, at times, even from grass, in the sites of extinct geysers and other volcanic aqueous outlets. In one place you find sandstone blocks, pierced from side to side with "pipes" of it, thick as a pencil, or, a small ruler, of the most perfect opal, rich in every colour of the rainbow, or humming bird, provided you cut the stone, across the grain, with the edge or end to the front, or as rashers are cut, crossways, from a side of bacon. And, in no other way can the true effect of the gem be drawn out, or its matchless colours preserved in full force. The good opal country extends from about Winton, in Central Queensland, south west, to Cooper's Creek, on the borders of South Australia, and each locality appears to produce a different kind of opal. Thus, in the Paroo and Bulloo country there is a blue opal of indescribable loveliness, to which no sapphire can approach. And, at Keroongooloo, near the South Australian border, you can dig into a hill and get out what look like flattened cocoanuts, or, enlarged brown crab shells. Split those open and you find the shell as thick, and as brown as a cocoonut shell, only mineral in place of vegetable, in its origin and contents; inside this shell, is a softer, paler, but still solid, yellow cement, traversing which, in every direction, are thick and thin flat veins of opal, fit for Aladdin's basket. Some, thick enough to yield (and with the edge to the front) perfect lovely opals of the size of large Barcelona nuts, flaming with every tint, down to veins of only the gauge of hemp seeds. On the upper Barcoo the veins are thin, and of no jewel value. On the lower Barcoo, they are got much thicker; some, full of minute sparks of colour, which come, and go, and change; the red to green, the green to red, that which *was* blue is now yellow, and the yellow is, anon, blue. Ever flashing and changing till one can almost fancy that these gems enshrine the living souls of dead and gone Parsees and fire worshippers, detained in limbo till the day of the archangel, ever on the move and sparkling with the fire which they so adored and appreciated, when in the grosser flesh.

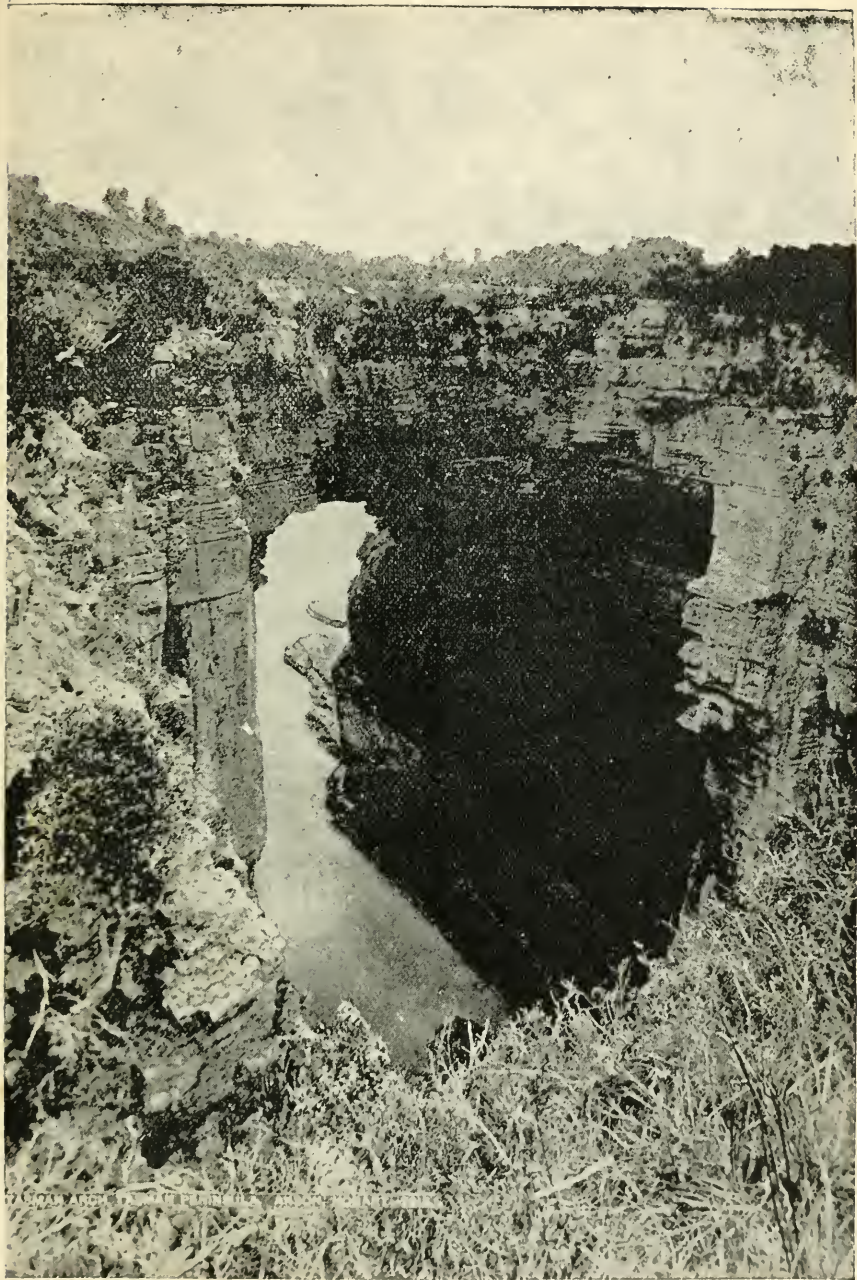
Away to the north east, on the Diamantina, there is found the true flame coloured opal, in thick veins and solid lumps, free from the brown matrix, all blazing and gleaming with yellow glowing fire, such as were found in rare gems in Hungary after the siege of Troy. This is the rarest, and should be the most valuable variety ; but, the Paroo blue is the most unique to European eyes. Here we have a piece of brown matrix, like a fig of Turkey tobacco, and from crevices in it, here and there, flash out sparks of flame (sparks and no more) that light up the dull brown like the embers of a fire stirred with the breeze. Here is another : It looks green, like a humming bird : Yes ! But move it and where is now the green ? It has become a deep metallic brilliant red, flecked with small streaks of more than sapphire blue. Here is another whose face is divided into little patchwork devices of flame, blue, and green colours, all of full metallic lustre. Another wears a dainty creaminess all over it, beneath which burn the red fires that ever glint and glow through its delicate skin, but never consume it. Some, with the aid of no colour, beyond an intense vivid green, in places set off by paler, darker, or duller phases of the same hue, rise to the rank of a high-class gem. Here is a dull piece of plain chalcedonic flint, of a weak milk and water hue ; but, it carries in its heart, seen deep down, when you move it, a slice like a dew drop, and cut, apparently, out of a prism, or rainbow. Here, is another, all blues and greens, but, *such* blues and greens ; a gem, in itself, without the aid of any red or yellow. So much for some of them only, for I cannot describe them all, as they crop out of the trachytic conglomerates of Western Queensland. A gorgeous, and in some specimens, almost priceless gem in its varied hues and shades of purple, green, ruby, amber, blue, orange, and other florescent fires. A stone, very like the rubellite, or red tourmaline, occurs near Nanango, in South Queensland ; gems from which, when cut *en cabochon* look deep red lengthways, and yellowish red sideways, and flash, brilliant as a live coal, in the rays of a westering sun.

Strange and wondrous superstitions pertain to the opal, that stone of glorious beauty, where the hues of heaven lie deep (and changeful as the kaleidoscope) in the heart of the hydrous flint. It is said that an opal—surely not of this world but of some other planet, or system—of mammoth size, rules the stars in their courses, presides over the destiny of the gold in the mine, guides the love of woman, and dictates the shedding of human blood. Beauty, to the superstitious mind, is naturally associated with power ; but why, thus, with cruelty ?

WHAT THE WILD WAVES WERE SAYING.

In the year 1872, when, for the first time since 1858 and 1861, I stayed there, Sandgate (Q.) had grown, and in the winter I had a bad cold, caught at the time of the maddening tin fever of the period, when the amber and black crystals of cassiterite, of 70 per cent. purity, from the 3,000 feet Highlands of Stanthorpe, drove Greville's Rooms and Sydney Exchange brokers into a frenzy of delight (rivalling that of the simultaneous Hill End gold, and Peak Downs-copper, mania) and hand rubbing, at the prospective fortunes in store for them, and all skilful operators, who could "bull" and "bear," each in their allotted season. So, to cure this cold, I hied me to the hospitable home of jolly Frank Raymond, of the "Sandgate Hotel," and, over a steaming glass of "Burnett's Old Tom," with lemon and sugar, and by a cheerful fire, necessitated by the "shrewd" winds "of the period," I listened then—as I often do now—through the closed door and windows, to "what the wild waves were saying;" and how they *did* discourse and babble to us, in their own universal language, about the former travels of some friends; about the old woman who used to sell the polished pebbles at Scarborough; of the consumptive curate, with his splendidly handsome and healthy sister and nurse (in one) at Biarritz; of the lovely oysters and the pretty milliners at Dieppe; of the heiress at old Bournemouth, who was so quiet and demure, and proved to be no heiress, after all; of the natty fishwives of Calais; of the "cavalry officer," who was always so lucky at loo, at Brighton; of the plentiful mackerel on the beach at Boulogne, shot from the hold of the fishing smacks.

Memories upon memories do these same wild waves conjure up, and no wonder, for who shall say where this particular cubic yard of salt water which has just splashed over us, who shall say where it was, or what it was doing, six months, or six years, ago. Ask Maury and Fitzroy, enquire of the sealed bottles, with paper inside



TASMAN'S ARCH, A ROCK BRIDGE BY THE SEA, NEAR EAGLE HAWK NECK,
ON THE TASMANIAN COAST; 200 FEET HIGH AND WIDE.

(By Permission of Mr. Beattie, Hobart).

of them, which perform these eccentric and solitary voyages from decks of beech to beaches of sand. This very identical cubic yard of water was, perchance, a year ago, helping to buoy up some amber-haired sea nymph, some Musidora divested of chignon, "improver," and E.S. M.H. kid boots, as she disported herself on the green wave of cockney Ramsgate; the sea water goes everywhere in turn, and, unlike the land, is ever on the move, and perpetually on the visit—and, therefore, we have every respect for the wild wave, and its extensive experience, and varied travel, and so we always listen deferentially to what it is saying, and try all we can to gather its murmured meaning. Hark! now.

"My skiff is by the shore, and my barque is on the sea, and I'll be true to you, if you'll be true to me," and so forth. Rare old songs of bygone days! ye send a tidal wave of sadness o'er my spirits, and Sandgate is all too modern for my theme to-day. Beautiful sea shells, that never grow old, the same on the shore now as ye were in the gilded galley days of Antony and Cleopatra by the Mediterranean; even the sight of you moistens my eyes also, and I must needs discourse of old memories only this time. Shall I prate of the pretty shells and shores of Rose Bay, Port Jackson, in the days when Vacluse was inhabited, and when Billy Wentworth, and Bobby Towns, and Ben Boyd were in their prime? When the old Bank of New South Wales stood on the opposite side of George street, Sydney, and when whale oil and whalebone, in place of gold, were exported from Australia in the olden days, before the golden ones? and when the hardy muscle of the "cornstalk" lads was expended on steer oars, harpoons, and lines, instead of on gads and picks, in the deep shaft and dark tunnel of the mine? and when alternate relays of lucky whalers and lucky "bullockers" in the old Port Phillip cattle shipping trade, used to gladden the heart of Gipsy Poll in her noisy little hostelry, redolent of rum and lemons, hot water and sugar, cutty pipes and Barrett's twist, with its cosy fires and warm back parlors in the venerable little Hobart Town street of blessed memory? And are the modern days so very much better than these old ones—*Quien sabe?*

No! I will *not* prate even of old Sydney, but hie me further still from Sandgate, further south, away past New South Wales, with its wide pastoral domains, like unto Aroer that is by the river Arnon, even until thou comest to Shur. Past the lordly stations of Sihon, the King of the Amorites, who dwells at Heshibon, and sits in the nominee Upper House, in Macquarie street, Sydney; and past the sheep-dotted principality of Og, the King of Pashan, whose white

waistcoat may be seen in the window of the Australian Club, in Bent street, and who is lord, also, of all the springs of Pisgah. Yes, I will fly on the wings of the spirit past all the dark Idumean mountains, and Judean plains of New South Wales, the modern Palestine, with her cattle on a thousand hills; past the emerald rollers and sea-green waves of Cape Howe, till I sight the Swan Island Lighthouse, and rest my wings, and brood at last, over that sunny isle, in the sweet southern sea, which Abel Jansen Tasman, hailing from Rotterdam, or thereaway, and pluckily sailing along in the stout ship "Heemskirk," far from his dear native home, on a soft midsummer day, November 27, in the good old Puritan year of grace 1642, did suddenly "spot," right in front of his bluff Dutch bows. How he must have "donner and blitzen"-ed! and taken his beloved pipe from his mouth; what time the sniffing breeze flapped out his baggy breeches, and what a tale he'd have to tell to his friend Vanderdecken when he got home again, for it was a greater discovery even than Hendrick Hudson had made 35 years before. Well, the honest good Dutchman thought first of his beloved sweetheart, his master's plump and pretty daughter, Frau Maria Van Diemen, and he christened the new island after her. By the way, he married her afterwards, and I have often wondered whether she henpecked him. I daresay she did; if I were a betting man, now, I should say it was about 7 to 5 that she did. Ah, well! however, it comes to much the same thing now, as they are both but dust; for these things happened in the days when they burnt witches in England, and Paul's Cross stood in the City, and men wore peaked hats and short cloaks, and the great fire had not yet removed old, narrow-laned, picturesque, dirty London from view; and doubtless the fair Maria sat shivering with winter's cold, and clasping her knees before the Dutch stove and tiles, praying for her handsome, absent, gentlemanly Abel, whom she might, haply, never see again; this, too, at the very time when he, under the summer sun of the antipodes, was finding an island to bear her name and his for ever.

Well, I like, nay—love that same island; and, in days to come, when other bards within these dells shall sound the praise of evening bells, there will surely arise some son of song—some Washington Irving of the future—who shall give to the sweet hills of the Derwent—so like to Thirlmere and Helvellyn—their full due of ghostly fame, even as did he who created Rip Van Winkle on the deathless Kaatskills; for, are there no elfin gnomes, no spirits of the deep mine, no fairy-haunted nooks, no wood demons in the country

between the Derwent and Marion Bay? Dost think that the convicts frightened them all away? Don't you believe it, my boy. I'm no judge of spirit-haunted country, if that's the case. The dryads, the fauns, the satyrs, the naiads, the kelpies, and the wood-nymphs know a favourable spot too well to pass this over. Look at that limpid "Coal river," coming from the dun-brown ranges of Sorell and Pittwater—deep, narrow, and rapid, and full of fish. Look at the Huon, below the Gum Tree Hills. Look at that thousand-foot cliff which overhangs the winding Derwent, near Risdon and Rosny; and see where the dark "Dromedary" (sacred to the eaglehawks' nests) stares the mountain of Glenorchy full in the face across the valleys of Brighton and Bridgewater—oh, for the tongue of Ossian to sing of these! Lots of fairies there, my boy. And oh! dear, how hungry I am with my long flight through the fresh air! and how thirsty after the long dry yarn I've been spinning. Let us make for yonder farm-house, with the pretty haystacks nestling under the dark green trees, stretching upward and backward to the snow line, which comes down the gullies just like Honiton lace on green velvet. Let's bail them up for a feed right away. Did you ever see such a hawthorn hedge; such red and white moss roses; such gigantic sweetbriars, and such a barn full of rosy fragrant apples? What a splendid horn of ale is this from Degraives' Brewery; and the home-made bread, with crust and crumb, alike, rich with the gluten fresh from a soil, virgin for a thousand years, with all its wealth of silica and loam, unplundered and unpampered alike. There is no bread like that, save in Spain. And the bacon, that ate the barley and drank the milk, in life, and is now streaky and divine, and pyroligneous, in death; and the butter, all mottled and hard, and a nosegay for the gods. Oh, Queensland! what are thy rum and molasses, thy pineapples and bananas, to these? This, this is the land to rear men and women and beeves in. And now, after a nip of that nutty sherry (which our gentleman-farmer host waited and watched many a year for, till the death of Viscount Pell Mell, down in the fair Sussex weald, set it free from that connoisseur nobleman's world-famed cellars, and sent it to auction) we will stroll forth and knock over a rabbit or two, and then come back to see the Arab hunter Hadji Baba in the stable, and have a "crack," too, about the good old days when Green Ponds and "Corra Linn" were the most "dangerous stables" in Australia, and when Swordsman and Shadow were the blue blood of the turf, in the Southern Hemisphere, in the times when Flemington and Randwick had not even been dreamt of, and when Van

Diemen's Land could run Port Phillip out of sight in horse racing.

And then, some music in the evening—harp and piano—by the two fresh, young, muslin-clothed, white-handed, bronze-slipped daughters of the house; and eke a game of chess with our host, using those curious Chinese carved men, which came over, years ago, in Askin Morrison's (or, was it Lavington Roope) tea-ship, from Hong-kong to Hobart Town; and then, supper of cold capon and rare ham, and more of that scented sherry (none like it in all New Holland), and a fine beetroot, of marvellous odour; and then to bed, in the best spare room, panelled with fragrant cedar and rich Huon pine; and so (as Sam Pepys would say) to sleep, and to quaint old dreams; and to wake up, alas!—in Brisbane, or Sandgate. But such must ever be the fate of those who dream.

THE BRISBANE BOTANIC GARDENS.

When a thoughtful and appreciative visitor enters a garden like the Brisbane Botanical one, the lines that would, naturally, rise to his lips, at the sight of some of the trees, would be,

“These be Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Thyself how wondrous then!”

And what else could be expected? when he finds himself at an arboreal gathering, where Mexico strives with Java, and Madagascar competes with Brazil—all giant candidates—as to who shall bear off the palm for beauty and supremacy? for there is no wilderness, or jungle, in any one of those places, or the wide world itself, that can show the united results seen in a garden like this of Brisbane, in its “kindly” climate, where the gorse and the cinnamon flourish like brothers, side by side, on a bed. Pleasant is this competition of the flowers, pleasant to the *connoisseur*, as when, in music, 40 years ago, Grisi and Alboni would blend their dulcet voices in some thrilling duet, where each strove to surpass her mellifluous rival, and failed, but failed most deliciously, as far as the enrapt hearers were concerned.

And so it is, when the *Poinciana regia*, of Madagascar, defies, as 'twere, the *Jacaranda* of Brazil to “take the flure,” and compete for a challenge prize; or the *Plumeria* of Java throws down the gauntlet (metaphorically) to the Tecomas and orchids of glorious Mexico.

What mortal shall presume to decide between the delicious green and fern-like foliage, combined with red, white, and yellow flecked flowers, like a giant geranium—of the *Poinciana regia* on the one hand, and the almost equally mimosa-like (not to say lycopodium-like) leafage, with its exquisite pendant bunches, of scolloped lilac bells—of the great rival *Jacaranda*, from Brazil? a mountain of blue, even as the Madagascar tree is a mountain of scarlet, when seen in the distance.

One feels hushed in reverential awe when this Madagascar Titan of the flower world stands before us, arrayed in summer glory. In order to realize it you must take an English oak, of full growth, but, let the leaves be replaced by others, of the most tender tints and feathery form, of the club moss. Then, make the top in the shape of a low dome, like a 50 foot wide umbrella, of shade and spreading verdure, and, bursting through all this verdancy, imagine numerous sprays, 12 feet in length, and three feet in width, of the most magnificent scarlet flowers, flecked on one petal only, with yellow and white, the other petals all scarlet; all minor hues being merged, at a short distance, in the universal scarlet and green, both of which are monarch tints in their respective class. Taken altogether, in its gigantic spread, its graceful form, and matchless hues, I think that the *Poinciana regia*, when in full bloom, in the second week of the torrid December of the southern tropic, takes the prize and verdict from all vegetable nature, no matter what, when, or where; and, even if it bore no flower at all, it would still be one of the most beautiful trees in the world. The exquisite green, and the feathery grace of its foliage, the contrast between its branching arms and the rounded shady canopy of its contour, would, alone, stamp it as unsurpassable. But, when to this is added the superb scarlet and dapple of its flower petals, throwing up, and thrown up by, the emerald hue, then the enchantment is complete, and it is a tree fit to worship, when it greets the sun (who gives it life) in all the colours and beauty of the most delicate pot plant, but, with the latter's dwarfish physique expanded into the *personnel* of a giant forest tree. This, and other beauties, from Guadaloupe, Ceylon, and elsewhere, fraternizing in the Brisbane Gardens with the humble tansy and furze from the commons, or breezy "downs," and green lanes of old England's shires, all tend to bespeak a kindly neutral climate, where beneficent Dame Nature assembles in her hospitable drawing room, floral visitors from all parts of the globe; and, what is more, manages to make them all feel "at home" too! Nor does the list of her social triumphs end here, for Sierra Leone and Lima,

Owhyhee and Nepaul, Caffraria and North Carolina, China and Honduras, Rio and the Azores, are all "hobnobbing" together, in a place, where the elephant and tiger, the anaconda and humming bird, could each meet with their favorite coverts and feel quite domesticated as far as the botany was concerned.

A friendly battle goes on unceasingly between the flowers of the tropical and temperate zones, as to which shall most fill the air with fragrance, the *allamandas*, *francisceas*, *martynias*, *galphimias*, and *plumerias*, strive to drown the odours of the sweetbriar, mignonette, heliotrope, lavender, rose, gorse, pansy and violet; but, after all, only succeed in "mixing it," while the *chionanthus*, of Japan, the *viburnum*, the *rhynchospermum* of China, and the Indian hawthorn, add their mite to the general stock; each blooming on, careless of spectators, but fulfilling its allotted task in the world.

One advantage of a climate like that of Brisbane is that, though not in the tropics, the cottage of the poorest mechanic can be adorned with flowers and creepers of a class which no duke in England can have, outside of his hot-house. Look at such beauties as the *epiphyllum* (I think that is the name; it is that ribbon-like, drooping, cactus which I mean), and the *anthurium*, and the *cyrtodeira fulgida*. And, as it would be a shame to quote these horrid unmeaning names, without, at the same time, describing the flowers, I proceed to do the latter. First, for the *epiphyllum*: This, if grafted on the *cereus* give us a pile, a tower, of light red blossoms, lovelier than all the azaleas and rhododendrons that ever grew on the mountains, lovelier than such geraniums even as the "Rob Roy," "Nimrod," "Cicely," and "Cynthia," are. Then, for the *anthurium*: One kind has, a big leaf of striped pale green and dark green velvet, from which projects a delicate, bright red, coral stem, like a snake, on which is an oval pad of the same colour (only in plush), and ending in a little spiral taper worm of the same colour. This gentleman hails, from Brazil, I believe, as does also the *Cattleya Gaskelliana*, an orchid, in magenta and yellow, with all the odour, and more than all the beauty of the "blue flag" (iris) of the English gardens. And, the *cyrtodeira* can be imagined, by picturing a red geranium, whose leaves are velvet, of brown and green hues, and its flowers of plush. You can have all those, and more like them, in Brisbane, for—what these delicate creatures ask for, is, not so much the heat, as for the absence of (to them) detestable cold.

And shall we talk of the divine orchids of Santa Fé and New Mexico? of the *saccolabium* and its mates of other lands? or shall

we plunder the jungles of Malacca, and its islands, for more of their princely peers of the same genus? There is no time for it. Pass we on to the Queensland water-lilies. The *Nelumbium* and *Nymphaea*, before whose beauty the lotus of the Nile, and the *Victoria Regia* of the Orinoco, must, alike, bow their heads (even though bigger ones). Ah! Why did Watteau not live long enough, on earth, to paint, with his shepherdesses, the *Nymphaea gigantea* of Queensland? What a finish its indescribable tint—which is neither blue, lilac, mauve, nor violet, but a “something more exquisite still”—would have given to his pictures! And neither he, nor any one, could hope to describe, in words, its ambrosial odour, compounded of the very essence of the refreshing water brooks, and all that is pure in aquatic life. This flower was well and ably figured in a jubilee offering, from the ladies of Queensland, to Her Majesty, of England, with its eight-inch, yellow-centre, flowers, its floating air-cell leaves, in the sun-heated tepid lagoons, where it best loves to dwell. And, for the pink *nelumbium*, what shall we say? It has not the calm floating leaves, nor the innate beauty, of its already described sister, for they stand up out of the water, and its aniseed odour would not be so pleasant to some, as that of the champion waterlily of the world, the so-called “blue” Queenslander. But what, after all, do I say? *Que voulez vous?* Watch the *nelumbium*, during a shower of rain (the flower that bears the name of Leichhardt, I mean), see the cup-like leaves catch the crystal drops, which roll, like pellets of silver, glittering to the central reservoir, till the increasing weight bends the delicate stem, which, when it can bear its burden no longer, pours the offering with a bowed and graceful, not to say grateful, movement, into the lagoon, and rises at once, to receive a fresh supply from the clouds, to be disposed of as before. The ceaseless plash, during a summer shower, the continuous bowing—as if they worshipped the Giver of the rain—of these leaves, the perpetual movement, in all directions, of the cup-like leaves with their liquid burdens, the vivid and contrasted green, silver, and pink, that so well set each other off, alike proclaim the Designer of their beauties.

But we have “our failures,” also, in the gardens; the British oak is *not* a success, being what “brother Jonathan” would call “kinder dwarfish”; while, in Sydney, it grows into a noble tree. But we have our little revenge in the bamboo, which, a stunted starveling, as developed in Sydney, becomes a lofty, drooping, feather-topped, graceful thicket in congenial Brisbane, 500 miles nearer the equator. And, in these gardens its soothing, rustling, *susurrus*, on a warm,

breezy, afternoon, would send the most confirmed drinker of green tea into sweet slumber under its giant shade, 90 feet high.

The *Lagerstræmias*, of Hindostan, form a many-tinted group amongst the larger flowering trees, and are of a beauty indescribable, ringing and ranging the whole gamut of the peach-bloom variations in colour. The huge *Acacia Lebecki* throws out arms from stems, that rival and surpass the historic beeches of Knockholt and Burnham. And, for the smaller "side shows"—do you want colour? then try the leaf and flower of the *Petræa volubilis*, a Guadalupe creeper (a charming pale blue) for hat, or Parisian bonnet adornment; or, is scent your object? then "go for" the *Martynia fragrans*, the *Murraya exotica*, the *Carissa* of the Cape, or the *Acacia odorata*, the *Galphimia glauca* of Mexico, or the frangipanni, the sacred tomb-flower of Java, in which lurks the snow white spider who does the sucking honey-bee to death; or the Natal plum and the *Acacia Horrida* of the Cape, which each carry a perfume not to be despised.

The *Barkleya seringifolia*, a Queensland native tree, has its dark green foliage set off by a copious bearing yellow flower, which droops in wavy cascades, like the falling golden serpents seen in a first-class pyrotechnic display, and it has a scent which is tonic and not sickly, and is as sweet as the wattle or ti-tree bloom, in its way. Out upon your magnolias and gardenias (say I) when the white moss rose and purple lilac, when the cowslip, wall flower and the bean bloom, are "about." And, speaking of this, it is surprising how the perfume of some English flowers is exactly reproduced by tropical ones. The wall flower scent is imitated, "to the fraction of a sniff," by a South African acacia, and the *Franciscea* of Brazil, a lovely shrub of blue, white, and purple flowers, combines the odour of the orange bloom with that of a distant bean field in full flower. I will not dwell on the beautiful palms, *Seaforthia*, and *Cocos plumosa*, and others, such as the wine palm of Africa, which grace these gardens, for my heart is not with them. I am European, and prefer the lavender of Mitcham, and the thyme of Picardy, to the most stately of them all. Still, one must bow to the beauty of the tropic plants which I have enumerated, and, while we admire the grandeur of the trees, we learn a lesson from their humility, in that they live, and flourish, in obedience to "THAT" which the Red Sea saw when it "fled;" and the Jordan, when it was "driven back;" for, as old Amos, the herdman of Tekoa, says, c. iv., v. 13:—

"Who is He that lifts the mountains?
 Man's immortal soul creates?
 Earth's deep fires and ceaseless fountains?
 Subtlest thought anticipates?"

Who Aurora's lustre graces ?
 Gives black night alternate claim ?
 Binds the Sun-Stars in their places ?
 ' JAH JEHOVAH ' is His Name."

THE GENIUS OF AUSTRALIA.

And where doth the haunting spirit and ruling genius of weird Australia abide, and have her resting place? for it must needs be that she have such a one. Is not England the home and haunt of the beech glade and fox covert? and America the land of the maple wood and waterfall? So where, and with whom, doth the Australian guardian fairy dwell, in that strange land, where the *fiat* of the Creator ordained that all animals, from the pre-adamite lion to the rat, should wear the pouched livery of the marsupial clan? There is "Warrigal Joe," now, the stockman, who searches in these "eerie" ravines of the Warrabungle Mountains, by the Castlereagh River. One would think that *he* might have revelations. Not so; the wretch has never an idea beyond new run and "clean skins," *alias* unbranded calves. Then there is the manager of the Ali Baba Bank, who "streaks" down the street in an acre, more or less, of black broadcloth. *He* will tell you that *he* knows all about Australia, and her "account." Believe him not; she does not know him; he is but an excrescence on Her in his one-sided views of the fresh world of New Holland. Perhaps the little child, who went up the hill in that touching scene in "Geoffrey Hamlyn," with the baby bear in his arms, and never came down alive, may have seen Her; or She may reveal Herself, to the maid who milks the early cow on the slopes of the Upper Macedon, but we cannot be certain. We only know of one who has seen Her, and that is the native Australian girl of the better and more disciplined class—the purest patriot on this earth. You have only to take her from her sunny native land, and set her down in cold England, and the Spirit of Australia is at once revealed to *her*, for she realizes what she has *lost*. Talk not to *her* of good King Alfred, or *piquante* Nell Gwynne. She would give *all* that England ever held, or ever will hold, in stately Windsor, or hoary Westminster, for two short hours, once more, under the Southern Cross and Magellan clouds. Tell her not of the wise men, and beautiful women, in that cold north land, with its moles and smock-frocks; she would only wearily shiver, and long

for the clime where the pineapple ripens with no cover but the sky ; and, if you keep her too long away from it, she, and her pretty little Gulf-finches, would die, as surely as the South Carolina girl, and her mocking bird, did, in dark, chill, Bloomsbury, long ago.

It is amongst these girls that we must look for the Spirit of Australia. It, certainly, rested, once, with a good man, who died, and left it in his will that there should be no black, or sadness, at his funeral, but that he should be followed to the tomb by young and engaged couples, bearing fresh flowers, and to whom he left a legacy each ; for he recognised the Life that ever springs from death, and *he* knew that the unselfish grain of wheat—that dies, and is content to die, in the earth—is the one that brings forth much fruit, and renewed life. Australia's Genius was with him, no doubt.

AUSTRALIAN SHELLS, BUTTERFLIES, &c.

The collecting of sea shells is a pursuit which, happily, does not lead one into pestiferous swamps, or dangerous jungles, as the quest of bird, flower, and insect, will sometimes do. It is a healthy pastime, and can be carried on amid pleasant surroundings. Viewed with an artist's eye, there is nothing more beautiful, and classically pure, in form and colour, than some varieties of the sea shell ; and, conspicuous amongst Australian marine shells, appear the great and beautiful family of the "cones," so called from their shape, which tapers, as a universal rule, but at a variety of angles, from base to apex, the colours and markings being very beautiful.

The bivalve *tridacna*, or clam family, with its serrated edges, ranges from a tiny double shell up to the mammoths of the coral reefs—four of them to the ton. The snail, or *helix*, of Australia differs much from the snail of England. It is not round in form, but resembles a long tapering trumpet, coiled up flat, with the small end in the middle ; but it is never so beautiful as the *helix superba*, of Ceylon, which possesses all the vivid colour, and translucent effect, of a well-polished oriental agate stone.

The *cytherea impar*, of Western Australia, is a handsome shell, and the *venus* is an eccentric and beautiful bivalve, as is, also, the *Tellina*, pink inside and white outside. The *Haliotis*, or "ear-shell," pierced with round holes near the edge, pearl inside and pink outside, varies in size from the tiny Tasmanian, to the great West Aus-

tralian; plenty of these and the *Cypræa* are "walked off" from the beaches of East Australia to deck the mantelpieces at lordly sheep stations, hidden away inland amongst the dark mountains of the Main Range, where they serve to recall bygone holidays at the sea shore. The *Haliotis assinum*, from Port Denison, in Queensland, is so exceptionally pretty that it is a pity it is not exceptionally rare, also. The *elenchus* is a family of shells, with lovely iridescence in the inside, and it is used for earrings. It occurs in Western Port, Victoria, and in Tasmania, the latter variety being smaller, and a beautiful form of it is found in Botany Bay. The *delphinula* is what a novice would call a spiral, curled-up shell, and it possesses all the external elaboration of beauty in form which is found in a white coral branch. The *cerithium telescopium* is a very curious, spike-shaped, conical shell; and the *turritella* is, also, very graceful.

The great *cypræa*, or "Cowry" family, runs the whole length of vast Australia, the prettiest, perhaps, being the *cypræa argus*, or peacock cowry, from Port Denison, and the *cypræa arabica*, which is common to Moreton Bay, Port Denison, and Cape York.

To assign the prize to the best representative of the *conus* tribe, before alluded to, is a task indeed; but supremacy, perhaps, lies between four of them—namely, the tessellated *conus* from Port Denison; the striated one, from the same waters; the other two champions being the *C. textili*, and the *C. marmoreus*. The *terebra maculata*, from Moreton Island, is an elegant, and almost needle-like, cone-shaped shell. The *voluta* tribe form a handsome genus, almost rivalling the cones, and with zebra-like, and other markings, of great beauty. The *ianthina* is a purple shell, of delicate colour, and fragile form, looking imperial and conspicuous amongst its humbler associates on the sea beach.

The Australian land shells are a homely looking lot, in point of colouring, by the side of the scions of foreign countries, such as the *helix wallacei*, from the Aru Islands, with its glowing canary yellow; the *helix aphrodite*, of a splendid transparent pale amber, with dead white raised edges; and the *helix picta*, or "painted snail," from the island of Cuba (which last is adorned with purple, golden, and white stripes). These are all far ahead of the Australians, in beauty, as is, also, the already named Cingalese *H. Superba*.

For comparison with the Australian cones, the *conus episcopus* has most exquisite chocolate and dead white markings, and the *terebra*, from the Solomon Islands, is gloriously beautiful. The *mitra* is a handsome family of shells, akin to the *voluta* in appearance, and the genus *oliva* is a rival to the cones in elaborate beauty

of pattern and form. The *helix*, of Australia, has the merit of rarity, if not of beauty, and, amongst its varieties, are the H. *Bellendenkeri*, *Morosa*, *Coxenæ*, &c.

Passing from shells to butterflies, the *ornithoptera*, with golden bodies and gorgeous metallic green and black wings, are the same in Brisbane as in the Sunda Islands, as regards lovely colour, but have not the huge size. The *papilio* tribe, whose *habitat* is from Cardwell to New Guinea, show a broad patch of deep aquamarine tint, blue, shading into green, with a well-defined black border, and a singular black tail to each wing. More eccentric still, in appearance, but less beautiful, is the *P. Leosthenes*, from the same latitudes. The *Lycenidæ*, of Northern Queensland, show a perfectly opaline lustre, in intense blue and green, most beautiful to see, either in sunbeam or shade; and there is a smaller one of the same, with a delicate, silvery sheen on its wings. The *sphinges*, or "hawk moths," are plentiful in North Queensland. The *Agarista*, one of the *Uranidæ* family exhibits (like Joseph) a gorgeous coat of many colours; they are natives of Brisbane. The *Bombycidæ*, large, and handsome brown moths, are Queenslanders, and have a most extraordinary transparent pane, like glass, in the middle of their wings, and are sometimes called the "window moth," in consequence; they come from Cape York, and often measure ten inches across. The beautifully marked orange and black moths (the *ophideres*) suck the oranges, after that a vermin bug has duly perforated the fruit; they are found in Brisbane, as is, also, a lovely little moth, of a "chintz pattern" in plush or velvet, a *Geometrida*. An American *papilio*, smaller than the Queensland ones, has a black velvet wing, dotted, or dusted, all over with brilliant emerald green, and on each wing is a well-defined opal spot, green, or blue, as the angle of the light may be. North Queensland possesses a butterfly, also, which is best described by stating that it blends the finest iridescent purple, black, and green metallic tints, which shade and pass into each other in a way that combines the hues of the rainbow with the glories of the humming bird and opal, not forgetting a strong likeness to the tail of the peacock of Ava, and they need to be seen to be believed in.

SUN CHIPS.

During the greater part of my life in Australia, the collection of one particular form of mineral specimens has been a favourite pursuit of mine, and had a fascination for me. I allude to specimens

which show free, visible, and tangible gold, in rocks and ores, which are not usually supposed to carry any of it. Since the time when the spectrum analysis has revealed the fact that iron, sodium, and other metals and minerals exist in the sun, in a state of fusion and vapour, the search for these Australian and Queensland specimens has acquired more interest. This earth is, evidently, a partially cooled and hardened fragment from the great incandescent and vapourous sun, where metals boil and burn, till their steam, so to speak, rises; and the very same metals in some respects, too, as we have here, ready to hand, cool, hard, useful, and tangible, in Australia and elsewhere. And perhaps, also, ours are the best specimens extant, in our system, of cooled fragments of the great Sun. What Mars, Venus, and Mercury may hold, we know not, either in the ways of rocks, metals, or people to use them. All we know is that, in our planet called "the Earth," its people have, *inter alia*, decided that the metal called gold shall, because it is the heaviest and least destructible, be a standard of value. And so it has come to be the cause of much evil and of much good, according as covetousness and greed, or benevolent good will, have actuated the strivers after, and the possessors of it. A dead and inorganic metal has thus swayed the lives of reasoning and living people to an extent incalculable since the world began. Minerals (which carry gold in Eastern Australia) are known to exist in the sun, so that, gold, in or out of the form of vapour, *must*, in some proportion, be present there also. It is said that the stars influence our destinies. Here is a proof of it, and not merely supernaturally influencing, but actually and materially doing so. Here, in the great sun-star, is a fused, or vapourous, metal, harmless there, and harmless here, also, to fish, birds, and animals, who know it not, but potent beyond description, for good and for evil, in ancient and modern human institutions. And Australia appears to be the least changed, from its original state, of all the surface-cooled chips, or fragments, which have been hurled out of the sun to form this earth. And, if not so, how comes Australia alone to contain, alive and well, such forms of, long since elsewhere, bygone life as the *ceratodus* and *platypus*? And all this being so is the reason why these cooled "sun chips," which are found in Eastern Australia, have such a fascination for me. I never look at one of these wonderful blendings of iron, sulphur, gold, copper, lead, carbon, &c., where the gold nestles in and peeps out from the malachite, azurite, cerussite, chrysocholla, hæmatite, chalcopyrite, mispickel, antimony, schorl, galena, mimetene, bismuthite, from granite, lava, basalt, limestone, spar, porphyry, silurian shale, horn-

blende, slate, nay even in the hardened debris thrown up by the hot water springs of New Zealand—none of these ever come in front of my eye and the lens—without my feeling that I am privileged to see a bit of handiwork, in smelting and welding, that was made—that I am privileged to read a book that was written—privileged to learn a lesson that was prepared—in the far unfathomable Past, before this world began to revolve, and, so I am apt to forget all else when I gaze at one of these fragments of wonderland, in a universe where the tape measure and steelyard are not the only standards, and where the spirit alone can grasp the immensity. The hot water springs of New Zealand not only throw up the sulphuret of mercury (cinnabar), but also, curious gold concretions; one, which I had, was divided outside into “septs” or cells, as a pineapple surface is into little eminences. These cells were all lined with crystal quartz, and some of them contained only lava, and some of them were filled with tiny leaves and fibres of gold, much alloyed with silver, and worth, perhaps, 45s. per ounce, the back of the specimen being simple sandstone.

AUSTRALIAN GUMS, OILS, TIMBERS, &c.

A list of the trees of Australia would show forth the “makings” of some noble spars, suitable for ship keels, railway bridges, pillars, and other purposes. Experiments have been tried with some of the hardwoods as to their stiffness under weight, both when applied endways, and across the line of the stem. In pieces of scantling, seven feet long and two inches square, it took from 700 lb. to 1,400 lb. hung in the centre, while the stick was supported at both ends, to break it; while weights varying from 300 lb. to 800 lb., similarly hung, caused deflection to the extent of from 1·125 inches up to 2·625 inches only, in the same pieces, which were elastic enough to recover their exact original shape on removal of the weights in question. The elasticity only suffered, when the suspended weight exceeded the amount named. These crucial tests will give a very fair idea of the stiffness and elasticity of our hardwoods, in Australia; and, with respect to fibrous adhesion, “interlocking,” or tensile strength, it was found, by squaring several various pieces of hardwood, turning them in the middle, and then squaring the centre again, down to quarter-inch each way, that it required, in various

pieces (according to their previous seasoning, or exposure, and their vicinity to the sapwood of the tree) weights to be suspended, ranging from $5\frac{1}{2}$ tons, up to 46 tons, to the *square inch*, to tear apart, endways, the interlocked fibres of these splendid hardwoods.

And this, too, not in selected pieces of timber, purposely seasoned for the object in view, but, in odds and ends. In old pieces of ships' keels, house rafters, of 20 years standing, posts, &c., which were operated upon, not because of their extra strength, or soundness, but, because their origin, age, nature of exposure, &c., could be more easily ascertained and vouched for, correctly, in connection with the experiments, than in the case of any finer looking, but unrecorded pieces. It would be interesting to compare the result of these experiments with those in Indian and European timbers, as set forth in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The specific gravity of the ironbarks and boxwoods, varies from 1.024 up to 1.124 in perfectly dried and seasoned specimens; while, the stringy bark, blue, and red gums, black butts, mahoganies, &c., range from 0.698 up to 0.990; the myall goes up to 1.124 in specific gravity; the *bauhinia*, we believe, would far exceed these in weight and density. And now, for the leaves, as well as the timber. The leaves yield essential oils, while gums and resin are derived from the wood. The oil is useful in the arts, in medicine and in perfumery; it burns well in lamps, and acts as a solvent upon resins and gums for varnish. Some species of eucalyptus will yield three pints of essential oil from 100 lb. of fresh leaves. It is, usually, the trees whose timber is of the least value, that give the most powerful essential oil from the leaves. The oil distilled from the leaves of the ironbark tree has a specific gravity of 0.923; its boils at 310° . It is a thin, limpid, pale yellow fluid, burning well, and with a white luminous flame in the lamp. One of the white gums yields an oil superior, in the intense white brilliancy of its flame, to any kerosine. The most powerfully solvent oils of the eucalypt will take up 23 ozs. (omitting decimals) of camphor to the imperial pint, 20 ozs. of resin, 17 ozs. of mastic, 11 ozs. of gum sandarac (Australian), seven ozs. of sandarac (foreign), 4.3 oz. of "dragon's blood," 2.8 oz. of benzoin, 1.94 oz. of copal, 1.74 oz. of amber, 1.16 oz. of shellac, 0.73 oz. of caoutchouc, and the same of bees' wax. But, it is quite inoperative on *gutta percha*. Eight ozs. of Kauri gum from New Zealand *dammara* trees, or 6.5 oz. of asphalt, or 6.8 of grass-tree gum, can be taken up by a pint of the essential oil of blue gum leaves. Some of these oils have the odour and flavour of the cajeput, some of the lemon, and, some even of the attar of roses, but are

acid in the mouth, though useful for rheumatism. The oil of the red gum boils at the low temperature of 280°.

The solvent powers of the *melaleuca* (or, ti-tree) oil differ but little from those of the gum tree oils. An imperial pint can take up 19 oz. of camphor, 15·8 of mastic, 10·2 of Kauri gum, 8·7 of foreign sandarac, 0·5 of *xanthorrhæa* (grass-tree) gum, 0·95 of shellac, 0·82 of copal, and, as usual, will not touch gutta percha. The oil of the sassafras (*atherosperma moschata*) is useful, like *digitalis*, in heart disease.

As regards the timber and spars procurable in Australia, when one mentions trees 200 feet on the lower stem and 64 in girth, it can be imagined what a class and range of utility in wood is to be met with. The small beech (*monotoca albeus*) is a useful wood for mallets, chisel handles, &c. The great white beech (the *vitea Leichhardtii*) is a noble tree, yielding a useful timber which never shrinks with drying, and is very suitable for ships decks, verandah floors, as close, and almost as white as marble. The ironbark (*eucalyptus sideroxyylon*) in the broad leaf, narrow leaf, and all varieties, is straight, tall, tough, dense, and "inlocked," giving spars of 120 feet by four feet thick, at times. It resists damp, and is not so quickly inflammable as pine. The boxwood (*eucalyptus leucoxyylon*) is softer and more workable. It rises 180 feet with a diameter of six feet at times; it is neither so hard, nor so durable, as iron bark. The blue gum grows to 120 feet by four feet, midway between the box and ironbark in hardness and durability. The "flooded gum" is useful for shipbuilding. The "blackbutt" rises to 150 feet, and has been found 14 feet in diameter at the base. Of medium density, it comes in for all kinds of work. The stringy bark (*E. fabrorum*) is an immense and widely useful eucalypt. The ti-tree is imperishable in wet positions for piles or fences. The "silky oak" (*a stenocarpus*) makes the best of coopers' staves for tallow casks. The great scrub *acacia*, or wattle, is an excellent, light, tough, wood, for axe handles, bullock yokes, &c. The *acacia pendula* is the scented myall or "violet wood," and the *acacia decurrens* yields the tanning bark.





THE CASCADE OF THE BARRON RIVER, TROPICAL QUEENSLAND ;
900 FEET WIDE, 700 FEET DEEP. AS SEEN IN DRY WEATHER.

(By Permission of Mr. J. J. Hogg, Brisbane).

THE CASCADE OF THE BARRON RIVER—TROPICAL QUEENSLAND.

Our planet contains some splendid waterfalls, amongst which the premier place has been generally assigned to Niagara, with its wide river, and its separate and magnificent cataracts, of some 1,800 feet, and 900 feet in width, and 150 feet deep, and which do not, after all, represent the whole width of the great river bed. A grand sight of natural force and beauty, which no earthly power can, for one moment, dam up or arrest, save the wizard spell of the ice king, who, in winter, seals it all up into a form of frosted loveliness, surpassing, in its stately calm, and charm of rest, the noisier beauty motion of its summer existence. Deeper, but narrow, cascades in California and New Zealand, Norway and Labrador, Tabiti and Nukuheva have charmed the lovers of scenery, and nearly all sing us the same song (in the words of a well-known poet),

“ Falling, falling, sleeping, leaping,
I am the child of the sun and the snow,
Seething, falling, ocean is calling,
Rolling along to its bosom I go.”

Every stone, fern, and shrub, every bed of moss, is baptised, glittering, weeping, and watery, near the borders of these aqueous examples of the eternal law of gravity. But the lofty falls, like the “Sutherland,” in New Zealand, and the “Yosemite,” in California, are all too narrow for their tremendous 1,900 feet of height, even as Niagara seems to take but a shallow leap, when we regard, by contrast, its spreading width. The Zambesi Falls, in Africa, are, alike, wide and deep, but they disappear into a ravine, which hides much of their effect; and it is to North Queensland, after all, that we must look for a full combination of well displayed width and depth in a waterfall, and for a due proportion between its two dimensions. No “child of the snow” is our Barron stream, for it never freezes *there*; but the fall, an you please, is 900 feet wide, and 700 feet deep, and lies, moreover, within the domain of the Tropic Rain-God, where the weather charts of science mark, at times, 200 inches of rain in the year, and not evenly distributed either, but compressed, chiefly, into the early autumn months; and now, *Que voulez vous?* There is no such rainfall as *this* at the heads of

Niagara, or any other huge cascade in the world, for the Demerara and Surinam Falls are mere toys to our mighty cataract, and even Dame Barron herself only shows out occasionally in this full gala dress, for, in ordinary weather, you have but a partly filled rocky river bed, 900 feet wide, from forest to forest, and the water tumbling, like threads of white molten lead, over rocks of dark oxidized silver—like threads, that is, if compared with their flood volume and weight, with its dynamic force mathematically growing in power and speed, as it falls, and, at last, the sustained and awful impact, and tremor of the stricken rocks. Imagine, if you can, the Thames, at the Tower of London, or the Brisbane, at Victoria Bridge, either of them in a high flood 40 feet deep, suddenly shooting over a precipice of rock 700 feet high, and even then you will *not* have it, for *they* flow in a fairly level bed, while the Barron gradient is much steeper, giving 20 miles an hour velocity after rain, and the fall is not clear and vertical, but is broken by projecting buttresses of rock, half way down, which show out clear and dry enough in the winter and spring, and with only what looks like a little lace-work of falling water to adorn their 700 feet of dark, bare altitude. In flood time, however, all these projections are hidden behind a thick, descending, watery curtain, on which they, in turn, revenge themselves for the eclipse, by projecting and breaking it, upwards and outwards, in terrible recoil and roar, and in spray shot up 1,000 feet high, and nothing that is nigh escapes the baptism thereof, and Nature's cooling air blast, which we feel around Niagara's water rush, works powerfully, too, at the Barron, shaking the trees; and tiny rills meander by their knotted roots, to re-join the mighty main army of aggregated rain drops, where

“Barron, rolling rapidly,”

leaps, like another Curtius, into a gulf, which does *not* close over it; and a sudden bend in the river's rocky bed, just before the madly racing waters take their fated leap, adds its share to the aqueous whirl and chaos of this indescribable scene, and the strangling whirlpool below Niagara is reproduced here with augmented power, and, long before the approaching traveller sees the cause of it all, a deafening roar in his ears, as he is coming through the forest, proclaims that some great show place of Nature *must* be nigh at hand, and, verily, he is not disappointed therewithal. The spring of a swift, deep river, over a gulf, *double* the height, and *four times* the width, of St. Paul's Cathedral, is a matter beyond all painting, by pen or by pencil, and we can but turn to the second verse of the sublime

Te Deum laudamus, and put all impotent and impertinent adjectives aside, and so read onwards to the culmination of the sixth verse, where this cry seems forced from universal Nature: "Heaven and Earth are FULL of—overflowed with, all powerless to comprehend, or contain—the Majesty of Thy glory." The inspired ones, who were present when "the morning stars sang together," could best describe *this* scene.

It may, perhaps, be considered that too much stress has been laid upon what is, after all, only the finest cataract in the world, not worthy to be compared, for sublimity, with a full dress rehearsal amongst the volcanoes of the Straits of Sunda, or the giant fire craters of the Sandwich Islands, miles in diameter; but we should remember that the grandeur and interest of the one is partly vitiated by its destructive effects, while the Barron cascade, in all its beauty, hurts nothing beyond a few uprooted flowers and drowned insects.

THE BARRON IN FLOOD.

On Barron, when his tide runs low,
The cataract drips, white as snow,
And in divergent channels flow
His streamlets, murm'ring sleepily.

But Barron sees another sight;
The Monsoon riseth in his might,
And hurls him headlong from the height
To rocky abyss, seizing him.

Then quakes the air, as thunder-riven,
Then soars the spray, in rainbows driven,
And, like ten thousand bolts from Heaven,
Resounds a watery revelry.

The torrent deepens, wave on wave,
Loud echoes roaring from each cave,
Fit tribute to the God who gave
His rain in season, lib'rally.

White robed, as pure and saintly nun,
The dew mists wait the rising sun,
While swift the mighty waters run
Beneath their starry canopy.

Their whirlpools part not where *they* meet,
Below that glorious "drop scene" sheet,
And no presumptuous *living* feet
May press the spot that bosoms them.

ABOUT CLUBS.

Clubs are ancient institutions. The oldest on record was 320 B.C., at Athens, and was limited to three score members; in fact, it was called the "Sixty" Club. The literary and artistic clubs of the last century, in London, were too numerous and whimsical, both in titles and aims, here to describe in full. To come to Australia. I was one of the original, or foundation, members, in 1857, of the Union Club, in Sydney, first located in Wynyard Square, where, I well remember Colonel Robbins, who was down from India at the time, on the look out for remount horses for the "mutiny" business. It was, afterwards, removed to Mrs. Campbell's house, in Bligh street, a pretty town mansion and garden, a veritable *rus in urbe*. "Old Mrs. Campbell," as she was then called. Ah! the day was when she was young and beautiful, but it was before 1857, of course. Byron, as is known, wrote some magnificent lines on "Waterloo," and on the belles (the babes of 1790), who, at the Brussels ball, the night before the battle,

"Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness,"

and the Mrs. Campbell, of 1857, was, in 1815, as young and beautiful as the best of them; but I digress.

The great success of the North Australian Club, in Ipswich, stirred up the Brisbane folks, at the end of 1859, to have a club of their own. Meetings were held, at the office of the Hon. D. F. Roberts, in early December, and Mr. Robert Douglas and myself were told off to look out for eligible premises; and, we chose the old place in Mary street. It was resolved to name the club after the new colony, and to ask the Governor to become its patron, and to send out circulars to invite leading people in the country to become original members. Shepherd Smith (of the Bank of New South Wales), Edward Stanley Ebsworth (of the Joint Stock Bank), and myself, were elected the first House Committee, and we drafted the rules, bought the furniture, and engaged the first staff of servants, and selected the first batch of wines, &c. A fire, at one room of the club, destroyed the records of the original members; but, my diary supplies the names of most of them. Mr. R. G. W. Herbert, and Mr. John Bramston, afterwards joined the House Committee, and the original members were the following (the first ballot meeting being held on 1st March, 1860, after which there were, of course, no more "foundation" members). Mr. Robert Little, Mr. John Little, Mr. R. G. W. Herbert, Mr. John Bramston; Messrs. W. D. White,

Shepherd Smith, E. S. Ebsworth, J. W. Jackson (of some bank), N. Bartley, J. F. McDougall, J. J. Galloway, A. A. May, Dr. Cannan, D. F. Roberts, Robert Douglas, Wm. Pickering, Wm. Rawlins, and a few others.

The North Australian Club, in Ipswich, was greatly supervised, by George Faircloth (of the Bank of Australasia), and William Henry Yaldwyn, of Taroom; Wienholt, Joshua Bell, John Ferrett, Wattie Gray, Arthur Macalister, Jemmy Laidley, Gore Jones, Judge Lutwyche, Frank Lucas (the "medico"), Wm. Turner, of Helidon, John Deuchar, Wm. Kent, Charlie Fattorini, Beevor Daveney, Wm. Graham, and De Lacy Moffatt, were some of the men you met there, and a more "vital" company it would have been difficult to find, with David Perrier as secretary. John Crowder, Ralph Gore, and John Gammie were all dead before this. Who, that wields a pen *could* do full justice to the life and wit of those all too brief years? which had become over-clouded with pastoral and general "finance" before 1865 was well over. The time of the after dinner pool in the billiard room at Brisbane, or Ipswich Club, was, perhaps, of all, the most genial hour of the day. Shepherd Smith with his long "churchwarden" pipe, "Jock" McLean, Sandeman, George Elphinstone Dalrymple, Graham Mylne, and the rest of us, would play. Yaldwyn, with his *insouciant* face and manner; Plump Judge Hirst, with his incessant chaff anent the "Fenians," would look on from the sofa at the end of the room; Jock McLean, with great gusto, would shoot his man into a pocket, take the shilling, and Jolly Dalrymple would chaff him in Scotch with "Thot's reecht, Jock, kill the dom'd sas'nachs"; Kent would execute a joyous *pas seul* whenever he made a "ten" shot (fluke, of course). Yaldwyn would compare the game of billiards and pool to the game of life, and express his sage opinion that the successful one in this world was the man who "potted" and the man who "fluked." People who rose to after eminence in life could be seen, at times, in our little billiard room. Sir George Nares, General E. W. Ward (of the Mint), and others.

Ipswich *was* very much "alive" from 1857 to 1865. The annual race ball and the annual bachelors' ball, in Ipswich, were matters to be remembered. The light-footed bush-bred girls in their superb health, who quadrilled it to the "Como" or "Palermo," polkaed to the "Karlslust" and "Pesth," waltzed to the "Reigning Beauty" or "Joan of Arc," mazourkaed to the "Spring Flower," or galoped to the "77th," or the "Matrimonial," as the French horn sent forth its soft, measured, cadences from the orchestra, could, some of them, take a leap on a bare-backed horse, or ride on a man's saddle with

one stirrup thrown over; while, the men were of that heroic centaur-breed, who could win a hurdle race despite a broken stirrup leather, or, at a pinch, come in a good first with the girth astray. Don't you think, now, that such boys and girls as *these* must have enjoyed the dance, the lights, the music, the sights and sounds, and the supper? And, *can* you wonder that in such a climate with its pure aired mountain health, the "Old Adam" overrode wiser considerations at times, and that "pa" and "ma" had, in the cold next morning, to forbid some highly imprudent matrimonial engagements made in the glamour of these warm over-night scenes of bliss? Things have steadied down since then.

Old George Thorn was the father of Ipswich, or "Limestone" as it used to be called; older even than the Petries as a free settler. Pleasant, genial, "larkey," old George! The exploring associate of rollicking Arthur Hodgson, in many a midnight camp, when the Prince of Wales was a baby, and when the disciples of Bright and Cobden had begun to multiply in the land; and there, under the name of "Limestone" sprung up a town which could, indeed, a tale unfold, if its old iron bark slabs, plates, and sills, could but speak; a tale of nights of wit, when Gore Jones, Frank Lucas, and more of them, banded flashes of fun, which recalled the *Noctes* of old Blackwood's "*Maga*," for there was backbone and life in the limestone waters of this town, and men *had* to eat and drink of the best, for, nought *else* was there. Larkey old George! How he, when unable to sleep himself, used to delight in knocking us other people up at 4 a.m. at the hotel, in Brisbane, and asking if we wanted to be called to catch the steamer, and shaking his sides at the fierce negatives that always followed, and, as the race horses of Ipswich were gallant, so also the women who came to see them compete were fair to view, and many a Queensland love match was cemented in old Ipswich, where the hard water never would make good tea.

We don't seem to have such sunsets and sunrises, nowadays, as used to be witnessed from that old Limestone Ridge, looking out on the hoary battlements of the Main Range, the portal of Darling Downs, between 1855 and 1860; and the early winter cup of coffee, in the old race course, at training time, has not the flavour, now, which it had in the year of "Lizard" and "Mincemeat's" nose and-nose-all-the-way match; for things and people grow quickly and fade quickly, in 27° south latitude, and the babies of yesterday are the brides of to-day, and the bridegroom of *that* hour, has, perchance, his will proved by a proctor in *this* one.

THE BIRTH OF QUEENSLAND.

On 10th December, 1859, Sir George Bowen landed in the Brisbane Gardens, having arrived from Sydney in a man-of-war called the "Cordelia," whose marines formed the sole guard of honour when he landed. It was a hot, moist December "sort" of day, 88° in the shade. He and Lady Bowen looked jaded from sea-sickness in so small a vessel as the "Cordelia," and it was arranged and agreed to, *nem. con.*, as the next day was a Sunday, that the heavy business of reading all the numerous addresses should be put off till Monday, and that the day of rest should intervene. So, a procession was formed, along George street and Queen street, to Dr. Hobbs's house, in Adelaide street, which had been rented for the Governor for three years, at £350 per year, by New South Wales till the new Government House could be built. The first house to lower a saluting flag was the brick one which is now a portion of the "Belle Vue Hotel," where a splendid ensign—a combination of the English and Greek ones (in compliment to Lady Bowen)—surmounted a tall mast. Dry and dust-raising was the procession, and, by the time the whole of it had arrived at the temporary Government House, black coats looked brown. No time was lost, however. Sir George Bowen appeared on the upper verandah of Hobbs's, and the "Order in Council," authorising the creation of the new colony of Queensland, was read to the public below, and he was sworn in by Judge Lutwyche, robed, and in an awful wig, and so Queensland was born and inaugurated, and the parents of the first local baby, that was born thereafter, proudly advertised their child as the "first Queenslander."

The presentation of addresses on the Monday, in the great marquee in the Gardens, is a matter more social than historical.

Sir Geo. Bowen went to St. John's Church on the Sunday, with the aide-de-camp, private secretary, and our new Colonial Secretary, Mr. R. G. W. Herbert. There was no carriage, and the Governor walked across the, then unbuilt, grass flat, to and from the church and Dr. Hobbs's house.

The inauguration of a new colony is a more momentous affair, and involves more organization and matters of detail, than even the formation, *ab initio* (in the Australian wilderness), of a great sheep station. No one, with us, had the needful skill, and Mr. Herbert, fresh from England, had no local knowledge; so, we sent to Sydney for an "expert" in that line, a Mr. Moriarty, who became a sort of Under-Secretary of State, by virtue of the all-powerful *Gazette*, and

he proceeded at once (as it were) to cut out the patterns of the things that should be, and fashion them into shape, and a Treasurer's and other departments, &c., arose under his skilful hands. He was materially assisted by the arrival, from Sydney, and Melbourne, of skilled officials, who were glad to do the same work here, as there, but in a higher grade, and for better pay; for *new colonies don't grow every day*. So, the officers of Parliament, &c., were gazetted; but Moriarty's work was limited, after all. No Auditor-General was appointed, but Shepherd Smith, of the Bank of New South Wales, audited, by request and permission, the modest early figures of Queensland's accounts. The Sydney Government had, already, in 1857, fitted us out with a complete Supreme Court "plant"—Judge, Sheriff, Crown Prosecutor, &c.—the same as we have done with North Queensland, so did they, in 1857, with Northern New South Wales; so Moriarty, the stage manager, *pro. tem.*, was spared *this* contract, or, no doubt, he would have cheerfully tackled it.

Long after this, the "Lands and Works" Department of this mighty territory, was represented by the Minister and a sort of upper office boy, both with nothing to do but draw salaries, for the work was chiefly done in the Colonial Secretary's office at first; only, you see, the *patterns* of the future garments *had* to be cut out, metaphorically speaking, by an "expert" wielder of the chalk and scissors; and so, in time, the great Civil Service of Queensland grew into its present form.

R. G. W. Herbert, and John Bramston, kept bachelor house together, and bought a beautiful piece of ground on the bank of Enoggera Creek, and built a house on it, with a fine garden, on a sloping hill; and, in order to settle any questions as to the name it should bear, half of Herbert's and half of Bramston's names were utilised, and the place is called "Herston" to this day, and now belongs to Sir James Garrick, the Agent-General for Queensland.

THE QUEENSLAND CHAMPION RACE OF 1861.

The delicious and yearly increasing excitement of the June races in Ipswich, from 1855 to 1860, served only to whet the sporting appetite for some still more highly spiced dish to supplement the annual carnival; for the races at that place, and at that time, whatever they might have been from a "time record" point of view, were, socially, the most delightful, perhaps, in Australia. Similar

aristocrats, and "squattocrats," you might have met, of course, at Randwick, Flemington (where the Melbourne Cup was born this same year), or even elsewhere; but at no place where "everybody knew everybody," as we did at Ipswich, then. There was "Squire" Yaldwyn, of Taroom, now; you could not "ditto" *him* in all Australia; and he, an arrival of 1856 in Queensland (though a Melbournite of the "thirties"), found himself in such a congenial atmosphere, in old "Limestone," with such able coadjutors and fellow spirits to back him up, that he blossomed out as he never in his life had done before; a short, stout, rubicund likeness of the Duke of York; a man who had travelled South America, and everywhere; *insouciant* and gentlemanly, equally easy and at home when complimenting a fine lady, or chaffing a bullock-driver, or horse-trainer; his scarlet coat and gold spurs were the centre and rallying point of the sporting and social spirits of the place; a Sussex man, and used to dropping the black cock with right and left hand barrel; there was nothing in the least "Australian" in his appearance, yet it is such as he that have helped to "make" Australia; so it came to pass, that the local club resolved to offer a Champion Stakes of £1,000, three miles, weight for age, to be run for; and so, on the 27th May, 1861, the river steamer "Ipswich" left Brisbane for the "head of navigation," loaded with people, and the Governor's carriage. Amongst the passengers were T. S. Hall (afterwards of Mount Morgan), G. L. Lukin (afterwards P.M. at Rockhampton, in the same neighbourhood), Mrs. R. J. Smith, &c. We left at 11, and arrived at 3. Ipswich was filling, even then, with visitors. There were 13 at the Club lunch next day, and one *did* die before a year passed. The 13 were: John Hardie, Arnold Wienholt, Walter Gray, "Chinchilla" Gibson, Owen (of Yandilla), Kent (of Jondaryan), "Gig lamps" Hamilton, Beevor Daveney, Leonard Lester, Arthur Macalister, Emile de St. Jean, George Faireloth, and myself (Wattie Gray died in 1862).

Next day, the volunteers, and people of Brisbane, came up in a body to Ipswich; and, for days before this, we had the excitement kept up in visits to the various stables, and wondering if Rockhampton Forsyth's big colt "Fisherman" had "a show" (*not* the English Queen's Plater, you know), but the field for the Champion Race, on the 29th May, did not include him, being limited to Tait's "Zoe," Single's "Ben Bolt," and our old nuggety "Von Tromp," of Ipswich, and "Eclipse," the lengthy iron grey of Canning Downs, who, in the ordinary race meetings at Ipswich, had a habit of "fetching 'em," when mounting the hill for the third time round, in

a long race, but he did not do it on this occasion. The struggle is easily described. Tait's "Zoe" was never headed, and never whipped, or she might have sulked; Single's "Ben Bolt," a chesnut pony, a resolute galloper, charged and surged gallantly, with his nose never an inch behind her throat strap the whole three miles, and he never gained one inch *on* that, and no one knows what "Zoe" may have had in reserve, while, as for the two Queenslanders, "Eclipse" used generally to beat "Van Tromp" when they met, but this time "Van Tromp" chased the leaders with most effect, and finished third, but neither of them were "in it," time (5:57), not fast, but some people say that the Ipswich course is a *long* mile. John Tait foretold that both of them "got enough gruel" that day to spoil their future racing and "heart" for a time, for he held the belief that no horse, not quite thoroughbred on both sides, could take a bad beating and "come again."

C. Chessborough McDonald was at the Club that night, looking stout and quite young again. Young Towns, of Sydney, in a regular London hat, was at the race; "Villages" was his title amongst the "gilded youth" of Ipswich. John Ferrett, A. W. Compignè, W. D. White (who used to "yarn" to me, then, of "Tertius" Campbell, and early squatting days), Carden Collins, with his brothers Arthur and "Bob," and Watkins, of Mount Flinders, helped to make up the attendance at the race, and the regular meeting began on the 4th June; and, at the Club dinner in the evening, Single got excited, and challenged Tait to run him again, but old John bade the other not to "taunt" him; and then Single offered to run "Ben Bolt," mile by mile, against any three Queensland horses, over a champion course, each one to pick him up fresh in the straight. Up rose Carden Collins and John Hardie, but there was no third man. "Ben Bolt" raced on the third day; a galloper of a determination I had not seen since the days of Launceston "Shadow," in 1851, ten years before, and of the phenomenal "Newbold," of Mickey Ford, in 1857. And, speaking of 1857, the Ipswich races that year *were* very good. Donald Mackenzie, of Colinton, was judge. A gallant little nag, called "Blue Bonnet," won a race after five heats had been run, and was double-distanced by the great "Newbold" after it, in another race, and all for a bet that he *could* do it. He was sold for £550, a long price then, and was found to be quite equal to "Zoe" and "Zingari," and the Sydney "cracks" of Tait's and Redwood's stables.

I was, at 1857 races, introduced to Miss Milford (afterwards Mrs. Feez), and we found there were some people known to us both, at

Launceston, Tasmania. This lady was the daughter of our new Moreton Bay judge, the former "Master in Equity," in Sydney, Mr. S. F. Milford.

Mrs. F. E. Roberts gave a nice ball at this same time, at "Long-pocket," where Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault and Captain Feez sang beautifully. I may mention that, the same as at Captain Wickham's this very year, we all went to and from the ball in a steamer. I went home to Shafston after the race week was over, and "Russell," the big tabby tom cat, left behind there by H. Stuart Russell, in 1855, and who knew me well, rubbed himself against my legs, in loving recognition, having missed me for seven whole days.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN 1868.

Royal visits to Queensland, or, for that matter, to Australia either, have been few. The Prince de Condé died, and was embalmed, at a Sydney hotel. The Duke of Edinburgh was the first of English royal blood to see Australia. I saw him when he landed in Brisbane, in February, 1868, and was struck with his German appearance. There was a mercantile man from *that* country then in Queensland who would have passed almost for the Duke's double, pale blue eyes, and all. We had a splendid triumphal arch in Queen-street, on which the aboriginal blacks stood statuesque and motionless as bronze figures, and with more weapons than clothing; but all this added to the effect, and was "to order." We gave the Duke a subscription ball, remarkable more for the subsequent conical dispute and litigation with the caterer, than for aught else. It was a novelty to see the Order of the Garter worn in a Brisbane ball room, and to hear a royal Duke propose the toast of the "Ladies," as he did at this ball, and he was here on the 29th February, 1868; so the Queensland girls had a chance, denied to the rest of Australia; but it was not availed of that ever I heard. We got up a day's racing for him at Eagle Farm, and this seemed about the only matter that amused him much here, and W. H. Kent, the secretary, kept him from feeling dull. The two handicaps were won by the Hon. R. Pring's "North Australian," a horse of the Melbourne and Touchstone breed, who had finished in front of such cattle as "Nimblefoot," "Glencoe," "Poetess," "Cowra," "Emerald," "Premier," "Warwick," and "Sir John," in two-mile and three-

mile races down south ; and E. E. Jones, the bookmaker, made his *debut* in Brisbane on that occasion.

They got up a *corrobboree*, and kangaroo hunt, or something of the kind, on Darling Downs, for the Duke's amusement, but Sir Robert Mackenzie (our then Premier), was not the man to "fash his thumb," even for a Royal Prince, and it would have been a failure, but for the fact, I believe, that Sir Arthur Hodgson happened to be there, and put some life into it. It was reported that the Duke's piper was found, at midnight, not sleeping, but disconsolately pacing the corridors of the two-storey Ipswich hotel, where the party put up, and, when his master asked him what was the matter, he replied, "Bettles, your Royal Highness, Bettles." The theory has been ventilated, and is most probably true, that Donald (or whatever his name was) had, for the first time in his life, encountered some of the pre-Adamite cockroaches for which that hostelry was famous, and which neither Braemar, nor Deeside, experiences, could prepare a man for. I like having royal personages (English ones, of course) in Australia. It makes me feel, while they stay, as if one were in London again, without the trouble of going thither. It *must* be London, somehow, where *they* are.

Dr. Quinn, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Brisbane, was conspicuous, in full purple canonicals, amongst the welcomers of the Duke, when he landed, after the "Kate," with the Royal Standard flying, had steamed up the river from the "Challenger," a craft much of the build of the old "Orinoco," W.I. mail boat.

Queen street was as bright as a ball room, at night, with illuminations, and you could see to dance anywhere in it, at midnight ; speaking of which, the Duke was very active for a heavily-built man, a fast dancer, and a good steersman in a waltz ; and his agility was not confined to the ball room, for, the neat way in which he "fielded" his hat, when it threatened to blow away, on the side ladder of the "Challenger," proved the same.

YULETIDE IN SYDNEY.

It was approaching Christmas time ; the thermometer was 97° in Brisbane ; and so, by way of preventing myself from melting outright, I resolved to exchange it for the 70° which, I heard, was to be encountered in Sydney ; so I embarked in the densely-packed steamer, and she speedily put the degrees of latitude behind us, and,

after a tight wrestle with "ocean, the mighty monster," on the part of our splendid engines—masterpieces of North British skill—we entered the well-remembered harbour of Port Jackson at 2 in the afternoon, and began to sniff the clover paddocks of old Sydney, and the bustle and unrest of Yuletide were in full swing in that hundred-year-old city of the south. We felt like country cousins, dwarfed in the presence of old *habitués*, for we (London bred as we were) could *not* keep our eyes off the shop windows.

Next, we embark for a trip to the Heads ; admire the huge bulk of the "P. and O." mail steamer, as we pass ; and admire, still more, the delicious breeze, broad expanse, heavenly coolness and picturesque rocks, foliage, and villas, that lined, at a respectful distance, our course, on each side, as we steamed east, past "The Bradley," and then headed north for Manly Cove. What a splendid "blow" for a cooped-up Queenslander ! and see ! here comes a small screw boat, of 20 tons, which has just brought a party of successful "schnapper" fishers in from "the ground," about ten miles north of the Heads, and we realise that we shall surely have it (fried and boiled) for tea ; and, by the way, how those poor "new chums," in that big immigrant ship, just anchored, must have relished the couple of hundred of freshly caught fish which the benevolent Christmas holiday makers threw on board of them as they steamed round her ; and we wondered if the cockneys on the ship drew comparisons between the mackerel of Billingsgate, and the schnapper of the Pacific ; *we* "plump" for the latter. But tea is not yet ready, so we walk on to the outer beach, and look at the sea tumbling, jumping, fighting, and leaping high, in irregular masses, as it plays on the rocky capes, and their outlying boulders. We proceed to climb the rocks which lead to the "Fairy Bower," a pretty, romantic spot. The waters of the sea we have already spoken of, and here we have the waters of the land, descending, in a woodland stream, down a steep, rocky hill, and over a green, open glade, to mingle with the blue and green waves of the Pacific. Now, it gurgles along a sloping shelf of sandstone, worn into steps ; and, anon, it drops, straight and clear, over a projecting slab of the same carboniferous rock, into a translucent pool, and there is a coating of jet black, but all sandy, loam, on each side of the rill, with wild violets (which have a scent all their own), maidenhair and tree ferns, mosses, and lichens, an intensely blue flower, of unknown name ; gnarled old ti-trees, of giant bulk, but curved and stooping form, with projecting bolls and buttresses about their roots and stems ; vine creepers, like ropes of banyan fig trees ; and a dwarf eucalypt,

puny in stem, scentless in leaf, but gorgeous in full white blossoms, with a potent aroma of fragrant vanilla in every flower, add their mite to the dense forest scene.

This sylvan spot was once vulgarised by the presence of a wooden "hotel," of the modern colonial type, but the fairies would not stand it, and it appears no more ; and a semi-ruinous stone hut, probably a fisherman's home, is far more in keeping with the traditions of this elfin nook.

Once more to the steamer, and back to Sydney, after seeing the wind veer round the compass, with a curious range of temperature, as each quarter of the horizon enjoyed its brief half-hour of reign ; and the great Austral city of Sydney, so English in its sleepy and happy plenty, comfort, and freedom from care, and from fretful Yankee worry, was celebrating and preparing its Christmas Eve. Smoked Bodalla bacon, red holly berries and prickly leaves, squirrels, ferrets, turkeys, and geese, had a most English, and un-Australian, look to one's eyes. Bluff, rosy-faced "bagmen," fresh from the mountain air of Goulburn and of Braidwood, made one envy their robust "beefiness," as they trotted about the market, and supplied the "missus and kids" with all they wanted, for it was clearly a "stand treat" day. The "waits" sang at night, and the bells chimed, and the ships of war, and huge merchantmen, at Circular Quay, dressed themselves out in green boughs from the forest, and the calm semi-Sabbath of a Sydney Christmas, full of hallowed memories of bygone events, both in the early "gold" days, and "in the old time before them"—was gently ushered in upon us. Dear old Christmas institution! foreshadowed, weeks before (alike, in cold England and hot Australia), in the Old Testament chapters that form the Advent lessons, up to the culminating extract, sublime and soul-stirring, on the day itself, "Nevertheless the Dimness," and its sister verses, from the ninth chapter, set to such glorious music, as they were, by Handel, inspired, in his way, even as Isaiah was ; the "*Venite Adoremus*" bringing with it, as it peals up the aisle, the memories and the essence of every Christmas Day since the year 1400 ; and the mistletoe decorations embodying the invisible spirit of the old mysterious festival. Moslem, Jew, and Buddhist may aver that the Christian religion is founded on a myth, but, even if so, when else did the brain realm of human ideality soar so high, as when it made the God become the Man, that He might feel like, feel with, suffer with, and save him ?

But, if Christmas Day was calm, Boxing Day was not so. Once more the scene shifts to Manly Beach. We are on the verandah of

the “Pier Hotel,” and the paddle steamboats, and the barrel organs, and the German band, and the holiday folks are coming in. Steamer after steamer, “one down, t’other come on,” come looming round the Middle Head, disgorge contents, and are off again for more, in a merry “follow-my-leader” style. Baskets of huge form, fishing tackle, and babies, form the chief *impedimenta* of the camp followers, and a nervous “Northerner,” accustomed to the quietude of Cleveland, or Bowen (Q.), would be startled out of seven years’ growth by the noise, and bustling scene; and, as “prog” is suggestive of “grog,” let me here sound the praise of the Albury sweet “Verdeillo,” as fine a “still champagne” as ever was vintaged in France.

It *was* a hot day at Manly Beach, and no two opinions about *that*. It was of no use for you to climb the hill that overlooks the quarantine ground, or to mount the rocky eminence which towers above the North Harbour, or to gaze, longingly, from either “coign of vantage,” in the direction of Botany Bay and Kiama, for a welcome southerly breeze, as the breeze in question wasn’t there at the time. Nor was it on the outer beach either, as a weary, scorching, sandy tramp, thither, merely served to reveal the fact, that a wet strand only acts as a cool evaporator when swept by a strong wind, and the waves may roar and beat as they like, but can produce no refrigeration in the air. No 70° in Sydney to-day, but 98° “all out.” The sun is paramount, and there is not a breath of air anywhere. In vain, do we wearily, languidly, lift the morning’s newspaper, and try to extract comfort from its columns. Yes! it *may* be 120° at Wallgett and Bourke, as compared with our 98° here, but, *cui bono*, it does not cool *us* one bit to read about it. The Brisbane telegrams only tell us that the “Victoria” has arrived, and the “Derwent” has sailed; not very exciting items; but, perhaps, it is (indeed, more than likely, it is) too hot in Brisbane to send telegrams; and it would be a work of superfluity to telegraph the Christmas temperature of the northern metropolis. Hurrah! a little diversion! a fine boat load of fish arrives at the pier—fish, with names of mythical sound to English, and even to Queensland, ears. There is a (so-called) salmon, and a “straggler,” and a beautiful red, gold, big-mouthed monstrosity, called a “namagee,” said to be sweeter, and more delicious, than even the “schnapper.” There is a bream, too, spotted like a trout, and eke a juicy sole; but who can eat fish, or eat anything, this weather?

We begin to feel savage and misanthropical, and will relieve our feelings by abusing Sydney Harbour, and saying that its rocky capes are too barren, and would be better replaced by smooth

swards. We will derive a gloomy joy from the fact that they *must* be "catching it" to-day in Sydney. How the stone pavements, and the stone banks (some call them "stony-hearted" as well), must be reflecting and multiplying the sun's heat! How the Waverley buggy horses must be perspiring up that hill! How Bluffins, the broker (on another day like this) arriving at the *café* for lunch, having, first of all, playfully poked Snorker, the "soft goods" man, in the ribs with his umbrella, hangs up his hat, "mops" his (slightly bald) moral and intellectual organs, and calls for iced claret with his lunch. "Claret sangaree" is, clearly, the idea for to-day, for what wind there is now, is a Sydney north-west hot wind, and we all know what *that* means. Burwood and Petersham, Kissing Point and Hunter's Hill, Watson's Bay and Manly Beach, alike, acknowledge its potency. Blessed be goodness! however, it never lasts long here.

Just stroll down to the pier once more, and look (like Elijah's servant) over to Vacluse, where Wentworth sleeps. Just note that little ripple on the water, as it follows the small cloud of dust which sweeps seaward along the "Corso" (as they call it), all hurled in front of old "Auster," who has just arrived, in all his glory, from Wollongong. Manly Cove is white with curly waves, and heigh, *presto!* with a *whish!* *whish!* and a banging to of open doors, and a general wake up of sleeping babies, wisely taking their *siesta* in the torrid forenoon, the hot wind, and the suffocating calm (associated offenders!) are, alike, blown away to the north. Umbrellas are furled on Brickfield Hill, eyes are outraged by red dust, but energy and appetite return.

But, poor Wallgett, Coonamble, and Narrabri! not to mention Bourke, Thargomindah, and Clermont! No "southerly busters" for *them*. We can only drop a tear of sympathy, and hope that, like the eels with the skinning, they have got used to it by this time.

But, even southerly winds can be overdone, and this one is getting worse and worse. The Queensland boat goes out before it, with all sail set, but, before to-morrow, she will have more than enough of it. We were thinking, only this morning, as we watched the sea playing its pretty revels on the beach, and regarded the shrubby capes, lit up by the sun, how fortunate it is for the lovers of scenery that Nature never gets drunk (like people do at holiday time), but goes through her work daily, and unerringly, to charm our senses; but, really now, a glance at the bending, swaying trees, and the storm-lashed sea, and the drifting rain, makes one fancy that

Nature, too *must* have her "spree" after a long, hot, calm, and the sea capes, which face the south, are "catching it" heavily. There is, generally, a triple tier of rock, in steps, at these points. The sea bravely rushes on to the first one, and covers it; mounts the second with less of water, and more of spray, than it first began business with; and, impelled from behind, it essays the third one; but, its "supports failing" (as the war correspondents say), it finds the resistance more stubborn, feels that it *must* retire, and so, with a grand final defiance, it rises in the air, like a geyser, and falls back beaten, but not disgraced, and straightway renews the conflict.

Turn we, now, from Nature to "art," and artfulness. There are to be races on New Year's Day, in Sydney, and we will hie to Tattersall's rooms, and see how the betting goes, the night before. Let us scan the physiognomy of those knowing "gorgers," who made the Melbourne layers of the odds weep that last "Cup" day, in November, when they "hauled the plunder" over the border to Sydney. What lucky fellows they were, you will, perhaps, think. Not a bit of it. Nothing but good sharp "touting," and highly subsidised spies. These big "coups" are always well paid for before they come off.

But, breaking in on the sounds of the betting room, come the classic voices of the dying year, and we quit the scene at once; chimes of bells, some far, some near, were all but drowned in the hideous discordance of drunkards and larrikins yelling their egotistical and unmusical utterances on the outraged ears of those whose thoughts are of a solemn nature at this period of the year. One peal of bells, louder and sweeter than the rest, rang out its clear, mellifluous "hurly burly," during a pause in the riot, and with a rich resonant effect in the ear, on this pregnant midnight. Its brilliant, melodious clangour, was emphasized by the delicious discord of one dulcet-tongued bell, which ran, like a golden thread, through the warp and weft of the others, "pealing the bells of memory," and dearer than all the rest, like to some wild, erring, wayward, but best loved, child.

The Southern Cross sailed high in the heavens, at midnight, in Sydney, but dark clouds soon veiled it, and heavy rain fell before daylight, and the polar gale raged in full fury. Sydney is a difficult place to "dress up to"; at 10 a.m., it is, at times, like Calcutta, with Chinese grass cloth, or silk, the "only wear" endurable; while, by 3 p.m., the visitor might fancy himself at Dunedin, in New Zealand, in the great change from a north west to a south wind

But the old stagers thrive on it, and some of them don't look a day older than they did 25 years ago, as they drive their buggies up George street.

We have to "do" Randwick on New Year's Day, and are soon whirling past Moore Park in a cab, and feel at once reminded of what England lost by quarrelling with America, by the sight of the British and Australian flags, waving lovingly, side by side, on the hill, and we hoped that *they*, at least, would never part. The view from the race course is beautiful; villa clad hills embosomed in trees, tower all round it; Waverley on the left; St. Jude's, Randwick, in the front, in whose churchyard

"The dead forefathers of our 'haut ton' sleep,"

and, old Botany Bay away to the right. We meet a host of Brisbane-faces on the grand stand, sages, who had wisely slid out of that city for the summer. We stroll to the saddling paddock, and admire the racy-looking, but friendless, Laertes, and, take 12½ to 1 about him; and we got consumedly chaffed, about that same, by a very knowing "syndicate" of three, who had the "straight" tip about one "Wrangler," and who had "raked in" all the forties to five that they could accumulate, but, the result proved me to be wiser than they. For, after a vexatious lot of false starts, a merry cluster of fourteen nags settled into stride along the course; one "spilt" his rider, and went to the front like a "Flying Buck," and kept the lead to the end, completely shattering the old theory that a mounted horse can *always* overtake a riderless one. We sat on the grand stand, for a little over three minutes and a-half, in a somewhat chaotic frame of mind, wondering where our friend "Laertes" was, and not hearing his name mentioned, by any of the excited throng, till near the finish, when, as he shot to the front we thought the sixty dollars were landed, when that abominable "Woolstone" came out and blighted us. Still we had the satisfaction of knowing that we were nearer to it than the "Wrangler" division; for, as our rough-coated friends in the bawling betting ring, below us, said, in their expressive vernacular, "there never wasn't no hundreds to eight about any horse as comes in a good second, out of fourteen."

But I must away from Randwick races and see the Botanic Gardens, and how they look, before I go home for the day. No "swells," and no "rowdies" either, are here to-day; the company is chiefly recruited from what may be called the "religious poor" of Sydney. The Norfolk Island pine is a fine tree seven feet thick at

the base; but, having seen the originals at Norfolk Island, more than double the height of this transplanted stripling, I don't stare at it as some do. The harbour view from these gardens is superb, and quite outshadows the outlook from Brisbane, but the latter bears the palm for vivid flower colouring.

A stroll now on to the Museum in Hyde Park. What glorious caverns of crystalline needles of malachite from Peak Downs! And here are the anchor of the "Bounty" from "Pitcairn" Island, and plenty more "classic" relics of the "Southern Cross" regions. Skeletons of the race horse "Sir Hercules," of the camel, lion, tiger, ox, but none of them carry their depth of rib "aft," like the camel and horse do, and with the endurance which it bestows. And from the Museum to the Public Library reading room, at a bay window that overlooks the harbour. How strange to take up a volume of the Annual Register for (say) 1790, when Sydney was two years old, and read how a man fell out of bed, at the "Elephant and Castle," and was suffocated face downwards, and of the loss of the Jamaica fleet, and the wreck of a transport off the Agulhas bank, and 330 drowned and four only saved. There is a fine "old crusted" glamour about Sydney after all, as one sits and reads such books and glances over Domain, Gardens, and harbour, between the paragraphs. And then, how strange, to take a pull in a boat down the harbour, and note the contrast between the sea-side cottages of some old resident with a fine expanse of land, a Crown grant of 1815, perhaps, and of enormous value, round it. The contrast between this and a £30,000 stone-cut chateau perched on Darling or on Potts' Point, in a tiny garden that perhaps cost £10,000 more to scoop the sand and stones out of it and replace with good soil and trees is great, but the matchless sites are worth it all, to those who can afford it.

LORD HARRIS IN SYDNEY, 1879.

The spectators at a first-class Sydney cricket match differ, in some respects, and not at all, in others, from those to be seen at the Randwick races. There are the same faultless equipages, the same grand carriage horses, to be seen at both, the ladies dresses are equally costly, but far more "quiet," and there is an "evangelical" sort of element in the crowd to be seen on the grand stand, which is wanting at the horse races; while, the rough crowd is very much alike at both functions. A lady, in silver grey, thick corded, silk,

lit up with "sultan" colour, and with a broad six ounce gold collarette of intricate and tasteful workmanship, would not be out of place at the cricket, but, she would probably be *prima donna*, there, as regards costume. Such were my reflections as I saw Lord Harris's team, in January, 1879, play against New South Wales. It was a "big contract" in those days for *one* colony to tackle a strong English eleven; the more so, as Spofforth had been disabled by a cab accident the night before and was unable to play, and that moreover, Penn, of Kent, would be with the Britons. The numismatic oracle was consulted and decreed that England should bat first, on the beautifully shaven sward. "Spoff" lounged up and down in the costume of an English gentleman of the period, and looked as if to say "how will they get on without me?" Lucas and Ulyett went in, at 12.55, to Tindall and Evans's bowling, and play was poor, for, Lucas, Webbe, and Hornby, only made seven apiece; but, when Lord Harris and Ulyett, both men of fine *physique*, got together, matters became different, and when the Yorkshireman was, at last, got rid of, 4—51—85 appeared on the board. The fair skins of these two players seemed to grow browner and browner, under the fiery sun, as each successive "ten" went up. Tindall and Garrett went straight for the middle stump each time, but Lord Harris and Penn blocked the "hot" ones, and sent the medium ones—off which a run was doubtful—back to the bowlers in a "just-to-save-time-you-know" style, and the loose ones, went, *sans merci*, to the fence, and not every ball, that could have been, *was*, fielded; but, the majority were arrested half-way and sent in *sans ceremonie*. Lord Harris batted in the same fine, free, swinging, admirably-timed way, peculiar, once, to Charley Bannerman, and Penn's cuts were a treat to see; and, as both men warmed to their work, Lord H. sent some fine full volleys off the bat. The two Kentish representatives raised the score from 81 to 151. The batting was brilliant, the fielding was A1; and, now, all hands to the pavilion, for a "modest quencher" after Evans, the dogged, had bowled his Lordship for 50. And here a burly party, in a blue cap, strolled out *solus* and viewed the crease with a critical air, one Emmett (of Yorkshire), who proved to be as clever, with his left hand, at the ball, as the peer was with the bat. The terrible Penn was not yet done with, but the gallant Evans bowled better and better the more they knocked him about. Penn kept on slipping balls and judging runs, till he made 56, when he was caught by Garrett off Coates; and Absolon followed, a big, strong, dark man, with a nervous vigour of style and an incessant "twiddling" of the bat, bespeaking impatience. He made 16 runs

very quickly, and he was, evidently, one who *could* do nothing slowly, and he proved a rare "field" later on. The end soon came now, and, with 248 for England, and, with A. Bannerman and Garrett sent in for New South Wales, the sun set on the first day's play.

When the match was resumed next morning, it soon became evident that the "warm" style in which it had been begun by England was going to be fully maintained by New South Wales. For, when the Bannerman family and Garrett had retired the score stood 3—28—100. Two "teazers" in the shape of Murdoch and Evans, now faced the English bowlers. Keen was the judging, sharp was the stealing, of runs, spite of point and long field's efforts, and the ball got no rest, for a moment, anywhere. Evans had a grand sweep of the bat, and one that kept near to the ground, at that critical moment, when "Yorkers" and "shooters" are about; he made 21 before l.b.w. became his fate, and he was applauded, only, on the members' stand; for, the general public expected a larger subscription from him, a 50, at least. Murdoch was now joined by the thick-shouldered veteran Nat Thompson, and they proved to be a pair of thorns in the Englishmen's sides. Murdoch had a fine straddle at the wicket, and could keep one foot in the crease and reach out with the other, in a style which no novice should attempt. He was careful with Emmett's bowling, and seemed to have "met the gentleman before" (in England, perhaps); the batting was not as brilliant an exposition of cricket as that by Lord Harris and Penn, the day before, but the defence was even more patient, and, when, at last, the batsman did "open his shoulders" it was "four" after "four," in grand fence drives. Webbe and Royle fielded them ably, ran in, took the ball, breast high, and in like a cannon shot; but, for all Nat Thompson's big hits, there was not the ghost of a lift in any one of them, and they each ricocheted along the grass, safe and inevitable additions to the score. So well did Murdoch and Thompson get set, that it looked at one time, as if five wickets would earn 200 runs, for Emmett was beginning to get demoralised and to bowl "wides," notably, two in succession. Absolon stood hatless in the sun all day, and fielded like a steam engine. Murdoch was a younger and swifter runner than Nat Thompson, and quite overlapped him at times, and, but for a "fumble," or two, at the wicket, these "boys" would not have made 70 and 50 respectively. Murdoch, at last, lifted one of Ulyett's high to "leg," where a party named Webbe happened to be stationed, and there was no need to trouble the umpire, 5—70—188. Allen and Seale had been foolishly

selected to play in place of Powell and Gregory, two better men, and, with Spofforth disabled, it was a wonder that New South Wales did so well; but, there were no silly efforts to steal runs, and many a grand hit was allowed to go for a single, so as not to risk a catastrophe. Murdoch was now "dead," but Thompson was not, by any means, and in order to show the public that drives were not the only kind of goods he dealt in, he treated them to some glorious, clean, grass-hugging cuts. Allan retired for a "duck," and now came Massie (a prime combination of "slogging" and defence) to bat, and he soon hit the only five of the day, clean into the pavilion, and when Nat Thompson was, at last, bowled by Emmett, the score stood 7—50—204. Seale came, and went just as quickly, and Tindall defended the wicket; and, now, many an embryo "fourer" of Massie's was chopped down to three by the superhuman efforts of the two gallant "long fields," Lord Harris and Penn, who certainly did cover an immensity of ground. Massie appeared likely to emulate the score of Nat Thompson, and to do it in less time, when he slipped between the wickets in a style which shewed that "prop and wheel" was not his forte, and he was run out, mercilessly, 9—30—235. Coates, who followed, must needs "step out" before he got "warm," and the innings closed for 240.

The second innings of the Englishmen was chiefly remarkable for the steady double figuring of the first nine men, averaging 21 apiece, and varying from Lucas at 15 to Royle at 29, a most exceptional score, and one in which the usual cricket "certainty" that the three top scorers make more than the other eight do—did *not* come off. This was a matter which an astute Sydney sharebroker used to lay five to one about, and coin money from his eager silly victims; the real odds being about five to ten times that. The bill for "sundries" was also exceptional, being 29 as against four in the first innings; no credit to the "colonials."

It was expected that the regatta would spoil the attendance on the third day, the 26th January, but, it was not so, the numbers being 4,000, 10,000, and 15,000, respectively. I came late on the third day, and found Massie and Charley Bannerman batting, and 5—1—120 up, the five, meaning Evans, Murdoch, Thompson, Allen, and Alec. Bannerman. Massie and "Chawles" had evidently made up their minds that the other four men should not be called upon if possible; so, the former hit viciously at every chance, and the brave Charley Bannerman, with his right hand split up, while fielding the day before, faced it out like a hero, though one could see, every now and then, by the way in which he threw out his bat held in his left

hand only—the jar of the handle being too great for his wounded right hand to bear—that it was a great tax on him, and it was downright heroism on his part to keep on, and if all the balls he hit had “gone” in place of being—75 per cent. of them—grabbed by a squad of able fielders who worked together, like a man-of-war’s crew, disciplined and tireless, it was not 60 but 200, he might have scored. It is “cricket” of course, to stop a ball, but it vexed me all the same—in this exceptional instance—to see good hits—*made with so much pain*—go for little, or nothing. When the score had run up from 120 to 200 a caucus meeting of the Englishmen was held, and a new and fiercer style of bowling was adopted, but it “travelled” all the same as the other sort. Charley B. made the winning hit, and a small but enthusiastic Sydney boy convulsed the crowd by an abortive attempt to carry Massie—twice his size and weight—off the field. Bannerman well deserved the £38 they collected for him, and *all* the players were called “before the curtain” and well cheered for such a well fought game.

THE GARDEN PALACE OF 1880.

The International “Garden Palace” Exhibition, of 1879-80, had, of course, to be visited by me. So, there I was on the steamer, after the usual 500 miles of tossing, and found, at midnight, that the “shipmen deemed we were drawing nigh to some country;” for, though the engine throb kept on, the motion was less, and deck cries of “Sted-dee” alternated with “Port” and “Starboard,” and the ceaseless rattle of the tiller chains, coaxed me on deck, only to be blinded with the glare of the “Sow and Pigs” light-ship, on the reef, and visions of a fish breakfast in Sydney, “a hair” (so to speak) “of the dog that bit you” (with sea-sickness) arose gratefully before me.

Morning disclosed the dome and towers at the Garden Palace, 950 feet long, 450 feet wide, and from the eastern tower of which you could discern the *outer* sea, over the gap, at the South Head, where, on that awful night in August, 1857, the ship “Dunbar,” with some 200 people—whose Sydney relatives had almost the fires lit, and the repast ready, to welcome them just at their gates—were shattered, in one moment, on the pitiless outside sea cliffs, where, in the darkness, a suppositious entrance to the harbour deceived the captain, who hurled the ship at it, to escape the howling hurricane,

and found death. No one can imagine that brief scene, more terrible than when, in the "Dandenong" gale, steamers foundered with broken shafts, and when, in another steamer, which did *not* founder, and ought to have put back, the primest gallant race-horses in New South Wales, fresh from their honours at Randwick, and in search of more laurels at Flemington, got loose, down below, and kicked each other to death and pulp in a huddled prostrate mass to leeward, 'mid a *feu d'enfer* of teeth and hoofs, to the sorrow of all sportsmen. But this is 1880, and not 1857, or 1876, and the Garden Palace will be the theme, when once I have mentioned that I well remember that "Dunbar" night, and how the wide-spread storm raged, even up as far as Moreton Bay, 500 miles from the fatal "Gap;" for, it is, when the wind travels over the ocean at 70 miles an hour, and the "isobars" are out of order, and the differential gradients of barometric pressure are "steep," it is then that the cyclone stalks abroad in his fury, and broods upon the face of the waters—then that the harbour bar moans, and that the minute gun is heard at sea, followed, too sadly and surely, by the "Dead March" on the shore.

I was in Ipswich that day, at the North Australian Club, and I went over, in the afternoon, to take tea at M'Donald's hotel, with Lieutenant Nicol, of the Native Police, for he was good company, and he could play and improvise at the piano as well as Theodore Hook himself; and, when darkness came, I concluded *not* to cross that night a deep (and sure to be flooded) ravine, that intervened between the Club and the hotel; for there was no municipal council in those days, and sober people who travelled in very wet nights, and essayed these gullies, in Brisbane, or Ipswich either, were (as on 19th March, 1854) found, swept into the main river and dead, next day. There were no electric telegraphs then, but we heard how the "Yarra," steamer, from Brisbane, forced her way through a mass of unknown wreckage, near Sydney Heads, and gradually the whole horror became known.

The cessation of the Crimean war had, in 1857, set free numerous steamers in Europe, some of which came to Australia, and the "Dunbar" had been seen down the coast, and her arrival was looked for. The bereavement was long felt in Sydney. We, in this world, fancy, that we recover after we have lost those dear to us, and it is certain that we *do* eat, and drink, and sleep, and retain fair health after a time, and we are apt to imagine that we have recovered, but we are *never* the *same* afterwards. We are healthy and happy, perhaps, but it is as a new and a *different* being that we

are so ; for, were we the *same* as before, the bereavement would *kill* us ; and it is in mercy that the change comes over us. But, to 1880, and the Garden Palace.

This exhibition, open to all the world for competition, and not to Australia only, was a "new departure" in the colony of New South Wales. The scene and grounds did, in some degree, recall the Zoological Gardens in London, where you go down this flight of steps, and up that other one, lined by turfy banks, and brilliant chromatic flower beds—to the Elephant House, the Lion House, and so forth ; for, the same rich "holiday" feeling and aspect quite permeated me, and made me feel as when a boy, at Regent's Park, or the "Surrey Zoo," I gazed on the zebra and rhinoceros.

Let us go inside. Hem ! British Court—Staffordshire : Here is a cut-glass jug, which, with no gold or silver about it, has been sold to a Sydney resident, for 50 guineas. Trust it not to the hands of "Bridget, of Cork," or "Mary Hann, of London," oh ! denizen of the Sunny South and buyer of the precious crystal, unless thy bank account be pretty replete with sovereigns !

Italy—Florence : Here be inlaid tables, which, in agate, *lapis lazuli*, malachite and moonstone, ably reproduce birds, flowers, fruits, animals, jewellery, &c., and they are priced up to £400 each ; but, I think, they would accept less. And here is a £2,000 marble statue of "Ariadne," but I'd rather have the money, myself. A carved coral suite, from Naples, is marked at £187 10s., and a turquoise one, at £58. On, now, to the South Australian Court, expecting, of course, to find copper ore and wheat ; but, lo ! in place of this—well ! we never knew what Australian jewellers could do, till we saw these marvellous emu eggs, sawn in two, silver lined, and shutting and opening with a spring, and disclosing, inside, the giant Leichhardt bean, of Queensland, similarly sawn and mounted, and filled with scent, the whole jewel being one such as any lady might be proud to see on her dressing table ; and here, also, but, surely, out of its proper place, was a marvellous Grand piano, by Franz Goetze, of Dresden ; the gloomy thunder of its bass notes, the sharp, tremulous sweetness of its higher keys, and the rich, mellow fulness of its middle register, held me spell-bound, as a fond amateur, who seemed ever to linger near, extracted from it the *Jubilate*, and various operatic gems. A magnificent, locally found, yellow diamond completes the list of what I noticed in the Adelaide Court. There was some *dry curaçoa* in the Dutch Court, which I will not attempt to describe.

In the New Zealand Court, in place of war canoes and the

dinornis, was a grand oil picture of Glencoe, in the isle of Arran, which, for softness, tone, depth, and finish, equalled anything in the great art gallery outside. The costly gilt and painted china, at £80 per dish, and the Bohemian glass, in the Austrian Court, were novel to Brisbane eyes; and a group of porcelain tigers, life size, from Staffordshire (said to have taken the gold medal at Paris) were here.

A pair of terra cotta busts took my fancy in the French Court; two renderings of a girl's head—one frowning demurely at some (to us) invisible "Mr. Wrong," and the other smiling sweetly at an equally imaginary "Mr. Right"—would be works of art, anywhere.

And, now, for the Art Gallery itself. I liked the pale girl selling oranges at Cairo; she was pretty enough, and white enough, to marry. I liked the quiet couple, just going to start for the ball; she, in full costume, well dressed, with yellow hair, and small ears (aged 19), and wisely warming her white satin slippers and their contents before the fire, while the carriage is being fetched round; he, some distance away (aged 23) with the dark dreamy eyes, and exquisite black moustache, seizes and utilizes the precious five minutes of delay, and quietly "pops the question" from his chair, without any knee business or attitudes. Modern youth *is* somewhat prosaic; and, *apropos* of "Dan Cupid."—

Crooked alas! runs at times the course of love, though not always so. The scion of a high family will marry a *piquante* barmaid, and nine times out of ten, lives to regret the *mesalliance*. Another marries, wisely, a girl in his own class, but often finds her insipid, and lacking in variety, for he is apt to forget that you cannot find *all* the qualities in *one* woman, any more than a gem can be diamond, ruby, and emerald, all at once. But, amid this world-wide comedy, or, rather, tragedy of errors, thank Heaven for the numberless bright cases, where a "brick" of a true woman, loyal to her children by night and by day, in sickness and in health, and whole-hearted in her husband's interest, makes him love her all her life, and cherish her memory with sweet, fond, bitterness when she has left him for ever.

The "Raising of the widow's son" is remarkable for the manner in which she is clutching her tangled and neglected grey hair, with enraptured surprise. The half-incredulous, yet all joyous, glare in her red, swollen, and glassy eyes, telling of vain and weary vigils in the past, as she bends over to meet her half-rising boy; and the masterly portrayal of joy bursting through the cloud of grief, marked this picture as an artist's work. But my pick of the gallery was a

sea piece, showing a ship and steamer bowling along, with a beam wind, and sunset clouds lighting up the ocean; the indigo depths of the waves, the creamy froth of the crests, the liquid and translucent green of the billow curl—both where the vessels cleave them, and where the breeze, alone, topples them over—caused me to break the 10th commandment, and wish that I might present the picture as a nucleus for a National gallery in Brisbane, so well was the sea-water in motion set out on it.

The little white slave children in the Roman market, 1800 years ago, “Non Angli, sed Angeli,” evoked a feeling of pity. So naked, so sick, so half-starved, so bound up with rags on their sores, so friendless and desolate in their babyhood and exile—one of them lying, stark naked, on the cold stone pavement, and not looking three years old—that this picture was even more painful to gaze upon than the shapely Venus form of the cast out Jezebel, whose dead, or dying, hand convulsively pushes away one of the many dogs’ mouths, as she falls, head downwards, with glazed eyes, on the fatal court yard flagstones.

THE PRINCES’ VISIT, 1881.

“Two rosy, sea-blown boys, and that’s all.” Such was my brief verdict when I saw the Prince of Wales’s two sons pass the General Post Office, in Brisbane, in the August of 1881; and yet, a moment later, I had altered my mind. The sea-blown boys *were* there, truly enough, but *that was not all*, and very far, too, from being “all.” Visions and memories rose before me; tradition and history; Plantagenets and Tudors; the Tower of London and “Traitor’s Gate;” names that were famous in story; gold crowns, steel armour, and heraldic devices thereon; Lady Jane Grey and Sir Walter Raleigh; the Duchy of Cornwall and that ancient and highly respectable metal known as “tin,” which is always mixed up, somehow, and inseparably, with the British Constitution, the Bank of England, the Mint, with John Bull, in his blue coat and top boots, and all else that is orthodox, solvent, and “proper,” you know; even the Black Prince’s tomb and canopy, in Canterbury Minster, came before me; and here were the boys themselves, and, happily, with no Uncle Richard the Third lying in wait to work them evil. They never looked so well, before or since, as when in Brisbane; for they were at that happy medium age, when boys look their best; and a Brisbane

August is just the time to make any visitor feel braced up and jolly. They, at 17 and 15 years of age, respectively, had a wider circle of the maternal sort of sympathisers, than their Uncle Alfred had, in Brisbane, at maturer 23, thirteen years earlier; and the ball, in their honour, was given by the Mayor, Mr. John Sinclair, and was *not* a mere subscription affair. It was the largest ever seen in Brisbane, with 1,500 guests. Fancy costumes and naval uniforms lighted up the scene; and there were guests there, too, who were loyal, but had never been to a ball before; middle-aged and Non-conformist ladies—in high black silk dresses, with heavy bank balances, whose wills it was good to be remembered in, and who never saw a waltz before, or since—went to look at Queen Victoria's grandsons; and the handsome Louis of Battenberg flirted immensely when he had a chance; and the ball passed with an *eclat* that was long remembered in Brisbane.

One sad event occurred while the princes were here. On the 18th August, 1881, the day they landed (the fateful 18/8/1881, seven figures from only two figures, and which read the same both ways), the chief Roman Catholic dignitary in Queensland, Bishop Quinn, died; and it was a cruel puzzle to many a good citizen that day as to whether the flags should be half-mast high, or not. The chief Roman Catholic in England, Cardinal Manning, died on the same day, I believe, as Albert Victor. Bishop Quinn was a foremost welcomer of the Duke of Edinburgh when he landed in Brisbane, in February, 1868.

INTERNATIONAL CRICKET, JANUARY, 26TH, 1883,
AT SYDNEY.

IVO BLIGH'S ELEVEN V. AUSTRALIA.

It is not every day that the cricket "dons," of Oxford and Cambridge combined with the wily professionals of Notts and York, pay a visit to Australia, so I was bound to be there, when they met the flower of New Holland at Moore Park, Sydney. On arrival, I found every pavilion crowded to the roof, though play had only just begun, and not a wicket had fallen; 18,000 people were present, and this, too, despite the regatta, races, and picnics, elsewhere; in fact, it was the largest "gallery" ever seen in Australia, and raised grave doubts in the minds of all hands as to how the "multitude were to be fed in the wilderness."

England won the toss, and went in. The day was gloriously fine, but humid, and caused misgivings of thunderstorms, with that powerful south-easter in full blast. C. T. Studd and the professional Barlow, faced the bowling, and the soldierly bearing and skilled fencer style, of the former, were apparent at a glance. Barlow looked "slouching" by comparison, and many of the balls, from Giffen, Palmer, and Spofforth, seemed to puzzle *him*; but none of them troubled the free and graceful play of Studd for one moment. Plenty of facile "placing" and run-stealing followed. Swift, our Queensland visitor (and opponent) of 1875, was umpire for Australia. Spofforth did not "come off," and was replaced by Garrett. A cannon-ball hit of Studd's was dropped by Murdoch at point, so a long life was at once predicted for him; but he was run out, and the Oxford and Rugby hero, the quiet, but dangerous-looking, Leslie, followed, 1—31—40. Barlow, despite his untaking style, proved a regular bowling-killer, in his dogged, but never daring, defence. No sound broke the stillness and monotony, save the shrill, sharp "no," or "run," heard after the "click" of bat and ball, and one of those sudden lulls that creep, at times, over the most lively game, was broken by Spofforth sending Leslie's timbers flying, ere he had scored; 50 runs, at least, thus snipped off the English score, as by the scissors of Fate. Steel took his place, and Spofforth continued to waste much energy on the impenetrable Barlow, who was only dismissed by a catch, just as lunch was announced. That meal over—and it was a "Duke Humphrey" repast for many, and eatables were all gone at 2 p.m., and "drinks" at 3:30—Barnes, a patient-looking professional, came on. Steel tried to face the terrific sun, hatless, but had to "give it best." Barnes did not do much, and, when he retired, Read, a far more formidable bat, came to the rescue, Steel fell a victim to the dextrous Blackham of the dark gloves (size unknown), who was ubiquitous behind the wicket; while, as for Alec Bannerman, no nurse ever watched and picked up an errant baby, as he did every ball that moved near him; 68 runs were all the dividend paid by four wickets, but that low average was not to last, for Read and Tylecote were sworn to avenge the fate of Leslie. Five wickets were down for 70, and this was the turning point of the Englishmen's luck. Tylecote and his mate batted freely, "slew" the ball behind them, to the fence, for "fours," and did it again, and again, till 105 went up. The Australian fielding was perfect, but the batting and the placing of every ball were so free and faultless, that the score could *not* be kept down. Tylecote continued to deal out graceful slips and "draws" in plenty,

while Read did the big "leg" hits at Spofforth's expense. Murdoch seemed lazy at "point," and there were some overthrows, too; 133 up. A "leg" hit of Read's was prettily sent back by the little drummer boy, Alec. Bannerman, whom one could hardly see till after he had "operated," so small and unobtrusive did he look when out in the field. The magnificent batting continued, and the consummate ease, and slight deflection of body and wrist, with which each ball was sent on its allotted journey, were the chief features of the play. Read was now 37, and Tylecote 41—185 up—and both men immovably "set," Palmer's bowling notwithstanding; he and Spofforth were "collared," and Australia collapsed, as at Cambridge and Twickenham, and from much the same cause. The sky was now cool and cloudy, with an impending storm, and the light just "made to order" for the Englishmen. An adjournment for "lemonade" followed, and then Bannerman and M'Donnell were put on to bowl, for a change, and this broke up the spell; for Read called a run, and then backed out of it, and before Tylecote could get back, the ball had arrived, and a wicket that was past all hope, or fear, of being bowled, fell to a "run out." Perhaps, Tylecote was *not* angry; but, *nabocklish*! Anyhow, Leslie's fate had been avenged, and the board shewed 6—61—191, and things looked hopeful once more for Australia, on whose behalf I would, cheerfully, a minute before, have "underwritten" the innings of the visitors at 300 "notches," and have thought I was saving 50 runs by the bargain. Bates took Tylecote's place, and the latter (as were the Englishmen all through), was applauded to the echo by the strictly impartial spectators, who were carried away by the undeniable merits of the English batting, amid ejaculations of "They're too good for us," and "We can't touch them," in the member's pavilion; 200 up, and Murdoch woke up, and began to field much better at "point." Read made his exit through a splendid "run in" catch by Massie, off Bannerman, 7 for 223. G. B. Studd took the bat, and Bates, caught by M'Donnell, off Spofforth, gave way to the captain, Ivo Bligh, a tall, fine man, who was reported to "no savee" Spofforth's bowling, but who managed to negotiate it all the same. The big storm had now passed out to sea, and the sun blazed out again, and Bligh was bowled by Spofforth, just as a slight shower fell. Morley went in as last man; a dark-skinned likeness of Charles Bannerman. He seemed to be as bad a batter as he was a good bowler, and had a left-handed, scythe-mowing style, with the willow, a whole century behind C. T. Studd's, which was even more elegant than Caffyn's wrist play, of 20 years previous, in Sydney.

G. B. Studd was soon bowled by Palmer, and 247 was the total.

The ground was pressed by a horse-roller, and at 25 to 6 p.m., out came A. Bannerman and Giffen, and, after a confab as to the strike, Bates opened to Giffen. Morley was the other bowler, with a swift, high, left-hand delivery, a regular "take no denial" sort of ball, straight and true as a stone from David's sling. But Giffen and Bannerman took no liberties, and 17 were up, and no wicket down, when the stumps were drawn; and I went home, fully convinced that Bligh's team were the most easy and effective batters, so far, seen in Australia, and ahead of Lord Harris's Grace's, and Shaw's Elevens. That night the inevitable "southerly buster" and rain, which follow intense heat in Sydney, arrived at 1 a.m., and I seriously thought that I would not trouble to go and see the rest of the match, for, with Bates and Morley on a sodden wicket, it would be a one innings affair, and hollow even at that; so I did not travel to Moore Park till play had been on for an hour, and before I could get inside the gate, I heard two thunder-claps of applause, and found the two "not outs" of the night before—A. Bannerman and Giffen—still at it, with 28 apiece to their credit, and "blocking" carefully. Morley had been taken off, and Studd was "pitching them short" to Bannerman; 72 were up by lunch time, of which total Giffen claimed 40. Rain came on, and, when the fateful 76 was reached—the same as with the Englishmen the day before—Giffen stepped out to a "coaxer," and had his bails whipped off by Tylecote. Murdoch took his place, and, impelled by fate and a wet wicket, began to step out to all and sundry, sending them flying, any one of which, however, would have been a "settler" if missed; but Murdoch was "not built that way." And, now, the southerly vapour clouds—which had been piling up before the hard, sea-borne north-easter—loomed dark and heavy over Moore Park and Randwick, and, when they distilled, the rain fell a deluge, and a forest of umbrellas, from 13,000 spectators, went up. Play was suspended just as the board marked one out for 100. The ground soon looked to be beyond all the surgery of sawdust to cure; but the two captains went out and held an inquest on the "pitch" with the result that a verdict of "go on" was recorded, and Alec. Bannerman continued to play back each dangerous ball in his quiet "Thanks, not *this* time" style. The rain *was* provoking, for never before did such an absorbed crowd go to watch cricket in Australia. Rain fell all the Saturday, and a great part of the Sunday. There were several level £500 bets on the match, reported as made in Melbourne before it began, and it was stated (but not verified) that

half a million of money, in bets, hung on the issue of this game.

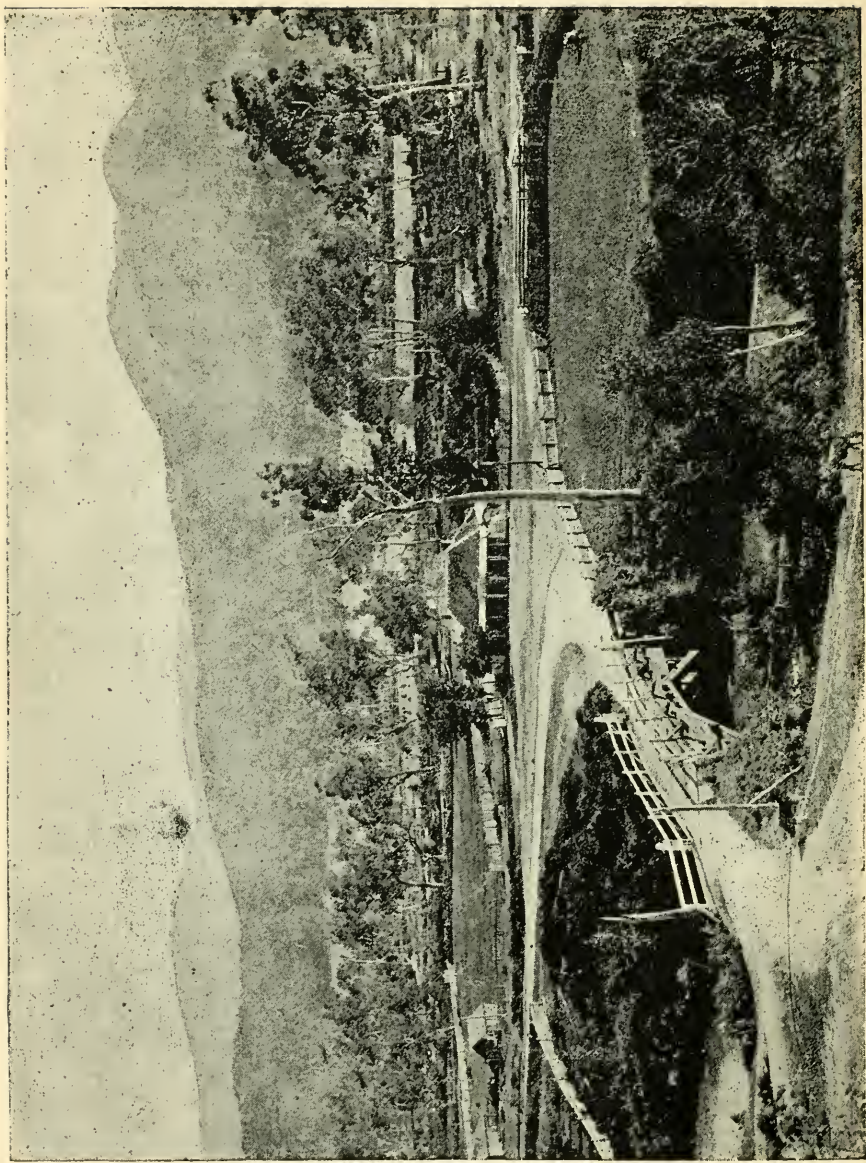
When Monday arrived, Australia was hopeful over her one wicket for 100 ; but the game of cricket is *not* very amenable to the provisions of the "Rule of Three," and you can't "pan it out" on *that* basis. In fact, the wicket, thanks to the rain, was one on which a score of 250 runs per diem. was a sheer impossibility.

I arrived at 1 p.m., and found that some runs had been piled on, but at a great cost in wickets. Horan and Blackham were batting, the latter very well, and pluckily. Some rash running was made, and the umpire was just a "leettle" merciful ; 63 runs had been added, at a cost of five players, *all caught*, a proof of the treacherous nature of the ground, and that the wicket was one of those things which "are not what they seem." Garrett and Palmer were both bowled, and Blackham could only hit the bowling by running out to it, but, *que voulez vous*, after 26 hours of steady rain, and Australia batting ? Spofforth carried out his bat without so much as even a strike. "Hard lines for him," said one. "No, not a line, but an oval," said another, *re* the "duck egg." They *are* so witty, you know, in the pavilion, sometimes.

The following transpired in my hearing at a match in Brisbane : Fielder Pollock threw in a ball, 100 yards, to the wicket. "Splendid shy that," said spectator No. 1. "Yes, Pollux a good Castor," replied No. 2. "Oh ! Gemini ! what a pun !" rejoined No. 1 ; and retired, to "irrigate."

Lunch and the horse-roller both fulfilled their missions, and the English boys did some bowling to each other, sending balls that came in with an innocent-looking, easy sling, and which, as soon as they touched the ground, appeared to suddenly alter both their minds and direction in a most insidious manner.

At 2.40 p.m. the Australian lads took the field again. Spofforth's countenance beamed with the prospect of fun to come on *that* wicket, and he and Garrett bowled to Leslie and C. T. Stud. Leslie vanished, after making 8 ; Palmer replaced Garrett, and got at Studd's wicket ; 2 for 45. Steel came on, made 6, and Murdoch caught the ball as it glanced from the leg before the wicket, just as he was beginning to send Spofforth to "leg" in a very ominous style (3 for 55) ; and now the dangerous Read came on. Barlow ambled out for a run, after hitting one of Spofforth's, and "No, I won't, Barlow," shrieked Read, with a wholesome respect for his wicket ; 87 were now on the board, spite of Spofforth being so "unplayable, you know, on a wet wicket ;" and, once more, it looked (as far as the poor old Rule of Three went) like 300 for England, when—



A BUSH HOTEL AT POREPUNKAH, VICTORIA.

happy thought! Tommy Horan, of all people, was put on to bowl, a low rise being now the medicine prescribed for John Bull, by Australia. "Tommy" placed his field with a solemn deliberation and *aplomb* which fairly convulsed some of the spectators. "What a farce," said the knowing ones. But "T. H." knocked Read's wicket down first ball, and he ought to have stopped at this grand record of "one ball, no runs, one wicket." Barnes, a much more dashing professional bat than Barlow, followed, and his unbowlable mate was ejected by means of a catch, and Tylecote filled the vacancy. Barnes got his leg in front of his wicket, or, at all events, between it and the ball, and was recommended to retire. Bates joined Tylecote, and the former average, of 3 for 87, was now much diluted, and reduced below proof strength. Horan continued to bowl, on a wicket that suited him well. Tylecote sent one of Spofforth's up high, and Bonnor ran in some fraction of a mile to keep his appointment with the ball, and arrived in time to welcome it, before it touched the ground. The last four wickets had not earned ten runs. Ivo Bligh, looking stern as Napoleon at the close of Waterloo, took the bat. Murdoch caught Bates at "point," like a spring trap; 8 for 98. G. B. Studd came and went; 9 for 105. Morley, the last man, made no stand, and Ivo Bligh carried out his bat; 103 was the score, and it left Australia 153 to get to win, making it a "very open" game, with a wet wicket, and John Bull "on the job." And, sure enough, the next day, Australia collapsed, and lost the match; but they won the return one, on February 17th, 1883, in grand style.

KRAKATOA, 1883.

The cataclysm which befell in the Straits of Sunda, just south of Sumatra, about the 26th August, in the above year, was one to be long remembered in Australia. It was the most terrible, violent, and earth changing explosion on record, and left the sea flowing where the giant mountains and islands had once been. It was well heralded, days beforehand, and a British India steamer, passing with immigrants for Queensland, reported a fearful bellowing, loud and continuous, day and night, like the steam sirens of 10,000 iron-clads, all performing at once; a clear warning of what was to follow. The laws of gravity were set at nought, to the extent, it is said, of hurling burning matter 30 miles into the air, shot towards the sky

with a force inconceivable. That the noise was heard 500 miles, and more, away across the sea is not wonderful, when we remember that the tremor quivered through all the mighty, non-volcanic, solid continent of New Holland, for 3,000 miles, to far east Brisbane; for the day after that night, a quiet little married woman, in that city, vowed that the earth had trembled in the night, and was so angry when laughed at. Her baby waking her at 2 a.m., she felt the bed quiver from side to side, as if struck at sea, and turned sick with the motion. No one had, as yet, heard of any shock at the spot "where the slumbering earthquake laid pillowed on fire;" and a gentleman also, who lived in the suburbs of Brisbane, at the opposite end to the little woman, got up in the night, firmly convinced (as he described it) that something like an elephant, in list slippers, was walking about his verandah, so palpable was the awful tremor, and yet so utterly soundless. And the man at the ferry, by the river bank, as he dozed in his punt, felt, in his sleep, what *he* thought was another punt, adrift, and striking the one he was in. He got up, and saw nothing; but, *there* was the river all in a dance, one mass of little pointed waves, rippling up and down, from no apparent reason, for not a breath of air stirred, and no shoal of fish was about. These are only some cases of what was felt, and it was all reported *at once*, and *before* the eruption was known of in Brisbane, and was told, too, as something extraordinary.

This outbreak was, of course, caused by the sun, which, at the same time, started a new atmospheric condition for us, which resulted in a three-year drought for Australia. I hold the sun to be the primary cause of all earthquakes, eruptions, floods, droughts, cyclones, and epidemics. This drought extended through 1884 and 1885, the magenta "afterglow," or "sun-halo," after sunset, never failing. About the middle of 1886, I hazarded a prediction that the drought would never break up, till some other one of the great safety valves of the Southern Hemisphere (probably in New Zealand) had had such another thorough good "clear out" as Krakatoa gave us, and so put a new "set" on the weather. I named this in a letter, which was published on the 24th May, and, on the 10th of June, came the Tarawera convulsion, which destroyed the pink and white Terraces in New Zealand; and, a few nights after this, it began to rain in Brisbane, quietly and unobtrusively, in the middle of the night, with no storm, or previous demonstration, whatever, only that the clouds which now formed, also distilled, which latter part of the programme was always omitted by them while the drought "stop" was on in Dame Nature's weather organ.

Australian weather differs essentially from European. In the Australias, the extremes are of flood and drought; in Europe, the extremes are in heat and cold. The rainfall in England averages much the same through a century, but there will be a difference of, perhaps, 8° between the average of the hottest and the coldest year. Not so in Australia. The hottest year of the century will only top the coolest by, perhaps, 2°; while, as for the difference in rainfall, between the wettest and the driest year of a century, the figures would be absolutely startling. The cause of all this lies in the preponderance of land in the Northern, and of water in the Southern, Hemisphere.

The weather has been noted in South-east Australia since 1782, which was a year of drought; for Captain Flinders, from that time till 1792, found traces of drought and bush fires wherever he landed; and it is a matter of history, also, that the early settlers of Port Jackson, from 1788 onwards, were, owing to drought, on the verge of starvation, and were saved by supplies of rice from Batavia, and wheat, &c., from England; 1797 saw a severe drought at Western Port, near the present Melbourne; but, from 1799 to 1806, floods were prevalent, and destroyed the crops equally with drought. The Hawkesbury River rose 101 feet at the town of Windsor, and another "rise" was, in wheat, to 80s. a bushel. Floods kept on till 1810, when rain ceased abruptly; and, in 1811, water sold for 6d. a bucketful in Sydney; but this was a brief drought; and the floods had an innings up till 1826, one, in 1820, raising the Hunter River 37 feet.

From 1826 to 1829 (as might have been expected after fifteen years of over-abundant rain) came the "champion" long drought of the century, and water was *4d. a gallon* in Sydney! Which, even "Broken Hill" has not, yet, rivalled. But, still, it did less harm than the drought of ten years later, when flocks and herds had greatly multiplied. 1830 brought the first great flood, for eleven years, and Windsor was an island again. The years that followed were more dry than wet, but still bearable. But, in 1838 and 1839 came the most disastrous, if not the longest, drought, up to that date; it almost exterminated the sheep and cattle; it dried up the great river Murrumbidgee, and the fish putrefied in the bed of it. 1841 was a heavy flood year; the new settlement of Moreton Bay saw its great river Brisbane, wide as the Thames, rise twelve feet above "King tides," a rise not seen, again, till 1890. There was a heavy drought in 1849, 1850, and early 1851, wound up by the "boxing" of the bush fires which swept Victoria on "Black Thursday," February

6th, 1851, into a blaze which measured 100 miles, from east to west, and travelling southerly before an equatorial hurricane. The weather, since then, has been well in the memory of most people, and need not, here, be recorded. A graphic summary of some vagaries of Australian weather may be condensed, when we remember, that, in a given place, the rainfall of a whole year will be equalled by the downpour of 24 hours only; and the quota of a wet 24 hours, will, sometimes, have to be put up with, "spread out thin," over a whole year! 18 inches in a day; 18 inches in a year.

MELBOURNE IN 1888.

Albury Railway Station, New South Wales, at daybreak, on a bitterly cold *summer* morning, at the beginning of November, is not exactly the place where a Queenslander of 40 years residence, and *en route* to the Melbourne Cup, would care to suddenly wake up to the stern realities of life, which include—at that time and place—only a few minutes for breakfast, and those few cruelly impinged upon by the Custom House officers on the Russian—I beg pardon—on the Victorian—frontier, who insist on all your keys and seeing all that is in your boxes; the inquisition being of no consequence if it were not for the time filched from the too brief space allowed for changing trains, transferring luggage, and feeding. Shade of Australian Federation! When *will* this "*Douanier*" border business come to an end? It is all *so* distasteful to a poor Queenslander accustomed to the warm, tropical, leisurely *siesta* style of life—to find himself, at only 522 feet above the sea, nearly freezing in November, and bustled and hustled, moreover, as if life were limited to three score and ten months, in place of so many years. This happened to me, and, further on, I came to a place called Glenrowan, where, I was informed, the battle of Ned Kelly—his Waterloo in fact—was fought; fine pastoral country, no doubt, like most of Victoria, and the bullets flew thickly enough to satisfy the most sensation-craving, mortal. But it was common-place, in point of scenery, and not one-tenth part so romantic looking as the precipices of "Hassan's Walls." Bowenfels, near Hartley, in the Blue Mountains, where another bushranger, the best part of 100 years earlier, had fought *his* battles. On I sped per rail across the great colony of Victoria, last crossed by me in 1853, past places marked

with the names of Euroa, Benalla, Wangaratta, Seymour, &c.; here, perhaps, an agricultural show going on, and a crowd at the stations, and there, again, nothing at all but the bare platform, as might be. 40 miles an hour we travelled, no doubt, but still it was wearisome to me, who hate to be locked up, even in a moving prison, so cramped as compared with the larger and floating prison of a six thousand ton steamer; till, at last, thank goodness! across some very level, quite too level, country, the tall chimney pillars of manufacturing Melbourne leave in sight, and also the dome of its Exhibition building, and even though more bitterly, damply, cold—with its 58° at the brick built “Menzies’ Hotel” in November—than was the drier Albury, still there was precious liberty and a bath, and a leisurely meal, outside of that tyrannical, nigger-driving, wait-for-no-one, lock-you-up railway train. Faugh! How it (and all other trains the world over) did *not* suit a Queenslander! used only to a horse’s back as a means of locomotion, *cum* leisure, *cum* liberty, and with no smoke “smuts” always in your eye, as in a railway carriage. And, now, for a look round at old Melbourne, or young Melbourne, which shall I call it? I have not slept there since early 1851, and how it *must* have altered by this November of 1888. Why! they have dug up *three thousand tons* of gold in this Victoria since I slept here last, and what a mark, in politics and business, in pasture and agriculture, in building and reclaiming, *that* same gold *must* have left behind it! “Extensive improvements” you know, and all that sort of thing. So, I emerge from Menzies’, take out my compass, in Bourke street, and find it runs east and west; so, I keep on the south side to get all the sun I can. Pish! *what* a freezing blast from the Bay comes rushing up Queen street, and every other cross street that I go past! And what a relief it is to get under the lee and shelter of “the block” again, and what a lot of Brisbane and Sydney people I do meet, to be sure. I hate walking, but I must do it here to keep warm, despite the thick-lined Irish frieze suit I am wearing; nothing short of fur, or leather, would keep *that* southerly “blizzard” out. And so, I stroll on to where they are playing the centennial draughts matches, and there is the “Herd Laddie,” and the “dons” of New Zealand and Sydney, and eke the little 14 year old boy champion, of Australia, young Abraham from Brisbane. Half-an-hour there and then back to “Menzies’,” where I begin to wonder where that church is, which, in 1851, I used to see and attend, and which then stood across a sort of green grass common when viewed from near Cantlon’s “Bull and Mouth” hotel; and, after a long hunt I find it, stowed away behind a lot of blue stone

warehouses, and no open green near it, though there are a few nice wall flowers in the parsonage garden. Back again to "Menzies'," where, at the dinner tables, there are represented Broken Hill and Brisbane, the Upper Hunter and the Darling, Sydney in its millionaires and its yachtsmen, male and female, a gathering in that fine dining room, such as you will meet in no other hotel in Australia, and in the evening, when the younger and stronger ones have gone to the theatre, or, Government House, it was pleasant to retire to the carpeted, gas lit, drawing room, up stairs, where it *was* a little bit warm, but would have been better for a fire, only that, of course, Melbourne people don't have fires in the—*summer*, you know, and then some one volunteered on the piano, and another, very sweetly, on the "zither," with the Hungarian Gavotte, on its native instrument; and how the musical, sleepy, tinkle of those dear tramcar bells coming past, ever and anon, did sooth a poor fish-out-of-the-water of a Queenslander as nothing else in strange Melbourne did, for—"not to put too fine a point on it," the transition, from Brisbane in the last week of October with the glass at 85° "fair and aisy," to Melbourne, in the first week of November, with the thermometer at 58°—is a state of matters, to a man with a "liver," that can only be summed up in the brief words "particular fits." Still, there was much to see; the Supreme Court, a fine pile 350 feet square, with a cupola that recalled the "Four Courts" at Dublin, and with an appropriate silent "hush" inside, suited to legal requirements, and greatly in contrast with the noisy traffic roar, near *some* Supreme Court Buildings, in Australia; and, of course, I had to go to the Exhibition, a vast and handsome building, in a nice garden, but unblest with the lovely outlook of the "Garden Palace" in Sydney; still, you "can't have everything" you know. I saw an old gentlemen inside in a bath chair, and I appreciated his sense, when I viewed the "magnificent distances," which an exploration of the building and the "Avenue of Nations" involved. I should have liked to "take a cab" myself, round it. I admired the marble bull and his leader; the silver trophy of New South Wales, the group of Captain Cook and Co. landing at Port Jackson (or Botany Bay, was it)? the photographs of Victorian scenery, and the gold specimens from New South Wales. How is it, by the way, that they export so little gold from that colony, and yet show such "scrump-tious" nuggets?

A visit, now, to the butter factory, and the "lolly" ditto, but *not* to the "grotto"—too damp and cold for me, thanks; and then, hey! for the "pearl of the flock," the picture gallery. Frith's telling

series of the career of the mining swindler, like Hogarth's "Rake's Progress;" that splendid picture of the glowing red fires in the dark Hawaiian crater; then that other one, of the sick and dying King Edward the Sixth; the waves and sea gulls under a lofty Scotch cliff; that life-like scene, where "Cantuar" and the Marquis kneel before the wet-eyed new girl queen, in the early morn, when William the Fourth died; the rising sun, catching the ear and hair of the nobleman, as if life itself, and not mere oil and canvas, were before you. I noticed that all the best *cheap* pictures had been sold to the Adelaide National Gallery. Must be a wide-awake lot down in South Australia, and no wonder, when they can grow rich on wheat, at six bushels to the acre. "Circe," turning her admirers into pigs, was a comic picture, and I liked that little etching of "Stoke Pogis," Church, and I recalled the exquisite poem that ends, or should end, with

"No longer seek his merits to disclose;
Nor draw his frailties from *that* dread abode
Where both, alike, in trembling hope, repose;
The bosom of his Father and his God."

I admired the elm trees in the streets, the rhododendrons and the geraniums, such as we cannot grow in Brisbane. I did not go to the Melbourne Cup, for I detest crowds, but my people went, and I trust they liked the sight of 50,000 black hats, and 50,000 pink parasols (to use a figure of speech) better than I should have done. *My* amusement out of the Melbourne Cup was to watch, in Collins street, on the Cup morning, the tide of walking and family humanity, as it set, strongly, towards Spencer street and the railway, the numerous middle class of Melbourne being here represented; girls in plum coloured merino, and so forth. I watched them and their hamper baskets, and I wove theories as to who and what they all were, and it seemed to interest me more than did some magnificent equipages, of which I was told that they belonged to the Chirnsides, and other prominent Victorian people, names which had sounded in my ears in '51, even as in '88, and had included the Manifolds, and the Wares, and more. And the return tide of humanity, before tea, on the Cup day, was just as good a study, for the summer days are long, and the sunset late, in 37° south.

I must not forget a stroll I took up King street, northerly, from Bourke street, with the sight of a distant Town Hall (Hotham?) at the end of it. I know of no street, out of London itself, that so resembles a London suburban thoroughfare, especially on the South-

wark side, as does this part of King street, Melbourne. "Lolly" and fruit shops, butchers' shops, newspaper and "penny dreadful" shops, curiosity and second-hand shops, public-houses, all of a style different from the rest of Melbourne, with a *je ne sais quoi*, a something, which I cannot define, about them, but which was all of London, and not of Australia. Sydney streets, some of them, are like "bits" of London, but Sydney resembles the Warwickshire Leamington also, in places. The cherries and fruit for sale, the class of penny literature, and of lollies, in King street, were—"London all over."

Another scene which interested me was the Sunday crowd, who thronged the "Edina," and "Courier," for Geelong and the Bay. There were, advertised, names of places in the latter waters, new to me, and I wondered if "Shortland's Bluff," and the "Station Peak," had been re-named. I was struck with the smartness of the men at the gangway, who took 1,200 tickets in "no time." Of the Public Library, the garden-decked suburbs, the capital tram service of Melbourne, other scribes have written plentifully. It was new and London-like, to a Brisbane man, to see the high figures into which the policemen's numbers, and the cab ditto, ran. But the holiday drew to an end, and I had resolved *not* to travel in the "Bourke and Dubbo" style of antediluvian sleeping car, to which, in the rush for the Cup, we had been condemned; so I booked myself and people in the P. and O. steamer "Victoria," for Sydney; and here I became forcibly and painfully reminded of the difference between the task of wheeling yourself and your luggage comfortably on board the 5,000 ton steamer, *at the wharf*, in Brisbane, or Sydney, and the shipping of the same articles in Melbourne. Your "traps" have to be handed to an agent; no "fella" (not a professional) could follow *them* through all the ramifications of Flinders street station, the rail to "Port Melbourne," and the Bay (where is "Liardet's" now?); then along the pier, and so on, out to the big steamer, anchored two miles off in the sea. *What a picnic!* I read in the paper, and was also told, that a steamer called the "Albatross" would wait on us at the pier, and do all the needful as to getting on board the "Victoria;" so we, confiding ones, set out in cab No. 308, and train of the same number, through the somewhat insipid scenery, and stereotyped style of cottage, which mark the route from Flinders street station to the pier, and on our arrival at the latter, we commenced a weary tramp along it, and between the big ships that lined each side (Ah! why was not the "Victoria" one of them), but no "Albatross" could *we* see. A

P. and O. flag, at a side landing steps, attracted us, and we called a halt, wondering what the next act in the play would be. After a while, a little steam launch, called the "Surprise," not the "Albatross," came alongside, and we were told she was to be our conveyance to the mail boat; so we went on board, and then more people came down, most of them through passengers from London, who had been on shore to stretch their legs, and there was soon hardly standing room in our little cock-boat, which bobbed up and down—especially "down"—like a deeply-laden cork on the waves, and then we steamed out to the towering 6,000 ton "Victoria," and, by great feats of agility, managed to jump on to the ladder when our—very disagreeable—"Surprise" happened to be on the top of a wave (for it was out of the question when she was down); and, when safe on board, arose the question of "where? and oh! where is all our luggage gone?" for it was *not* on the "Victoria," at all events. Council of war held, but no satisfactory conclusion arrived at; no one on board who could tell us anything; too late to swim back to Melbourne, and enquire about it, as the steamer started in 45 minutes more; when—"a sail in sight appears;" the steamer "Rescue," once more a most appropriate name, even as the miserable little "Surprise" was, for *she* was a decent boat, with paddle-boxes and a bridge, from which you could step to the deck, and needed not to jump on to a ladder, *or*, into the sea; and, yes! no! yes! there, positively, was the trusty "luggage agent" whom we had interviewed and subsidised at "Menzies'"—in at the death, red-faced, and perspiring, it is true, but triumphant, over all difficulties, at last, and with every package, right to the very smallest band-box. He had clearly "been there before." *I* could never have "put it through." And, then, it occurred to me that he and the crowd who came on board in the "Rescue" had been "in the know," and were, probably, seasoned old Victorians, and not "new chum" Queenslanders, or raw London passengers to Sydney, for whom the "Surprise" was provided; else, how did they (the knowing ones) find out (as *we* did *not*) that the "Rescue" was substituted for the "Albatross?"

And, now, out in the Bay, I had a chance to see, from the upper deck of the "Victoria," the fine panorama of domes and spires which Melbourne presents from the sea side; so different from what I saw just 35 years before, when the little steamer "Diamond," or "Maitland," took me out to the "Harbinger." The weather was somewhat hazy, so I could not see how any of the old land-marks in Port Phillip had changed; but I was deeply struck with the waspish, vicious, dangerous little fort, almost level with the water, near the Heads.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS.

CHIEFLY AUSTRALIAN.

THE RABBIT COUNTRY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I presume I am right in considering the country about Tintanalogy, and from thence to Balranald (lately visited by the Earl of Jersey), as part of "King Bunny's" dominions, in New South Wales. There were no rabbits there 50 years ago, but the largest flocks of emus I ever saw, in Australia, could be seen on the plains near Balranald, which consisted, in 1853, of Lowcock's "hotel," and a shanty of a court house, where Edwards was the C.P.S. of the period, after Renn Hampden (once of Brisbane, and brother of the Bishop of Hereford) was at Paika; and when John Lecky Phelps, John Christie, and E. Morey (now of Clermont, Q.), &c., were the "beaks" who presided in court.

The first "move" in the direction of this part of Australia was when Frank Hobler (accompanied by Samuel Macgregor, now of Brisbane, and who was on his way to Portland, overland) "took up" (about 1842) Nap Nap, Yangar, and Paika. Mr. John Scott (now of Brisbane) took up Canally, and sold out, to J. L. Phelps and Nicholas Chadwick, afterwards. At the junction of the Murray and Murrumbidgee, the Jackson brothers took up a cattle run, which was, in 1853, an out-station of Canally, and part of the property. Following down the great rivers (alike, of Time and of the Murray), William Ross took up the next station, and Mr. E. Morey, before-named, took up what is now "Euston" (then called Booni Yarrikool) in the month of May, 1846. They were then the outside stations down the Murray River, and all was desert beyond, to the South Australian border, till, early in 1847, that splendid man, John McKinley (six feet four, and stout in proportion), settled below Mr. Morey; and then Kilcool was taken up by Charles Hotson Ebdon; and Mildura (where the Chaffey's now are) by Hugh Jamieson and his brother. The Fletchers then occupied the country at the junction of the Darling and the Murray rivers, and

some clever Scotch people gradually worked up the lower Darling with stock. In 1850, Messrs. E. Morey, John M'Kinley, and Alec. M'Callum, explored the country above the existing settlement on the Darling, and, eventually, stocked it—M'Callum, at Menindie, with sheep; John M'Kinley, at Pooncarrie and Panamaroo, with cattle; and E. Morey, at Tintanallogy (lately sacred to rabbit experiments before Dr. Bancroft, of Brisbane), with cattle, and at Lake Terawanea also. But the Darling, above this, remained a wilderness for several years after.

In these early days, both Mr. E. Morey and Mr. Samuel Macgregor advocated the navigation of the Murray, but two obstacles barred the way. Melbourne was jealous of trade going to Adelaide, and would find no money for any such experiment. The first steamer that ever actually did go up the Murray was a rough-decked boat, into which some improvised engines were fitted, for the special occasion, by an enterprising miller from the Adelaide side; but, she could only stem the current to the tune of some three, or four miles an hour, even *without* barges in tow, and it took her a month to "make" Swan Hill. Sturt, the explorer, rowed *down* the Murray on his last journey, and he introduced Mr. E. Morey to Sir Henry Young, Governor of South Australia, who asked Morey to furnish an estimate of the probable trade, which he did. After this, Captain Cadell pulled down the Murray, from Swan Hill to Lake Alexandrina. He, afterwards, brought up the "Lady Young" steamer, with Sir Henry Young on board (as related at page 66 of this book), after which, the trade grew, and steamers, and their satellite barges, were multiplied, and the Murrumbidgee and the Darling, and their minor branches, suffered their labyrinthine fresh water shallows to be invaded, conquered, and explored by a flotilla of mercantile business-feeders, of the flat-bottom type.

The Tyson brothers were, in 1846, occupying the country at the extreme lower end of the Lachlan, where its muddy waters unite with the pellucid Murrumbidgee. They were keen business men, living in bark huts, of their own building, and always open to a "deal" in the way of cattle. The Lake Paika station was, afterwards, purchased by one of them, with 12,000 cattle, at £8 per head, the time and the proximity to a market being, alike, favourable to such a high price ruling. When the "Lady Young" first came up, and was tied to a tree below Euston, a drunken bushman came on board, and, pushing his head into the cabin where His Excellency was shaving, shouted "give us a passage up the river, Governor." Captain Cadell put him ashore *vi et armis*, when the fellow turned

round and said to him, "Well! you are a hugly man." The crew laughed, but the bushman did not, for Cadell was a two-handed bruiser, and soon left the bushman nothing to complain of on the score of beauty, when once he had stepped on shore to him. The Murray explorer was brave to foolhardiness, whereof witnesseth the following:—Captain Cadell drove up the Darling River, in a buggy, for 200 miles, with a view to learn its eligibility for navigation, and having done so, he, in place of coming back the same route, conceived the strange idea of cutting straight across country to the Murrumbidgee, overland, and away from the river. Now, anyone who knows the "Old Man" plain, near Hay, the dread of bushmen, can appreciate what a task it is to face a waterless prairie between two comparatively approximate rivers; and, still more, what it must be like to attempt to negotiate the third side of a triangle in waterless country, when the other two sides consist of two such widely divergent and lengthy streams as the Murrumbidgee and Darling are. Cadell's black boy tried, in vain, to dissuade him from the attempt, which was made, with the result that the two of them nearly perished from thirst and hunger. But what was so akin to a tragedy, had an element of comedy imported into it by the freely circulated, if not truthful, report, that, but for the abundant supply of hair pomade which the gallant explorer always carried with him, he and the black boy would have been unable to soften, and eat, the leather leggings, straps, valise, &c., which, it is coolly stated, alone saved them from starvation. How much "bush chaff," and what residuum of fact, there may be in this, I am unable to tell with certainty.

I may conclude by saying that for such of the above dates and names as were not within the ken of my own memory, I am indebted to Mr. E. Morey, now of Clermont, and Mr. Samuel Macgregor, of Brisbane.

A CHAPTER ON SENTIMENT.

It would seem difficult, at the first glance, to extract any sentiment out of galvanized iron, or photographer's proofs, or a merchant ship discharging sperm candles and rock salt; but, if one looks beneath the surface, there is a good yield of it, and a regard for the goddess Hygeia and for the babes of Australia and Queensland makes me thus speak out.

Look, now, here are six new wooden cottages, all in a row, and each with a galvanized iron roof. It don't seem much to write about in a place like Brisbane, does it? But it is the six more, on top of the 600, or 6,000, that are *already* there, that make the trouble; and I speak of it for the sake of the "wee" children.

These tin roofs, even with ceilings, which they don't always have, mean 105° Fahrenheit, indoors, at midsummer, and 35° of the same, at midnight, at midwinter. "Awfully jolly," as you must perceive, for typhoid fever in January, or pneumonia in July (as the case may be), and tends to rapid recovery, *of course*. But oh! for the children! the little Georges and the small Claras, born, and yet *to be* born, who, too, will have to inhabit, and to die in those same tin roof houses. Poor little pets! They will do their small and level best, you know, to embellish these death traps; they will collect fragments of looking-glass, bits of old, coloured china, scraps of gay ribbon, and sea shells, to "make a play" with; and, like the "bower bird" of Australia (their native land), they will do their utmost to draw, in their innocent baby play, and infant imagination, all the fairy fun that *can* be got out of a tin roof hut, on a swampy plot of 20 perches.

No fault of the babes, that their parents are poor, and short-sighted, and unscientific. Little Jim, and smaller Lizzie, will go on playing and imagining, and quite happy, till, one sad day, they will find that their tiny bits of china, glass, and ribbon, and other toys of the children of the poor, have, somehow, ceased to amuse, as of yore; for the little ones have a headache, and feel giddy, sick, cold, and thirsty, and the unwritten fairy story, woven by their baby fancy from the bits of china and ribbon, is about to come to a close, and the whole brief tale of their little love and play on earth will be comprised within a space of some four to seven years, from birth to burial; for, as baby fancy, and baby imagery, cannot fight against, nor set aside, Dame Nature's stern laws, so the tin roof house, with its 70° of variation, on the swamp land, is bound to sweep the unconscious little ones into the lap of old King Death. Poor little things; What a graceful, but what an uneven, fight they *do* make of it! They never lived, and never even knew what it was like *to live*, under a thatch, or honest shingle roof; so, happily, they don't know, and never will know, how horribly they were handicapped from their very birth. They do their innocent best to make the world (of tin roofs and swamps) as beautiful to themselves, as the sight of their innocence is to those who have the gift to see a child in its true light; but, thank Heaven, they never

know (as some of us know for them) of the awful odds they have to fight against in order to keep a hold on health and life.

I have no wish whatever to injure the galvanized iron business ; but, in the name of humanity, let the "favourite brands" of it be reserved to make water tanks, and to cover flour and sugar from the rain, not babes from the sun, and let us have fewer stones in the cemetery to tell us that those who were born in 1884 died in 1888 ; and that those who *first* saw the light in 1878, saw it no more *here* after 1885.

I once met a gentleman on Sunday, all in black, and coming from the cemetery. He was there every Sabbath regularly, for two out of his five little children sleep there. Strange to say, he was telling me of the great range of heat and cold in his iron-roofed house. He spoke of it as of something to be proud of. Poor fellow ! I looked at him, and at his black clothes and black banded hat, and I thought oh ! such an awful lot, and I said, oh ! such a very little, in fact, nothing at all (*just then*) of what I thought, to him, for what, at that moment, would have been the use of it ? The undertaker's bill had been settled some months before, and *he*, at all events, saw no connection between it and the corrugated iron roofs ! But, still, though I personally eschew such roofs, I have, otherwise, my sad and perplexed moments.

Here, now, is that Pyroxiline, the photographer. He has just sent home to me the "proofs" of my dear little girl Olive's likeness, for me to choose which one of the five I will have finally printed and enamelled. Pyroxiline has marked two of them as *his* choice, and I am expected, I suppose, to reject the others. *Ay de mi* ! I don't like the idea one bit. Why should even one of my little pet's varied photographic smiles be wasted, and rubbed out for good and all ? It may be that ere another week has dawned on us, she may be laid to sleep in God's acre, and will have ceased to smile here for ever, and then, then, what of the erased, stifled, rejected, little dimpled mouth, that we cast aside so carelessly from its one only chance of being recorded.

The question is a deep one, and seems to widen and widen as we ponder over it. Why is it, all the world over, from the creation till now, that one is taken and another left ? Why does one child perish prematurely, still-born, and it's own brother, or sister, born of the same parents, be destined to live for 80 years, and more, and, perchance, become the most famous man, or the most beautiful and worshipped woman, of the century ? Why does one bud go on to flower, and fruit, and seed again, and the other wither on the branch, untimely ? What

becomes of these rejected, unrecorded, lost-for-ever, photographic, and other smiles of the babes? Prithee, tell me what happeth to all the still-born beauties of this world? Whither do speed the kindly wishes that are felt, the loving messages sent, but never delivered? or, as when a woman sees a man, or a man a woman, a dream-face, in a street crowd, or at a window, visible for a moment, with its swift, unerring, electric glance of kindly interest, and then gone, and unseen again for ever, when the seer blesses the unknown one with kindred and magnetic sympathy, with all the love and goodwill, born, like fire, in a moment, and destined to burn for ever, though fed by memory, and by memory only? The Great Architect of the universe, alone, can make up the loss to the losers; He, who fights the battle, and solves the problem of our poor lives for us in His own Divine, gentle, and merciful way; who managed our birth for us, and will manage our death for us, if we will but *only let Him*.

And, now, for the other subject, of the ship. We stand on the wharf, and see, riding at anchor in the Brisbane River, the good ship "Hydaspes," bound for China, *viâ* the outer passage of the "Barrier Reef." She has done her work here; landed her "new chums"; and her rock salt, and her "three star" brandy, *cum multis aliis*, have duly come under the ken of the gilt-buttoned men of the Customs, and have been bestowed away in well-packed warehouses. The captain has gone out, in the agent's buggy, to the latter's suburban villa, and eaten his farewell dinner there, and has listened to the ladies' music in the drawing room, and taken to sea a great posy of flowers from the semi-tropical garden. The "Jack Tars" have drunk their last glass of ale in the "public" next the wharf, and have chanted their melodious chorus as they raise the mighty "mud-hook" from the bed of the Brisbane. The latest files of the papers have been placed on board, and—*pro tem*—civilization, and buggies, and flower gardens are done with. And, then, perhaps, the next scene rises, *not* amidst the teeming millions of the yellow skins in the "Flowery Land," for the "Hydaspes" "borrowed" (it may be) too much on the "Barrier Reef," and the latter has claimed its own, and, there, sits up the good ship, fast for evermore, perched higher and drier than when she loomed "flying light" in the Brisbane River. The rats and the slanting moonlight have, now, got all the ample, gilded cabin to themselves. The sun rises, and the turtles disport, and the reef grows hot, and the coral glistens white above, and pale green below the translucent sea water, where the parrot fish and the sea leopard play. The sun sets, and lovely tints

irradiate the land of Austral Ind looming out there to the west. The moon and the tide rise, and the roar of the surf is soothing, but the ship moves not, and there are none on board for the surf to soothe, for men cannot live without fresh water, and the boats are gone, and the men in them, but—whither? We shall know all about that, perhaps, when Israfil calls them, but meantime, nothing, and all this sort of thing has happened before our day, and will happen, often again, between this and 1992, we'll warrant you.

Were our pretty housemaid to die to-morrow, there would be sad hearts in Toowoomba and Geelong, whence she gets those constant letters with the two-penny stamps on; but in a century hence, she and friends will have left no trace behind, and, as with her, so will pass away the records of the powerful firm who owned the lost "Hydaspes," and a dozen other ships like her—Messrs. Allcash and Rhino. You would search as vainly in 1992 for any trace of this great firm, as for the poor housemaid, save, perhaps, that some butter-vendor of that day may use its sacred ledgers of 1892, to wrap his "pats" in. The firm *must* die, for Allcash and his amiable old spouse are childless, and Rhino's two pretty daughters, whose diaphanous muslins set off their stately carriage and pair so well, will have merged the family name in those of Major Smyth and Adjutant Brown long before 1992 has arrived.

The people, the small talk, the ledgers, the day-books, and the belle of the old city of York, and her soldier lover, in the year 1748, as they spooned at dusk under the shadow of the Minster, are not one whit more clean passed away, and forgotten now, than our memory, too, will be, a century hence. The ever, ever, falling dust of ages buries all, in time, out of sight, be their *present* active strength and vitality what they may.

ABOUT BULLOCK DRIVERS.

Gentle reader, did'st ever "foregather" with a real live bullock driver of the old school? one of those bull dogs, or rather "bull-punchers" of true British breed, who possesses so remarkable a tenacity of life, that, when their damper, tea, and junk have run out, they can still sustain exhausted nature on such incongruous trifles as the *sardines a l'huile*, the beer of Bass, the rum of Lemon Hart, and the potted lobster from Boston, Mass., U.S.A., all of which, and more, an only too confiding storekeeper at the township

of Wambangalang, some two hundred miles further up the country, has been fondly expecting the arrival of, for a good fortnight before.

Did'st ever camp out with a good mendacious bullock driver, and, over fire and pipe, listen to the playful “whoppers,” the astonishing yarns, he can spin you, of the cheques he has “knocked down,” and the property he has run through in his early days? Did'st ever note his twelve bullocks, or take stock of his tattered “Brab” hat, through which his elf-locks wildly stray, and mark how well it harmonized with his striped jersey, his totally unfashionable pants, and his marvellously dirty boots and leggings? Take a look, also, at those two poor, aged, working bullocks covered with whip cuts and brands, for all the world like the side of a blacksmith's shed, and just observe their patient intelligent eyes, which almost seem to speak to you, and to tell of all the cranky young “steers” they have helped to break in during their own long sad life-time of woe. But, a truce to sentiment; our theme is with stern reality, and our muse is of the practical.

Did'st ever travel with him, gentle reader, and listen to those bland and soothing terms of gentle and seductive endearment which he addresses to “Spot” and “Mouse,” to “Brindle” and “Nobby,” by turns, as they near that steep sideling which looms ahead like an impassable barrier? If so, we advise you quietly to “stand by” and hold your bated breath, for our friend and his mates are going to “double bank” and “tackle it” before dinner; and then, indeed, will be developed the tug of war and din of strife, and it's—oh! for the pen of Homer or of Ossian to fitly chant the roar of battle—for over that hill they must go, this day, by jingo! or——

Now heave the grizzled throats and hirsute chests of our banded bull-punchers, what time the thunderous diapason of their hoarse blasphemy volleys in sublime chorus with the deep-toned sullen “thuds” of their resounding whips; and, you behold them, now cursing, now encouraging, now entreating, but ever urging on to madness, a chaos of hurtling horns and staring eyeballs, of slavering mouths and low-bent necks of brawn; a chaos, whose sinuous length heralds the groaning, creaking dray, in its almost sentient writhings, as its bright-as-steel tires alternately are embedded in, and emerge with a wrench from, the plastic clay of that terrible hill-side. Talk of the “Alma heights,” indeed! Pooh! Deeper and ruddier grows the conflict. Blood and demoniac oaths flow on all sides. Something surely is bound to “bust,” you know, if *this* sort of thing goes on, when (thank the Fates!), with one grand *concerto finale*, one *fortissimo* crash of seemingly countless and hopelessly commingled

whips, bullocks, yokes, and chains; with one long, deep, ominous, rolling explosion; one deadly roar of culminating and murderous profanity—the crest is gained, and Badajos is won! A ringing British cheer now! Hip!—Stay, stay; enthusiastic and sympathetic reader, stay! “Badajos be adjective well blanked, mate; why, no one never heard tell of such a place about these ’ere parts. Why, man, you must be dreaming—this is only the top of ‘Jerry’s Pinch,’ and Mr. Somerville’s teams have just crossed the watershed of the Dividing Range, or their way to the seaport; and, look! there is Bob, the bullock driver, sitting calmly by the road side, pipe in teeth, bowl downwards, and cutting up and daintily picking the threads of a fig of ‘backer,’ as phlegmatic and unconcerned as if nothing unusual had occurred during the last *terrible quart d’heure*. “*Nothing unusual?*” “Then, what the dickens was the meaning of that awful, unmistakable *row* we heard just now?” “That, my dear—oh, that was simply the ‘bullock-driver at home?’ Bob ‘just a coaxing, like,’ of his bullocks, you know; that’s all.”

We once had a bullock driver who had lived in Caffraria as well as here, and was an “old hand” in all senses of the word. It was a fine sight to see Bob’s Herculean form stripped “to the buff,” taking his team over a flooded ravine, chest deep in water, from the Snowy Mountains. We once found a case of brandy on the dray had been tampered with, when we were overlanding with sheep. We taxed Bob with the theft. Bob was indignant, not at being thought a thief, but at being suspected by us of so very “unworkmanlike a job.” He took the empty bottle in one hand, slapped it with the other, and said “Sir, d’ye see that ’ere bottle; ’taint got no cork in it and ’taint no ways broken neither; now, when *I* shakes a bottle and drinks the contents, I puts back the cork in tight and I knocks a little hole in the shoulder of the bottle and *I* puts it back in the case, and then, when you find it, you naterally says, “Ullow! why the jolting of the dray has broke this ear bottle, dear, dear! what a pity! Whereas, look at that bottle, sir (says Bob) the cork never took itself out, and no workman ever did that job; one of your (adjective) new chum shepherds (and here Bob spat with unmitigated disgust) must ha’ done *that* business, and I wonder a gent like you can’t see as much yerself.” We were dumbfounded. We admitted the force of Bob’s reasoning. Egad! he was the most honest, straight-forward, candid, polished, roaring old South African and Australian thief we ever came across—a pattern bullock driver indeed!

SOME STATISTICS.

When lovely woman stoops to folly, and finds too late how men deceive, it seldom happens that she's jolly, in fact she's more inclined to grieve; and though it may appear to be somewhat of a *non sequitur*, we would here remark that there are different ways of doing the same thing; for instance, the Turk "whips off" his boots when *he* enters his church, while the Briton doffs his *hat*; the meaning is, however, the same in both cases. Again, the wealthy male Turk buys him, for a wife, and in open market, a Georgian nymph, penniless in pocket, but perfect in *physique*. Compare this with Miss Adelaide, the only daughter and heiress of the millionaire pork butcher and army contractor, the H-dropping Crumbie. She bestows her white hand, flaxen locks, and dainty self upon the moneyless Hon. Wolfe Gauntribb, second son of the Right Hon. Plantagenet, twenty-fifth Viscount Scantacre, G.C.B., "the oldest blood, begad, Sir, in all England;" and will anyone deny that Adelaide Crumbie *buys* her husband, the same as the Turk does his wife? Is not money, pure and simple, the motive and operative agent in each case? Different ways, again, you see, of doing the same thing; and well it is, *for the woman*, when matters are so; her lover is sure to be faithful to the gold and the settlements, if not to her; and she will have no need to "die" in order to "wring *his* bosom;" in proof of which we will tell you a little story (done into verse) of what happened somewhere about the year 1497, and on the then newly-discovered western shores of the Great Atlanta, where a beautiful Carib maiden loved a white Spanish man, and 'twas thus they discoursed:—

SHE.

Oh! go not yet, my lord—my love—lie down by Zenia's side;
And think not, for thy white-man friends, to leave thine Indian bride.
For she will steer thy light canoe across Ozuma's Lake,
To where the fragrant citron groves perfume the bayuan brake;
And would'st thou chase the nimble deer, or dark-eyed antelope,
She'll lead thee to their woody haunts, behind the mountain slope;
And when thy hunter task is done, and spent thy spirit's force,
She'll weave for thee a plantain bower, beside a streamlet's course,
Where the sweet music of the leaves shall lull thee to repose,
Safe in Zenia's watchful love, from harmful beast or foes.
And when the Spirit of the Storm, in wild tornadoes rides by,
She'll hide thee in a cave, beneath a rocky panoply.

HE.

Look, Zenia, look ! the fleecy clouds move on the western gales !
 And see, the white man's floating home unfurls its swelling sails !
 So farewell India's spicy groves—farewell its burning clime,
 And farewell, Zenia ; but to love, no farewell can be mine,
 Not for the brightest Spanish maid, shall Diez now be given ;
 So, if we meet no more on earth, I will be thine in Heaven !

SHE.

Oh ! go not yet, my godlike love, stay but a moment more ;
 And Zenia's step shall lead thee on, to Häina's golden shore !
 No white man's foot has ever trod the vale that slumbers there,
 Or scared the gold-bird from its nest, or gazul from his lair ;
 But, cradled round by giant hills, lies many a golden mine,
 And all the treasures they possess, my Diez, shall be thine,
 And all my tribe shall be thy friends, our warrior chiefs thy guard ;
 With Zenia's heart thy faithful shield ; thy love her sweet reward.

SEQUEL.

The valley's won, the chiefs are true, re-scaled the golden tide,
 And Diez, for Hispania's shore, *quits not* his Carib bride.

There's a pretty story now. Diez, you see—though he was not “much on” the tropical scenery “racket” and the love-in-a-bower “business,” “tumbled like bricks” to the rich wash-dirt idea, and went in “hot” for it. He was just the sort of man, we should say, who would have got on well in the colonies in the present day. Let us hope that he was faithful to poor Zenia while the gold claim held out, and that, for *her* sake, it took a whole lifetime to work out his “prospecting area.”

The foregoing lines are *not* original, but their application is very much so ; and, as a proof that they are founded on fact, and not on fiction, I submit the following list of all the largest gold “nuggets” that have been found in the world during the last 500 years ; the word “nugget” implying that the lump is all gold, with no rock of any kind admixed :—

A. D.	Found by	Oz.	dwt.	gr.
1502.	Found by native woman in alluvial deposit of River Haina, St. Domingo, Hayti, West Indies	532	10	0
1502.	Found at Leadhills, Lanarkshire, Scotland	27	0	0
1730.	Found at La Paz, 12,170 feet on the eastern slope of the Andes, Bolivia, Upper Peru	665	0	0
1756.	Found at Creed, Cornwall, England	0	15	0
1771.	Found at Jecorata, Mexico ; now in the Royal Cabinet, Madrid	122	10	5
1793.	Found by a negro at Choco, New Granada, South America, and now in the King of Spain's cabinet	364	11	0
1797.	Found at Croghan Kinchela, county Wicklow, Ireland	22	0	0
1821.	Found in Reed's mine, Cabarras county, North Carolina, United States	414	16	0

A. D.		Oz.	dwt.	gr.
1826.	Found at Miask, Ural Mountains, Russia	325	5	8
1829.	Found in Anson county, North Carolina, United States	145	16	0
1832.	Found at Minas Geraes, Brazil, in the property of an English Company	242	0	0
1832.	Found at Cabarras county, North Carolina, United States	233	6	0
1842.	Found at Miask, Ural Mountains, Russia; now in the Museum of Mining Engineers, St. Petersburg ...	1,158	2	0
1850.	Found at Carson's Creek, Stanislaus River, California ...	219	0	0
1856.	Found at "Bakery Hill," Ballarat, Victoria — the "Welcome" nugget	2,217	16	0
1851.	Found at Meroo, Louisa Creek, Taron River, New South Wales	1,272	0	0
1858.	Found at Burrendong, New South Wales	1,286	8	0

There was, also, found, in 1870, at Moliagul, in Victoria, a nugget of some 224 lb. in weight, and, of course, larger than any of the foregoing; and a nugget, of some 80 lb. in weight, at Gympie (Q.), in 1867.

HOME SICKNESS.

A gentleman, once resident in Australia, named Richard Rowe, a poet, and on a visit to London, found himself one afternoon in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, where a sight of the kangaroo and emu, not to mention other New Holland birds and animals, brought on a fit of (Australian) home-sickness, a very severe form of the complaint, for the South Land, somehow, never is forgotten by those who *know* it; and he went home to his hotel, and indited the following graphic bit of descriptive to (I think) the "*Sydney Morning Herald*."

SEPULTUS IN UMBRIS.

Flowers float upon the creek like virgin snow,—
 The limpid brook that creeps in noiseless course,
 Save by the spiry arrow-grass unstemmed,
 Around the gully's foot, where sleeps the dead.
 Her sombre tresses on the farther bank
 The swamp-oak droops; from blossom golden bright
 The wattle sighs sweet odour; and, unheard,
 The gumtree showers its glitt'ring manna down.
 With crimson fruit and alabaster blooms
 Wild raspberries clothe the bank; serried in front
 A phalanx firm of green and tawny reeds
 Uplift their pennoned spears.

Throughout the day

An eerie hush hangs o'er that sunny stream,
 For months roll on and no man passeth by.
 It sings no song, but to a chorus low
 Of insect-murmurs glides upon its way.

Perchance a little string of silver beads
 Comes up and bursts ; there is a gleam of fins—
 A sprinkling flash—then all again is still.
 Or, now and then, three little liquid notes
 Are thrice repeated and the songster stops ;
 Or, the harsh cackle of the " bushman's clock,"
 Or scream of burnished parrots flying o'er,
 Startles the silence—but again it sleeps ;
 And through it, ghost-like, the king-fisher darts
 Hither and thither, beautiful and curst.

And eerie is the wak'ning of the stream.
 At dusk, the shy, weird platypus* comes forth
 For uncouth gambols 'neath the bright'ning moon ;
 And through the long night hours, or bright or black,
 Tall, spectral cranes croak hoarsely to their mates ;
 The bittern booms ; and with despairing wail,
 Doleful as spirits lost for evermore,
 The dingo curds the blood ; whilst down the gloom
 Of that dark gully comes a sobbing moan,
 The night-wind crooning its mysterious woe.

The filtered gold that specks the twilight shade
 Which fills that gully on the brightest day,
 A crystal shade, 'olent of damp and death,
 Ages of vegetation passed away—
 Hath rarely fallen on the face of man ;
 And, when the Southern Cross's solemn light
 Streams from the sky, no human foot, methinks,
 Was ever planted in that darksome cleft,
 Choked with bush verdure.

At it's streaming mouth
 Ti-trees shoot rankly from a swamp, and snakes,
 The wicked big brown snakes coil round the poles,
 And guard the entrance with their flattened heads,
 Lissome and hateful. The deaf adder, eke,
 Stupid and stunted, but as dire as dull,
 Lies loglike on the moist and mouldering soil,
 With festering fangs whose touch is certain death.
 The bulla-bulla haunts that lonely shade,
 And perched on tree-stump, spreads its glossy tail,
 As lyre for breeze to play on, but no breeze
 Stirs the curved plumes, and weary of the hush,
 The pheasant tempts a song from songsters mute
 By artful call, then mocks them dumb again,
 And a drear silence once more reigns around.
 The iguana, with its old, old eye,
 Which one might swear had seen ere man was born,
 The iguana, seemingly bowed down

* Duck-billed watermole.

By burden of long life without an end,
 The wasted ignara haunts the shade,
 And makes it weirder with his weary gaze.
 The sassafras breathes perfume from its bark,
 The blackwood soars to catch the distant light,
 The beech that fadeeth not spreads wide its boughs,
 And, o'er a dewy carpet richly green
 Luxuriant fern-trees bend their feathery fronds,
 The living batten on the trampled dead.
 A waste of weeds has almost blotted out
 The fenced-in spot where lies the human dead.
 Creepers and scrub have surged up round the rails,
 The rough grey rails, that mark the sepulchre.
 Who lies there buried? "B. Y., '99."
 I read th' inscription on a crumbling slab,
 Lichened and mossed, and stained, and faintly gilt,
 With a chance sprinkle of the filtered gold,
 From which a lizard glided as I read.
 But, what the story of the epitaph?
 I know not. We must wait for Israfil.
 His trump shall ring within that gully's gloom,
 But, till the dead arise to meet their God,
 "B. Y." stands blotted from the rolls of men.
 In the hushed gully by the silent stream
 He sleeps obscure. Ere many years have passed
 His tomb will be entombed*—and if it be?
 The little fame that gives some score of years
 Of posthumous existence to a man—
 Is *that* worth much? And e'en the brightest fame
 Must one day fade—as well, then, soon as late!
 And for the common herd,—*who* reads the stones
 With which *they* strive to dam out Lethe's flood?
 Deep in the southern bush, or in the sea
 That, in a moment, sunders man from men,
 Sleep is as sweet as 'neath cathedral flags.

And, lest anyone should feel sad after reading this, I must (like Tom Ingoldsby) say

"Come! Come! Mistress Muse! we must not part this way,
 Or you'll leave us as dull as ditch water all day."

So, I will follow up with two lively sketches by our Queensland "Tom Hood" and "Bret Harte" (in one), Mr. J. Brunton Stephens.

A PICCANINNY.

Lo! by the "humpy" door, as mockless Venus!
 Unblushing bronze, she shrinks not, having seen us,
 Though there is nought but short couch-grass between us!

* *Data sunt ipsius quoque fata sepulchris.*—JUVENAL X. v. 146.

She hath no polonaise, no "Dolly Varden";
 Yet turns she not away, nor asketh pardon;
 Fact is, she doesn't care a copper "farden."

Ah! yet, her age her reputation spareth;
 At three years old, pert Venus little careth,
 She puts her hand upon her hip and stareth;

All unabashed, unhaberdashed, unheeding,
 No Medicean, charmingly receding,
 But quite unconscious of improper breeding.

'Tis well; it smacks of Eden ere came sin in,
 Or any rag of consciousness or linen,
 Or anything that one could stick a pin in.

Could boundaries be neater? posture meeter?
 Could bronze antique or terra cotta beat her?
 Saw ever artist anything completer?

A shade protuberant, beyond contesting,
 Where this day's 'possum is just now digesting,
 But otherwise, all over interesting;

Trim without trimming, furbelow, or bow on;
 Was ever sable skin with such a glow on?
 So darkly soft, so softly sleek, and—so on?

Did ever fingers scratch a head so woolly?
 Took ever child the outward world so coolly,
 Though Fahrenheit's at ninety-seven fully?

Was ever known so dark, so bright an iris,
 Where sleep of light, but never play of fire is—
 Where not a *souçon* of a wild desire is?

Oh swarthy statuette! hast thou no notion
 That life is fire and war and wild commotion?
 A burning bush, a chafed and raging ocean?

Hast thou no questioning of what's before thee?
 Of who shall envy thee, or who adore thee?
 Or whose the jealous weapon that shall floor thee?

Hast thou no faint prevision of disaster—
 Of dark abduction from thy lord and master—
 Of aliens fleeing, kindred following faster?

No faint forehearing of the waddies banging,
 Of club and "heelaman"‡ together clanging,
 War shouts, and universal boomeranging?

And thou the bone of all the fierce contention—
 The direful spring of broken-nosed dissension—
 A Helen in the nigger apprehension?

‡ A wooden shield.

Nay, my black tulip, I congratulate thee,
Thou caust not guess the troubles that await thee,
Nor carest who shall love or who shall hate thee :

Recking as little of the human passions
As of the very latest Paris fashions,
And soaring not beyond thy daily rations !

Die young, for merey's sake ! If thou grow older,
Thou shalt grow lean at calf, and sharp at shoulder,
And daily greedier and daily bolder.

A pipe between thy savage grinders thrusting,
For rum and everlasting 'baecy lusting,
And altogether filthy and disgusting.

Just such another as the dam that bore thee—
That haggard Sycorax now bending o'er thee !
Die young, my sable pippin, I implore thee !

Why shouldst thou live to know deterioration ?
To walk, a speetre of emaciation ?
To grow, like that, all over corrugation ?

A trifle "miscellaneous," like her, too
An object not "*de luxe*" and not "*de vertu*"—
A being odious even to refer to ?

Her childhood, too, like thine, was soft and tender ;
Her womanhood hath nought to recommend her ;
At thirty she is not of any gender.

Oh dusky fondling, let the warning teach thee !
Through muddiest brain-pulp may the lesson reach thee !
Oh, die of something fatal, I beseech thee !

While yet thou wear'st the crown of morning graces,
While yet the touch of dawn upon thy face is—
Back, little nigger, to the night's embraces !

Hope nought : each year some new defect discloses,
As sure as o'er thy mouth thy little nose is.
Thy only hope lies in metempsychosis.

Who knows but after some few short gradations,
After a brace, or so, of generations,
We two may have exchanged our hues and stations ?

Methinks I see thee suddenly grow bigger,
White in the face, and stately in the figure,
And I, a miserable little nigger !

Should this be thus--oh come not moralising !
Approach not thou my "lumpy" † poetising ?
Spare thine Jambics and apostrophising !

Let subtle nature, if it suit her, black me,
 Let vesture lack me, bigger niggers whack me,
 Let hunger rack me, let disaster track me.
 And anguish hoist me to her highest acme—

Let me bear all thine incidental curses,
 Nor share the smallest of thy scanty mercies,
 But put me not—oh, put me not in verses !

She grins. She heedeth not advice, or warning,
 Alike philosophy and triplets scorning.
 Adieu, then. Fare thee well. Ta-ta. Good morning.

A BRISBANE REVERIE.

MARCH, 1873.

As I sit beside my little study window, looking down,
 From the heights of contemplation (attic front) upon the town—
 (Attic front, per week—with board, of course—a sov'reign and a crown) ;—

As I sit—(these sad digressions, though, are much to be deplored)—
 In my lonely little attic—(it is all I can afford :
 And, I should have mentioned, washing *not* included in the board) ;—

As I sit—(these wild parentheses my very soul abhors)—
 High above the ills of life, its petty rumours, paltry wars—
 (The attic, back, is cheaper, but it lacks a chest of drawers) ;—

In the purpling light of half-past six, before the stars are met,
 While the stricken sun clings fondly to his royal mantle yet,
 Dying glorious on the hill-tops in reluctant violet,—

Just the time that favours vision, blissful moments that unbar
 The inner sight (assisted by a very mild cigar),
 To behold the things that are not, side by side with those that are,—

Just the very light and very time that suit the bard's complaint,
 When through present, past, and future, roams his soul without restraint—
 When no clearer seem the things that are, than are the things that ain't ;—

With dual apperception, metaphysical, profound,
 Past and present running parallel, I scan the scene around—
 (Were there two of us, the attic front would only be a pound).—

Beneath mine eyes the buried past arises from the tomb,
 Not cadaverous or ghostly, but in all its living bloom—
 (I would rather pay the odds than have a partner in my room).

How the complex *now* contrasteth with the elemental *then* !
 Tide of change outflowing flow of ink, outstripping stride of pen !
 (Unless it were.....but, no.....they only take in *single* men).

Where trackless wilderness lay wide, a hundred ages through—
 I can see a man with papers, from my attic point of view,
 Who for gath'ring house-assessments gets a very decent screw.

Where forest contiguity assuaged the summer heats,
It is now an argued question, when the City Council meets,
If we mightn't buy a tree or two, to shade the glaring streets.

Where no sound announced the flight of time, not even erow of cock,
I can see the gun that stuns the town with monitory shock,
And a son of that same weapon hired to shoot at 1 o'clock.

Where the kangaroos gave hops, the "old men" fleetest of the fleet,
Mrs. Pursy gives a "hop" to-night to all the town's *elite*,
But her "old man" cannot hop, because of bunions on his feet,

Where the emu, "at its own sweet will," went wandering all the day,
And left its bill-prints on whate'er came handy in its way,
There are printed bills, announcing "steamer 'Emu'" for the Bay.

Where of old with awful mysteries and diabolic din,
They "kippered" adolescents in the presence of their kin,
There's a grocer selling *herrings* kippered, half-a-crown per tin.

Where the savage only used his club to supplement his fist,
The white man uses his for friendly intercourse and whist,
Not to mention sherry, port, Bordeaux, et cetera—see List.

Where dress was at a discount, or, at most, a modest "fall,"
Rise "Criterion," "Cosmopolitan," and "City Clothing Hall,"
And neither men nor women count for much—the dress is all.

Where a bride's trousseau consisted of an extra coat of grease,
And Nature gave the pair a suit of glossy black apiece,
Now the matrimonial outfit is a perfect golden fleece.

Where lorn widows wore the knee-joints of the late lamented dead,
We have dashing wives who wear their living husbands' joints instead—
Yea, their vitals, for embellishment of bosom, neck, and head.

Where the blacks, ignoring livers, lived according to their wills,
Nor knew that flesh is heir to quite a lexicon of ills.
Five white chemists in one street grow rich through antibilious pills.

Where the only bell was bell-bird's note, now many mingling bells
"Make Catholic the trembling air," as famed George Eliot tells
Of another town somewhere between more northern parallels.

(But for fear the name of Catholic offend protesting ear,
Let "Wesleyan" or "Baptist" be interpolated here,
Or that bells make "Presbyterian" the trembling atmosphere).

Where the savage learned no love from earth, nor from the "shining frame,"
And merely feared the devil, under some outlandish name,
There are heaps of Britishers whose creed is—very much the same.

Where the "gin" was black—(methinks 'tis time this bard were shutting up :
The bell is ringing for the non-inebriating cup,
And even attic bards must have their little "bite and sup").

MARK TAPLEY IN QUEENSLAND.

We often debate, but can never decide, the question "Which is the hottest place in Queensland?" We started down Queen street the other day, in company with our friend Tirkbarth (from Cardwell, Rockingham Bay, in 18° south). We asked him if it was not warmish up there at times? "Oh! dear no," said he; "quite cool—every bit as pleasant as this; couldn't tell the difference; in fact, I rather think this place is a little the warmer of the two. But," he asked, "if you want *real* heat, you should just try Rockhampton. Beastly close hole that; never felt anything like it in all my life." Acting on his information, we bailed up our friend Gasblow, who keeps a store in the famed city of the Fitzroy, and we asked him to tell us all about it. "Warm in Rockhampton!" he ejaculated; "not a bit of it, Sir. You see, the river with us is much wider than yours here, and we have the south-east trades all day long. Now, if you wish for a genuine scorching you ought to go to Townsville." We, as usual, are indefatigable, and were not long in "interviewing" a live settler from Cleveland Bay, yeleft Jim Coffeyskin, who keeps a "grocery" there, and we felt his pulse about the local caloric in that quarter. "Bless you," he said, "finest place ever you lived in; I never feel hot there. Why the sea breeze would blow you out of your hammock; and there you are, with your cigar, B. and soda, shirt and trousers, and wouldn't call the King your grandfather." We were so dazzled by this airy sketch, that we quite forgot to ask Jim how it would feel hauling copper ore and wool bales about on the wharf, on a fine sunshiny day in January. We next enquired of our fat legal friend, Twentystun, of Maryborough, if it ever felt hot there? "Hot!" he said, and he seemed to scorn the very idea, "why the country between us and the sea is all a dead level, and we have no mountains, like you have in Brisbane, to shut out the sea breeze." He evidently pitied our ignorance. Despairing, at last, of finding out a really and confessedly hot place in the colony, we appealed to Tom Chowcheat, general storekeeper and commission agent at Cooktown, as to how the thermometer ranged up in those parts. "Well," he said, tapping his chin quite doubtfully, "it's a little warmish in the summer, perhaps, but nothing to what you might expect; *it's very like what Brisbane is at Christmas time.*" Our friend Purldive, who has an island somewhere in Torres Straits, drew such a fairy picture of cool springs, coral grottos, shady groves, and porous water-jars, as

quite disgusted us with Brisbane. We give it up. Either Queensland is a very "cool" place, in more senses than one, or else, every town on the coast is inhabited by a transplanted race of Mark Tapleys, who are resolved to feel "jolly," no matter what these dull prosaic wretches, Fahrenheit and Reaumur, may have to say about the matter.

THE BRISBANE CUP.

There are unwonted sounds in the air disturbing the noontide calm; a noise is heard as of "swsh-sh-sh," and a kicking of hoofs, too, strikes on the air, accompanied with a squeaking whinny now and again, and a muttered "Ah! would you now?" and a smell of fresh, fragrant hay "bedding," too, is perceptible—in short, the favourite for the Brisbane Cup is in training, and is undergoing his toilet inside yonder darksome stable. We are not much "on the sport" ourselves. We generally sit in the front row of the Grand Stand, and it might be observed, if anyone took the trouble to look at us, during that absorbing three minutes and forty seconds, or so, which old Father Time spins off his reel while the Brisbane Cup is being battled for by the iron sinews and roomy lungs of our thoroughbreds, we might be observed during that time seated in the front row, with our head folded inside our arms, very like a schoolboy asleep in church. We don't want to look at the race—our eyes are shut, but, our ears are open; and this is a sample of what we generally hear during the eventful 3·35 of "the Cup":—"Now they're off. No! it's a false start again. I tell you the flag's *down*. Two to one, bar one, *I'll lay*, Lend me your glass half a second. Take you in fives, Jack. My word! it's a wholesome cracker. Field beats any two for a pony. Hats off there. Yellow's leading. Green's bolted. 'Yanko' beats anything past the post for fifty. 'Little Dick' beats him. Done with you. Blue's ahead now. Hang that fellow! he's just cutting his own throat. Will they *ever* catch him? No fear, he'll come back to 'em. Look at 'Mayflower' creeping up outside. Hullo, *my* nag is out of it already. Here they come. I can lay agin this 'ere 'certainty.' Splendid race. Take a pull, old boy, or you'll never 'land it.' No one names it *now* for a *tenner*. There they go at the half-mile! 'Krect card of the races! Favourite wins in a walk, I tell you! Eliza, let me introduce Captain Smiley to you. All over but the shouting. Only two of 'em in it now. D—— you, why don't you let him have his head? Field beats any

one now for money. Done with you for thirty. This 'Wanderer' I want to *lay*. Now he's sat down on him! Mind, pink kid, sewn with black, 6¼. Easy with your hands, you fool, and let him have the steel. The mare's beat. Not a bit of it. Shake him up Yellow, you'll do it yet. Splendid finish. Hoo-roar-oar-oar-oar-oar-oar! In a walk, in a walk. Canters in, s'help me. Who'd 'a thought it? Pot boiled over, after all. By Jove, I'm in a hole. Hurrah, pulled it off, *at last*. Three cheers for—. Lift me down, Charlie, and don't be staring at my shoes so. Was there *ever* such infernal luck? Never mind your arm, Jack, I'll jump. Just hand over that money now. Wait till the numbers go up. Anybody seen Smuggins about? He's got our £10 sweep money. Oh! *he* went home in a cab just now."—And so the Brisbane Cup is all over, and we hope there will be no fruitless enquiries after "absent friends" *this* time, at any rate.

WHITE WAISTCOATS.

Another grand mercantile "loo party!" Jarkworthy and Co., suspended this time. Liabilities, £135,072 16s. 4d.; assets, £27,163 2s. 8d. The Ethereal Bank "looted" for £40,000, or so, on trade bills and overdraft, besides many another minor party who ventured to "cut in" at this nice little round game of commerce and speculation. We can't make it out at all. We went to school with Jarkworthy—"Jark" we used to call him then. He was always at the bottom of the class, and we at the top, and he was sweeping out an office when we were *dux* of the college. Catch the directors of the "Ethereal," for all that, letting *us* overdraw half-a-sov. ! Directors, indeed! Why, whenever our butcher and baker have a matter of thirty shillings down on the slate against us, it infallibly occurs, by the strangest possible coincidence, that those worthy lieges have a "little account to make up," and ask us to help them over it, which, of course, we always do. We used to wonder how Jarkworthy did it—how he managed, without brains or education, to inspire astute boards of directors with such implicit confidence. To be sure, his book-keepers were Greek and German, and marvels of debtor and creditor precision; but that alone would never have done the trick. One day, however, we paid a visit to Jark's town place, and we took it all in at a glance. *It was his white waistcoats that did the business!* No human board of directors could ever resist *them*. Such expansive triumphs of enamelled snow, such marvels of resplendent clear-

starching, were surely never seen; and, coupled with a little, delicate, unobtrusive bit of filigree gold watch chain, with hands and filbert nails a miracle of conservatism; a ten guinea "Sir Robert Peel" blue frock coat, grey pants, and costly black hat, *et voilà tout*. "Jark" was a genius in his way, and made his mark in the world by the sole aid of these externals. Who *could* doubt a man with such waistcoats? They would inspire confidence, and pass, where the Bank of England itself would be scrutinised. He has nine sons, and he intends to bring them all up to be "Jarkworthys," and teach them to wear white waistcoats and costly blue frock coats, and make their way in the world, like our Napoleonic schoolfellow did, to position and fortune. Remember always, dear reader, to look up your *white waistcoats*, whatever you do.

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MOSQUITO-BAITING.

The story we are going to tell you has reference to the sportive mosquito, a cheerful insect, which generally takes a great rise out of the human species, but which we have managed, so we fancy, to turn the tables on; and by the time you have finished our narrative, we feel convinced that all your sympathies will be transferred to the unhappy mosquito. We may premise that we are a tough old bachelor, with well developed beard and moustache, and we begin the mosquito bait (far better and safer fun than a bull bait) at ten p.m. nightly. We procure a sofa squab and pillow, and put them on the floor; we spread a blanket thereon, with the edge projecting two feet on each side and at the foot, and we put another blanket over this one, and get between them. We have a soft, thick cotton bath towel ready at hand; we put out the candle, and, straightway, the fun begins. The mosquitos are carefully and artfully attracted by our exposed face and hands, and we wait till they are all well on the scent, to the number of a couple of hundred, or so, of them, and then, *presto!* we pop on the towel over our face and nose, leaving only our nostrils exposed, well rubbed with oil of lavender, and we draw our hands under the blanket, and just listen. Our moustache and beard are, of course, bomb proof; our rushing breath forbids any attack on our nostrils, and so our friend with the proboscis "wires in" at the towel, as presenting the best opening for attack. Mosquito No. 1 may be heard to settle down with a self-satisfied and hopeful buzz; he takes soundings with his trunk into

the depths of the towel, and, for a space of about 15 seconds or so, all is hushed in expectancy. Presently the deluded insect draws up his feeler, with "no effects" plainly and sadly endorsed on it. If, however, you have ever noticed the head of the mosquito, you will not fail to have observed that the bump of "hope" is largely developed, so he soon settles down in a fresh place, but for a shorter length of time, perhaps, at the second effort. We, in the meantime, are divided between laughter and a comfortable tendency to drop off to sleep. Again does our thirsty friend rise with a disappointed buzz, and "no effects" legibly written on his draft; the sofa squab is, of course, shaken with convulsive throes all the time. At last, after repeated efforts, each one growing shorter, and more angry than the last, our friend may be heard sailing upwards, buzzing and supperless to the ceiling—regularly taken in and done for. And as with mosquito No. 1, so with all the others; it is one sad chorus of disappointment, and despair, at such a palpable "plant and sell," and by the time we waken from our first, sound, "beauty sleep" (generally about 2 a.m.) not a buzz is to be heard. But, of course, we can't afford to spoil sport in *this* way, so we again uncover our face and hands, and down come our confiding friends from the ceiling again, and so soon as they are well excited, we again draw towel and blanket over the scene, and go to sleep, and the fun begins *da capo*, and it is repeated as often as we happen to wake in the night. When the day finally dawns, a row of *very empty* mosquitoes may be observed on the ceiling; and, in addition to their famished and woe-begone appearance, they do not appear, somehow, to have slept half so well as we, ourselves, have done; and they have evidently, too, taken a great deal more unrequited exercise in the course of the night, with legs, wings, and suckers, than was good for them on an empty stomach. We have practised this game for a dozen years or so, and, if there were any shame at all in our composition, we know we should never be able to look a mosquito in the face. But we are never cruel to any other creature, so we hope to be forgiven our one foible. It amuses us; and mosquitoes "ain't got no friends." But we have always been a mean dog in our treatment of the midge family! We are fully aware that they only live a few hours, or days, at most, and that they are always hungry, and hollow, and empty; and that they wait in our bed-room all day till we come to bed at night, patiently and affectionately looking forward to the happy meeting and greeting between us; and when the critical moment arrives, all we do in the way of reciprocity is selfishly to draw those unsociable barriers, called net curtains, sharply along, and leave our

little winged admirers to spend the weary, wakeful, thirsty, night outside them ; while we, inside, selfishly forget their very existence in deep sleep. We *are* mean, and we freely confess it.

TRICKETT, LAYCOCK, BEACH, AND SEARLE.

And so the "pot" boiled over, and Orlando threw the Duke's wrestler, just like David killed Goliath, after all. Well! well! Yes! and if we take the countries they represented into consideration, New South Wales looks a very small Orlando indeed by the side, or in front, of the great champion England. Yet, for all that, Miss Rosalind Sydney, who, each time (figuratively) had her tiny hands clasped in anxious suspense for months, anent the fate of her envoys (and paladins) had all her doubts and fears happily set at rest. And what do the knowing ones of England say about it?—the people of that country whose House of Commons used so regularly, at one time, to make a *sauve qui peut* of it into the refreshment room whenever the subject of obscure Australia—that ineffable bore—was brought up. We repeat the question, what *do* the Britishers think and say about it? John Lobb, the Sydney bootmaker, took the prize for boots from them all in London ; so it is not the first time they have, by the fair Thames River, tasted the quality of the Port Jackson lads. And, *apropos* of this, we should very much like to have seen the four best men of the old London Rowing Club, Messrs. Close, Stout, and Co., just try conclusions with, Fitzhardinge, Clarke, Deloitte, and Co., of bygone Sydney, from the Circular Quay, *twice* round the "Pinchgut" and back again, with a westerly wind and a flood tide, and the water as prettily lumpy as Stoke Pogis churchyard—

"Where heaves the turf in many a billowy heap."

We fancy we'd venture to back the "Southern Cross" fellows, under such circumstances. And our boys, Trickett, Laycock, Beach, and Searle, too, what electric currents of thought must have flashed across their brains, as—with the elbows drawn correctly into the sides with every pull of the *flexors*, and toes over-reached by hands, *selon les regles*, at every stretch of the *extensors* ; their shoulders thrown back, the chest forward, and the "stretcher" quivering again at every impulse of the thighs—as they realised at last that they were near the winning-post, and could never now be overhauled ; that the gun would presently fire, and hail them winner, amid the mingled thunderous cheers, alike, of the astonished Englishmen and

delighted Australians! What *was* the nature of their cogitations at that supreme moment? We fancy we can "boil them down" for you much as follows:—

"What *will* they say in Sydney?"

and small blame to them, either.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

(I am aware that a letter, similar to the following, is reported to have gone home from Melbourne; but that is no reason why this one should be suppressed).

Australian Club, Brisbane,

June 10, 18—.

DEAR JACK,—You will remember that when we parted in London I promised to write and let you know how this part of the world has progressed since we left it so many long years ago. Well, it's a sad task, for you never saw a place so changed for the worse, and gone to the bad—at least *I* think so. It's no place for a gentleman now to live in, and there is not a trace of the good old times left about it. You remember Macadam's old shop, where we had such a glorious spree after that unexpected heavy return from the boiling-down at "R. J.'s" pots; well, it's all pulled down now, and a lot of new gin-palaces flourish, with nothing but shilling ordinaries and sherry cobblers inside, and flimsy, gaudy, stucco outside; and what with ice here, and water hydrants there, and a lot of new policemen rigged out like cricketers in blue flannel suits, the whole place is gone to the bad altogether. And you remember poor old "Easy-go," at the Survey Office, who never limited anyone's run; well, they've shunted him out of that altogether, and put a sharp, young, new-fangled hand in his place, and the way they've been playing up lately with some of the holders of "unimproved selections" is a caution to snakes. The Department would make no bones of quibbling out of the Thirty-nine Articles, or the Ten Commandments, if it suited their book to do so. It's a beastly shame, in my opinion.

But this is nothing; this is only Brisbane. You should just go up country and see the manœuvres there! They've got railways, now, forsooth! And you remember our poor old stockman Duvall's grave, at the Lagoon, just down by where the — blacks speared him in 1843; well, there's a township and flour mill there now, and the blessed place actually sends a member to Parliament. Just fancy that! And it's worse still, up on those barren ironstone

ranges which used to spoil that new outside run of ours on the Burdekin; I mean the one that we took up after you went home, you know. It's what they call a "gold-field" now; but it looks, for all the world, as if Donnybrook Fair had suddenly run short of water for its whisky, and all hands had taken to well-sinking to look for some of it. All tents, rowdyism, and burrow-holes. Yes! just fancy a railway for *these* new hands, when the old "wheelbarrow-tracks" were considered quite good enough for a gentleman's dog-cart in the happy days when you and I grew wool. Ah well! Gammie and Leslie were quite right in what they said, and when once wool ceases to be the staple product, the country is no longer fit for a gentleman to live in. By the way, you remember that half-allotment of land I bought one day at auction for £90, in Mealie Mowth's insolvent estate, long ago. I was on the spree at the time, and tried hard, I remember, for years afterwards, to sell it, but no go. Well, it seems my luck was "in" after all, for I'm now offered £3,750 for it, and there's a range of three-story warehouses and bonded stores on each side of it now. I think I'll let it go; there's bound to be a "smash" here, some day, and I'll never get another chance like it, mayhap. I forgot to say that when the diggers rushed our Burdekin station, our super. cleared out all the cattle to them for beef—7,000, at £8 a head average. But what consolation is that to a man for having his run cut up and spoilt by a lot of "mineralogists?"

You never see an "old hand" now, knocking about; one of the real ironbark sort at £15 a year, and plenty of them at that; men who could split, saw, shear, drive bullocks, and do anything. It's all new chums now, and £40 a year—no less; and you have to teach them everything. It's enough to make a fellow weep to think of the good old days, when there were never any infernal land sales at all, or newspapers, or champions of the people, or modern abominations of the kind.

The old Logan country, where Lawless and the rest of us used to have such jolly times of it, is all over-run now with a lot of hard-up sugar-planters, growing rum and molasses, with niggers, if it please you; and swarms of selectors there, too. You'd never recognise one of the old runs if you rode over them now. Of course, we all know that it never was a paying sheep country, but, hang it, they might, for all that, have kept it on with cattle, in place of tearing it to rags this way; but it's all of a piece with the rest of the colony; the "whole raft" of it has "gone to the bow-wows" headlong.

Yours sincerely,

John Oldboy, Esq., Megatherium Club, London. FELIX OLDBOY.

ON USURY.

Usury, in its broad, bitter sense, was forbidden by the Mosaic law; yet the word, when analysed, appears to have no very harmful meaning attached to it. It would appear to signify mere rent paid for the *use* (hence *usury*) or temporary possession, or borrowing, of something belonging to another. Such as, for instance, when Smith rents a house and land from Brown, and pays him £100 a year for the loan, or use, of it; and no one ventures to call that "usury," and yet it *is* that. But then, you see, there is this vast difference between "improved real estate" and the "spondoolicks," that Smith can't very well get up in the middle of the night and walk off bodily with Brown's house and land, leaving him lamenting; while with the "pewter," the "bunts," as various classical authorities denominate the thing we call money, the process of conveyance or conversion—in accordance with, or contravention of, all and sundry the civil and criminal enactments of Parliament in that case made and provided—is, alas! for the trustful and confiding lender! only too easy a process. Hence the necessity arising for some tangible security, something more like a "material guarantee" (as the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia used to call it) than "just a little wee bit promissory," as Jock P., of Ipswich, used to say. Hence it ariseth that when Profusus of the Australian Civil Service is in want of money (a chronic complaint, by-the-way, with him), he hieth, and straightway payeth a visit to Uncle Alphonso, at whose gaberdine belt, and just below his venerable beard, there always hangs a well-filled bag of ducats and sequins, ready to be lent out at a moment's notice (like horses and buggies) at so much a day, or per week, for the use of them; the same to be safely returned in the same good order, condition, and amount, as when entrusted to the borrower by their owner, or the borrower, by jingo! you know, must "stand the racket" thereof. This, then, is the rock that Profusus always (to use a figure of speech) manages to split upon. He don't, he won't, he never does, return the money at the stipulated time, and then "his uncle" assesses the heinousness of his nephew's crime at his own avuncular price, and fines him heavily for his moral *laches*. No doubt the good old man's sense of the fitness of things is somewhat outraged, but when he finds at the year's end that he has made 120 per cent. on his money, with good security running all the while, why, then—he wipes his tears away with the cuff of his coarse gaberdine, and is comforted. Some people call him a usurer, but he beareth it meekly, for he has only been paid, after all, for the rent of his property, which happens (by mere accident, of course) to consist of money.

THE MELBOURNE CUP.

That most untiring racehorse of the whole lot—old Father Time—is ever on the move, and in due course he will have brought us once more face to face with the stern realities of the Melbourne Cup, *the* annual race *par excellence* of Australia, and it is there, and it is then, that the master turf spirits of Victoria and New South Wales meet in their keenest rivalry. Talk about your intercolonial chess and cricket, forsooth! what are they to the great chess tourney of the turf? where Greek meets Greek indeed—where the crafty Mosaic intellect of the Victorian bookmaker, with his subtle Semitic cast of face, is pitted against the Yorkshire cunning, the Irish mother-wit, and the cornstalk “leariness” of the rough and tough racing men of the older colony; and when this happens, you may rely on it that matters are well worth watching, and the interest is bound to be piled somewhat high. Who can forget the time when the Hebrew contingent brought over their little pocket “flyer,” Fugleman, to do the trick, and to empty the Welshmen’s purses, in the gold Cup of 1874, when it was discovered that the little pea, after all, was under a thimble, labelled “speculation,” and so the unsophisticated Mosheims went back all shorn? Or who can fail to remember the period when the hard shelled old Cornstalks sailed over the sea, with Dagworth and Horatio on board, and fancied the Melbourne Cup of 1873 to be already in their pockets; when lo! the Hebraic “youths” popped up, and gave them checkmate with the little dark knight Don Juan, all so neatly? Are not these things written in the book of the chronicles of the “Turf Register”? And then just look at the beautifully carved pieces which they play the great game with. Decide, if you can, between the respective merits of the New South Wales strains, such as Yattendon, Kingston, Kelpie, and Gemma di Vergy, and all the glorious old Sir Hercules’ pedigree, on the one hand; and, on the other hand, of such flyers and stayers as the Marquis, Maribyrnong, King Alfred, and the rest of them, that Victoria can produce. What visions of early rising, healthy morning air, young blood, active life, *rural simplicity* (in two senses), old English days of the heath, the linsey woolsey, the corn-bin, the sparkling eye of beauty, and the flutter of muslin on the grandstand and on the dog cart; what pleasant visions of all these, and a score of other delightful accompaniments to the healthful and noble sport, are conjured up in a moment when one thinks and writes of the thoroughbred horse! Talk about “discovered check,” and

“shooters,” and “bailers,” and “break-backs,” and the like! They all pale before the consummate tactics of the turf. In the Melbourne Cup now, we should not be sorry to see some sporting man, who runs for the pure love of the heath, the linsey woolsey, and the morning air—some man who never bets, nor thinks of the money part of the business at all; we should not be sorry, we say, to see some such one carry off the prize, albeit the bookmakers would reap the harvest in such a case. We like to see a *sportsman* win.

THE “GOTHENBURG” WRECK.

A low sad wail comes to us, ocean-borne, and it finds a mournful echo on shore, in the desolate hearts of the bereaved ones in Adelaide and Brisbane. The vessels were English, like us :

“Rule Britannia” sang the crew
 When the stout old hooker sailed,
 And her ensign, as it blew,
 Flung that warrior cross to view
 Which in battle to subdue
 Never failed.

Schooner, barque, and steamer went forth, and doubtless the sunset of Australia had never looked serener. Their brother shipmen watched them sail out of sight, and had wished them good night and God speed, and so they went on, and the eye of man knew them no more, till the time came when the diver saw the dead woman kneeling and the dead children sleeping amid the living, swimming sharks. Yes, doubtless, the night before showed a glorious sunset, with the distant storm clouds spread like a fan from the solar centre, and a kind of trickling golden fire environed the invisible orb himself; and this in turn melted outward and upward into a lurid border, which, in its turn, became merged in a dark and slaty cloud as the fan spread wider; and in this cloud the white lightning darted hither and thither, quenched and invisible enough whenever its puny flash dared approach the central rays of the expiring, but still gorgeous luminary, which was scarce yet below the horizon. Nor was there lacking a strip of turquoise sky close by, and flecked here and there with sunny, bright, and amber-shaded patches of cloud to beautify the scene by way of contrast. And then the world revolved for a few minutes more, and so the horizon lifted and gradually blotted out the fixed orb of day, and then the golden fire became mere

common burnished copper, and the storm cloud was all lurid from edge to centre, and the slanting rain was seen across it—all far away, of course—and a faint thunder was heard from the distance; and so, ever changing and ever dying, the scene of heavenly enchantment and ravishing color faded slowly into the sombre twilight, and the god of day was, for a time, no more. Yes, 'twas thus the sun set that evening, and they were all merry on board; and the next night when the sun went down, the good ship went down along with it, and the —— Tush, my brother, is this all? Hast no money in thy purse? Is the Bailie Provost asleep? Then stir him up with a long pole and bid him receive thy pound and my pound, and make the best of a bad job amongst the widows and orphans. 'Vast heaving there with your sentiment, and stow your gab, mate, till you've done your work. —— read this!

The "Dawn," schooner, has returned to port from the Barrier Reef, the scene of the wreck of the "Gothenburg," (s.,) to which she was despatched on a salvage cruise a few days after the receipt at this port of the intelligence of the wreck. The "Dawn" left Brisbane on March 6th, and on March 14th made fast to the mast of the "Gothenburg" and sent a diver down to search for the box of gold, not knowing that it had been previously recovered by Mr. Putwain. The diver found the after part of the ship from the mizen rigging two feet under the deck, all gone. The screw and shaft had broken away. He found Judge Wearing's valise in the cabin, containing cards, handkerchiefs, &c., but no letters. He also found the ship's log, partially destroyed. It contained no account of the return trip. He saw the body of a woman in a berth, kneeling: also two children who had apparently died while asleep. In another berth he found several other bodies. Numbers of sharks were around the vessel, and multitudes of smaller fish were swimming in and out of the berths, the doors of which were all open. When the sun was shining and the water smooth it was quite light, and the water was so clear that the diver could be seen walking about the deck. The wreck lies wedged in under a shelving bank of coral.

ON "LOVE."

There was immense verity after all in Bishop Berkeley's world-famous idea that external objects exist only by courtesy of our senses. Mortals mistake strong delusions for reality every day of their lives. Edwin and Angelina fancy they love one another, and

“spoon a hurricane” on the strength of it; and so long as the waiter—at the seaside hotel (the Great Panjandrum Hotel Company, Limited) where they are spending the honeymoon—places breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper with such praiseworthy punctuality and *récherché* profusion on the table in the bridal parlor, so long will E. and A. continue to “spoon,” and to fancy it’s all real love and so on. Bless you! children, sentiment is nothing after all, but the comfortable rumination of a well-digested and digesting meal, or to “boil it down,” sentiment is simply “grub” in another shape. *You don’t believe it?* Then just try the other thing. Go short of “rations” for a week and note carefully, if you can, whereabouts the “sentiment” business, in such case, comes in; and if it don’t be found to teetotally dissolve in thin air, you can write us down an ass. Dost remember the horrid story of the sly old Roman, disciple of Pythagoras, who locked up together, without food, a Paul and Virginia from amongst his Christian slaves, till, after some days, they were fain almost to eat, in place of loving, each other? And, as with sentiment, so with love. Love (so called) in nothing but curiosity, mere inquisitiveness, in nine cases out of ten. Look at ourselves, for instance. Everyone knows us, we may be seen in Queen street any fine afternoon at half-past four p.m. You may know us by our eye-glass and buff kid gloves; by our well-cut check suit, which is all of one loudish pattern (just to show that we don’t wear slop-made clothing, you know), “warranted to kill” (a lady) at forty paces distance. Well, to “return to de subjec’,” we were speaking of the imaginary feeling of love, and saying it was in many cases only one of curiosity. Imagine us, then, taking our afternoon stroll in Queen street; we “spot” a being of beauty. The hair of Titian’s pictures; the eyes of Cleopatra; the kid-swathed foot of Cinderella; the *tournure* of Mother Eve herself. We are smitten. Who is she? say we. The infallible Jenkins, who knows everybody, is, of course, arm-in-arm with us, and perhaps he says, “Oh! that is Dora Smith, the pork butcher’s daughter,” or “That is the Duchess of Graftonville.” In either case, a good round 75 per cent. of our “love” evaporates on the spot. We know at once where and when to put our finger (so to speak) on the lady, in case we want to hear of her and see her again. But, should Jenkins, the omniscient, say “She’s a stranger to me,” what agonies do we not straightway endure? We gaze on the lovely unknown one, we realise the horrid fact that we may, possibly, never see her again. We cannot well rush up and ask her who she is, and so she remains a beautiful and beloved ideal on our memory for evermore; the “lost Lenore” of the poet, a Smith,

Brown, or Jones though she may be, and who will dare to say, after this, that love does not consist, in part, of combined curiosity and wonder, which, sometimes, nothing less than a dozen years of prosaic married life will serve to gratify and dispel?

ON EDUCATION.

Gentle reader, friend of our soul, dost ever bethink thyself, reflect on, or realise, what would be the awful consequence if “education” became univereal? We have an august “Minister” of that ilk, who replaces a majestic and defunct “Board” of the same; and the staff and army, the rank and file, the certificated masters, the pupil teachers, the Parliamentary votes, liberal money grants, and all the rest of the gorgeous array and stupendous powder battery and train, that are being brought to bear on the grinding down of ignorance in our land, must, in the end, have their results. It is a great and awful question, none the less, whether we ought to pray for the universal spread of education; why, when once *that* is effected, what a terrific job it will have become to govern the country. Men, ignorant now, will then no longer be tickled with clap-trap, or kept in political good humor with political nursery rhymes as at present. The hapless Frankenstein will have to face his master, when *that* day comes, you may depend. People will then cease to put up with having law, learning, justice, and religion meted out to them like butter is, at so much per lb. avoirdupois. Such matters ought to be free, or nearly so, to all, even as the sun, rain, and air now are; and, when the day we speak of, comes, these matters will *have to be* free to all. The vast and cumulative spirit of Supreme Humbug that has existed, carried on business, and flourished so exceedingly in all countries and in all ages since creation, would, in an educated world, have to shut up shop, alike in Ashantee, Brisbane, Rarotonga, Washington and elsewhere. Imagine, if you can, the terrific final crash and collapse of insolvent Humbug! of Humbug, bankrupt, at last! He, the one *only* party, who never met a reverse, or failed to “come up to time” since the world began! And oh! what a host of minor institutions will be involved in his fall. Yea! by the rod of Aaron! that despised one of proud Egypt—one, by-the-way, of Humbug’s earliest workshops—the governors of the people would then have to brush up and look smart, and be dons and senior wranglers and all that sort of thing, in place of duffers and noodles. Which is better, gentle reader, and what shall we do, we men of the

world, for whom Mumbo Jumbo of every sort has no terrors? Say, prithee, say; shall we try back, and find anchor in those ignorant, trustful, and confiding times of A.D. 1500, and Charles the Fifth? or shall we bank up the fires, sit on the safety valve, and steam ahead in the fog and dark, chancing all the rocks and shoals, in search of Dr. Cumming's and the Latter-day Saints' millennium? Or is there not some quiet middle course set forth in the lives of such men as Bunyan, Baxter, Penn and others? a course that will do duty, survive all the shocks, and solve, in time, all the problems of life?

OUR BOYS.

“What to do with our sons?” is the great question of the day. The intelligent young Queenslanders who are growing up around us must be provided for, of course, at the Bar, in the Army, the Church, and the learned professions. As a *dernier ressort*, perhaps, the Civil Service and the channels of trade offer some prospective advantages. In our own case, we had decided to offer the Civil Service the benefit of the labors of our eldest “hopeful.” We found, however, to our horror, that in the present degenerate times there is some odious competitive examination to be faced, a barrier which did not exist in the glorious old days of 1860, or else perhaps—but let that pass. To resume. We put a preliminary question to our son and heir, by way of leading him on to the terrible specimen sheet of the C.S. examination, which lay before us, bristling, as it did, with shattering posers for unwary youth. We knew of the boy's insatiable appetite for “plum duff,” and we propounded the luscious and simple query: “If a man can eat half-a-pudding in one day, how long will it take him to eat the whole of it?” Our first-born, with true John Bull phlegm, took twenty minutes to consider this knotty point, and then replied, in a burst of confidence, “Half-a-day of course.” This was discouraging, it must be admitted, and showed a weakness of inductive reasoning power. We mildly argued the matter with this embryo senior wrangler, and he got out of it by saying that he “thought” we meant — something that we didn't say, or mean either, of course. If we were to ask him the name of the Sultan of Turkey, and he replied wrongly, he would be sure to say that he “thought” we meant the Emperor of Russia all the time. We consulted our friend Jewdishus (who sometimes “cuts mutton” with us on Sundays) on the subject. He said, “Study the bent of the boy's inclination; see what he is prone to, and put him at it.

Remember Sir David Wilkie and Sir Edwin Landseer." This was very good as far as it went, but the only predilections our eldest son has hitherto evinced seem to lie in the direction of penny cigars and sixpenny novels, a basis palpably insufficient to point out data for future development. The summer is coming on; there is a man in the next street who wants a boy to tie up ginger beer corks. We think we will send our youthful Scaliger to him. There really do seem to be very few openings for the youth of Queensland, and it is much to be regretted, is it not?

GOOD AND EVIL.

There is a soul of good in all things evil
 Would men observingly distil it out.

So says some poet or other; and 'pon honour, you know, he's not so very far wrong either. No one would, perhaps, at a cursory inspection, perceive any points in common between, say, the poet Addison and Sampson Brass for instance; but a closer examination reveals the fact that they both firmly believed in the immortality of the soul. Addison, in his "Cato," gives us the magnificent soliloquy commencing:

"It *must* be so; Plato, thou reasonest well,"

etcetera, etcetera, for which overhaul the play, and "when found make a note on." While, in the 49th chapter of "Humphrey's Clock," we read that Mr. Brass holds a steaming glass of the (supposed to be) deceased Mr. Quilp's hot rum punch before his nose, and amongst other pleasant speculations on the subject, expresses a firm belief that the spirit of the departed Quilp is at that moment regarding him and the rum from "somewheres or another;" for, by the way, it will be noted by anyone who has read the "Old Curiosity Shop," that Brass's zoology, astronomy, and theology are, like the punch, rather "mixed."

And, *apropos* of good and evil, we must admit that practice certainly does make perfect. One soon learns, after a few attempts, how to save labour in doing anything, and to make the head do half the work of the hands; and what a pity it is that we are not as clever in matters of religion, which none of us practice sufficiently, or often enough, or long enough, to make us perfect in it, or we should certainly (being human and clever) improve and be perfect in that as in other and worldly matters. But vice is more attractive

to us. Vice is, in fact, very like an onion; a whole one, either raw or boiled, will nauseate a delicate palate, and can only be tolerated by a very coarse appetite indeed; but la! bless us! how exquisitely delicious is just a little *souppçon* of it, you know, just enough to swear by; and if you cleverly rub the bone or the dish with some of the juice of it, eh? deary me? but how it really does freshen up and add a zest to the somewhat insipid salads and *entrées* whose other ingredients are compounded from our various—ahem!—virtues, eh?

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL; OR FLOOD AND DROUGHT.

'Tis an edifying sight to note a bargain-loving, self-satisfied matron who has, by keen diplomacy, obtained the *entrée* to the sacred precincts of the wholesale drapery or grocery department in some great warehouse, and to watch her in the act of picking up goods at prices that, to her fancy, would break the hearts of "those horrid retailers with their absurd profits, you know, my dear," if they only could see how she was getting the best of them. Deluded Mrs. Grundy! Little doth she "twig" how that smiling, handsome, well-spoken salesman in the faultless broadcloth suit, and gorgeous watch-chain, is piling up the agony on her, and charging her just ten per cent. more for every article than she could get it for at the retailers, cruelly fobbing her ready cash, too, far his "bargains," in place of the six months' credit she could obtain with her legitimate tradespeople. Retailing is not a fashionable line of business in Queensland, any more than elsewhere, and perhaps the most rigidly conservative individual in the whole crowd is the proverbial "Clerk of the weather" in our colony. Let us take an instance. Paterfamilias finishes his breakfast, subducts his coat-tails to the warm fire, dreamily contemplates Adolphus John, his eldest born (æt. 8), in the act of polishing the marmalade from off his plate, and suddenly the "old man" becomes conscious of a cloud of dust outside the parlour window, smothering his geraniums and azaleas, through the agency of a passing omnibus, and he utters the rash words, "I wish we had a shower or two, just to lay the dust. Hapless man! he is in for it, like the lay brother Peter, in Ingoldsby's legend, who wished for a skinful of beer, and got a whole cellarful sent in at once, evoking the terrible incantation,

Vade retro.

Strong beerum! decede a lay fratre Petro!

—The clerk of our Queensland weather keeps no retail lots of rain, or fine weather either, on hand. His rain is mostly done up in three weeks' parcels, and his droughts in three months' ditto. You generally get what you ask for, but you always get more than you want of it. We really must make up a deputation—deputations seem to be the sovereign remedy for all evils now-a-days—and beg of this clerk of the weather to be less conservative, and condescend to break bulk of his wares a little more frequently.

FEMININE PROSE.

Oh! the grand supply of prose—not poetry—that is locked up in the average female bosom! Behold, now, the young husband, on Sunday evening, after tea, sitting on the sofa, with his young wife by his side; the baby has gone to bed; the fumes of the fragrant tea leaf ascend to his brain and fire his imagination. He has had a classical education, and recalls the sweet idyll of Theocritus, about the shepherd boy on the Sicilian shore,

“Who loved the wood nymph, when he budded first
About the lips and curling temples; often times, at eve,
The shepherds watched him prostrate by the sea,
And sunrise, there, would find him, pining still.”

No doubt callow youths *do* abandon themselves to love with a heart and a-half; and a “wood nymph,” must have been different from a modern girl, to be cold to a budding moustache, and Hyperion curls on the temples. To resume. Our young husband puts his arm round *her* waist, and recalls all the mythological loves of the Gods—Jupiter and Europa, and the rest of them—for “the wife” is as shapely a little puss as any feminine myth of them all in the entire “classical dictionary.” *She* sees an opportunity, and says: “Darling, *will* you do something to please me?” He responds with a joyful “Yes;” and she misuses the English language to utter this phrase; “Then, in the morning, dear, *do* let me have a cheque for Dowlas and Bobbin’s account.” Bathos! “at one fell swoop,” away go Jupiter, Hebe, Theocritus, Sicily, and the rest of them, helter-skelter, and the dream—is over.

CLINCH OF THE “SWORDFISH.”

“Died in harness.” Well and truly might this be said of Captain Clinch on the bridge of the “Southern Cross,” steamer. The name was the oldest on the roll of Australian coasting skippers, and goes

back to the days of Sir John Franklin. Who does not remember the stout old "Swordfish," schooner, at 'Erisco, in the "forties;" and by the Prince's Bridge, Melbourne, and Hobart Town in the "fifties?" Australian steamer skippers have a hard nerve-wearing life of it, and it is a wonder they last as long as they do, knocking about in all weathers; and still they must have ever a cheerful word, and ready small talk, for all the fresh batches of passengers, trip after trip. A Cabinet Minister, even, goes out of office sometimes, and gets a rest from the bores who assail him; but the poor skipper is ever at his post, and must perforce take his civil, social, share in the general "jaw," voyage after voyage, day and night, with never a real spell at all. An amusing "epysode," which the name of Clinch recalls, was in that great gold smuggling case, when a certain firm, in Melbourne, dodged the duty, and "planted" 1,800 ounces of fine gold at the bottom of a case of shirts, which was, in its turn, secreted under the false deck, which supported the hoofs of 600 sheep, in the hold of Clinch's shallop, bound from Melbourne to Tasmania. The chief mate was "in the swim" with the exporters, and he did his best to baffle the detective who boarded the vessel, and swore he couldn't have the sheep disturbed, and all that, but the "hofficer" replied in the words, immortalised by "Pleasantman X.":—

None o' yer gammon, mate, with me,
I shall not stir vun hinch
From this 'ear deck, till I have spoak
To galliant Capting Clinch.

And so the £7,000 worth of gold was duly hauled out from its snug nest, and divided between the Crown and the informer. Stout old Clinch! His name will be green, in the memory of all who knew him, for many a day.

MILTON IN 1875.

It was beyond Milton, and on this side of Toowong, that a rambler found himself, about an hour before sunset, long ago, on a pleasant gray afternoon, with a damp southerly breeze, which drew out the scent of the gum blossoms well. It was really a great relief to be there, and well away from Queen street, with its offensive stable odour, its ledgers and its larrikins, its cabbies and its banks, its business and its bores; and away, too, from the ever-present nightmare of that hideous, Damoclean "fourth" of the month, with its "duly protested," not protected, bills, and all their attendant

horrors ; and it was pleasant to sit there on the little wooden causeway, under which, and touching which, the forest stream, suggestive of watercress, gurgled along, clear and shallow. His faithful steed nibbled at the grass, now so plentiful after that copious 30 inches, more or less, of rain, so blest in the memory of all grateful drapers ; and he yielded himself to the soothing contemplation of that forest glade, its bosky nooks and fresh green dells, where the unstinted water

Trickled from the roots.

Pleasant to gaze on, but death to thin boots.

And there was a profusion of moss and fern about, and lots of rich black soil and cool damp air, and big fragrant old trees, smelling just like a newly-emptied Havana cigar box. And so, somehow, a kind of dream-spell came over him, and he gave himself up to the worship of this little green oasis, this happy half-hour of life, and it was with quite a start that he heard a noise to the south, and lo ! a horrid new railway just visible and audible in its course of construction appeared through the vista of the forest. And here he thus beheld the Genius of the Future. And, again, there was another sound ; this time, however, to the north, and lo ! seven dusky figures, with tattered blanket, spear, and boomerang, sped swiftly along the brow of a low hill to their night camp, and here he saw the Genius of the Past. 'Twas just thus, may be, that their savage forefathers passed along that hill in the moment when the antipodean Charles I. walked out on that cold January morning to the scaffold at Whitehall ; and it was even thus that *their* forefathers in turn went to hunt the kangaroo and the platypus in the days of Crecy and Agincourt, and long before that era, too. But their time has come now, and they shall soon cease for ever, and he who in this pretty dell doth watch them is indeed much privileged, for he is even like unto those who, in ages remote, might, perchance, have seen the ichthyosaurus at play, and who, living with him, died also with him. And the "warrigal" man shall pass away also, and we who behold him shall be one day as much a petrification and a wonder as he will then be ; and this modern, and highly improved, and patented present time shall then have glided into the fossilised past ; and so on in turn until Time itself shall be no more. For, is it not written ? "that which is, is only that which hath been, and there is nothing new under the sun."

PETRIE'S BIGHT, 1876.

It needs no Christmas pantomime to give us a grand transformation scene in our progressive city of Brisbane. The old landmarks are rapidly disappearing, and even those people who never leave the metropolis have to rub their eyes at times and ask if they be not dreaming when they see all that a short month, or even a week, will, at times, bring forth in the way of metamorphosis. There's our old fishing ground at Petrie's Bight, for instance, where, in 1841, in the eddy, Cassim performed his famous landing after a 50-mile run and swim to warn Brisbane that Limestone was starving for want of rations—on the top of a flood; a feat that quite eclipsed Captain Webb's trifle of an excursion across the English Channel. Dear old "Petrie's Bight," where so often, with hook and line, we have imposed on the credulity of the artless mullet, and beguiled from his native element the bony and succulent bream! thy days are numbered, and Arcadia is no more. The fiat has gone forth, and the screech of the boatswain's pipe, and the vicious rattle of the steam-winch, will now be heard where Izaak Walton's disciples used to sit; and the cry of the seagull will anon give place to "Ten and Tally" in the presence of those exceedingly unromantic bipeds who bear "H.M. Customs" on their gilt buttons. And if no one else, dear Bight, will chant thy requiem and lament thy banished *fauna*, why, we will do it, at any rate, and thus place on record our inconsolable grief. But a truce to melancholy! This is Christmas time. All is not lost. There is corn in Egypt yet. The lovers of the bygone can still take heart and revel in the antique; for is not the old Brisbane Pound yet left to us? Its simple, unpretending "plan and elevation" still gladden the critical eye of the archæologist of Queensland's metropolis, and an affable, even if not erudite, Hingston—himself a relic of a Brisbane of the past—ably does the honours of the venerable institute. So long, then, as they leave us our Pound we don't care. The old Reservoir and the old Cemetery are gone; the old Police Office will soon follow; everything in Brisbane is new and fresh, except—alas! the atmosphere, which the Municipal Board of Health appear to have got a permanent lease of—more's the pity!

EIGHTEEN-SEVENTY-FIVE.

We don't know how it is, but somehow each successive winter and session irresistibly remind us of the very first Parliament we had here, just 15 years ago, and which appears now more like 115 years, in the

dim past. It was sharp, cold, bracing winter weather then, too, and the girls' faces were rosy in Queen street, and everyone was so hungry, and honest John Watts, one of the few squatters who ever remembered there *was* such a thing as a people, was yet a resident; and so was the genial Sussex squire, Yaldwyn, of the red coat, golden spurs, and jolly royal Duke of York visage—presiding spirit of the glorious “saturnalia,” as he called it, of Ipswich races—for Ipswich *was* Ipswich those days. Herbert, too, had just begun his political strategy here, and De Lacy Moffatt, most plodding of treasurers (if we except Robert Ramsay Mackenzie), was with us, too. *Ehu fugaces!* there, verily, are gaps in the ranks now? But the matchless winters still go on, and alternate in their due course, even as they did in the days when no one dreamt of railways to Toowong, and of ever going *that* way, of all ways, to Ipswich. Who, even now, can reconcile himself to such new fangled ideas? when he recalls Tommy Boyland, Jack Murphy, George Patullo, and their hospitable, even if rather slow, steamers to Ipswich; with that early particular cup of extra hot strong coffee, intended to neutralise the dense fog in the river bends, lasting generally all the way to the mouth of Canoe (now Oxley) Creek; and eke the savoury, wholesome, and plentiful, if not very *recherché* breakfasts they were wont to spread before you. The river bends were, then, all indigenous beautiful drooping creepers and wild tangled scrub, in place of cleared farms and black stumps; and dinner, too, was often discussed ere “Limestone” was attained to; and never, oh! never, have we seen elsewhere such cold pickled pork as used—we verily believe—to grow on board the river boats in those days. Wherever did they get it? Nothing like it, surely, was ever tasted anywhere on shore; so daintily streaky, digestible as rice, delicate as white-bait; and George Patullo, too, had a young Chinese cook on the “Brisbane,” whose pea soup—with celery seeds, and flinty pellets of toast, and the disembodied spirit of a savoury ham bone, which, somehow, permeated the whole lot—fairly challenged the whole world. Good old days! when Joe Fleming, M.L.A., used to flatter himself that wheat would pay to grow on the Bremer banks, and George Thorn, too, the elder, enjoyed pleasant lotos-eating visions of 74-gun ships riding in the Ipswich “basin,” and Dr. Lang used to spout on the wondrous future of Queensland, in the cotton-growing line. Alas! Bubbles! Bubbles! Bubbles! Ipswich has lost the bullock-drivers', the shepherds', the boiling-down men's cheques; and were it not for the splendid bower anchor of her coal pits, which are ever increasing in value and use, she would miss them more. And

Brisbane, too, proud Brisbane, metropolitan Brisbane, who, but she herself! What of her? What has *she* done in 15 years, except give herself over, bound hand and foot, to the Corporation, the "Sanitary" Board of Health, and the old A.S.N. Co.? who all do as they (adjective) please with everybody, and about everything. But long, very long indeed, must be the lane than hath no turning in it, eh? What sayest thou? oh! brother of mine.

◆

"FUIMUS."

AFTER THE JUMPING, 1883.

Brown, partly dappled, and one white heel,
 On your forehead a small white star,
 How often I've watched you eating a meal,
 My friend you undoubtedly are.

A trusty, true, and cheery old friend,
 Tho' you've bucked me over your head,
 Before you found out that your manners must mend.
 And I think you were over-much fed.

No matter, old chap, we've jogged along
 In calm and in stirring scenes,
 And now we must both be counted among
 The list of the old "has beens."

My pulse beats fast as I think once more
 Of the smash you came on the rails,
 At your first big jump in days of yore,
 When I kept you behind their tails.

And tho' all but over, you did not quite fall,
 And I yelled a lusty halloo
 As you learned your lesson, once and for all,
 That timber can *not* be got through.

By a head, by a length, or a full half-mile,
 You always were certain to win it;
 Though others were laying long odds all the while
 That you couldn't be, possibly, in it.

All gone, old fellow, all bygone thoughts,
 And one of us two will go next.
 See, he wakes from his dream, and suddenly snorts!
 Come, steady, and do not be vex.

We've been simply beaten, and no excuse
 Shall ever be worth our while—
 Or, perhaps (I should rather say), worth mine—
 For *you*, it is not your style.

For why? Poor dumb, old, faithful friend,
 You have known no will but mine ;
 Could you speak, you would say, "Time brings an end
 To my strength, but I don't repine."

Well, well! let us hope as we both grow old
 That our hearts may still be green,
 And wish that *both* hearts were as good as gold,
 As I know at least *yours* has been.

Shall we mourn for the past with deep regret?
 Shall we wish we were young once more,
 And long for the last sweet sleep, and yet,
 Must we feel there is nothing in store?

All, all is vanity, men have said,
 And repeated for ages past.
 I suppose it is so, but there's nothing to dread,
 In the fact that our lives cannot last.

You never feared aught in your time, old horse ;
 You needn't be frightened of Death ;
 'Tis I, if you go, that will mourn your loss ;
 You stand to lose nothing but breath.

And if I go first, will your welcome form
 For ever be lost to my sight ?
 Hush ! I hear the roll of the coming storm ;
 No time for surmise. Good night.

R. W. STUART.

Exhibition Ground, Brisbane, 15th August.

A SOUTH SEA MURDER.

Commodore Goodenough murdered at Santa Cruz! A good man, and with a benevolent wife, now widowed! We wonder if he was ever "personated?" The reader, too, will, perhaps, wonder what we are talking about. Did the reader ever tell of one Bishop Patteson, of Melanesia, son of the English Judge of yore? Well, it fell out one day that a schooner called at one of these islands, and the friendly natives were invited on board to see "the Bishop," and they flocked in crowds, and beheld an imposing gentleman in the cabin, arranged in full canonicals, or pontificals, or whatever is generally the thing. Strange to say, some of "the Bishop's" acolytes clumsily dropped a few sacred censers, in the shape of pig iron, through the canoe bottoms; but it did not matter, for "the Bishop" was so glad to see his sable friends, that, rather than put them to the

inconvenience of swimming ashore, he sailed away with them altogether from the island, and also quite forgot to bring them back again into the bargain. "The Bishop" paid them a second visit after this, and all the rest of the people on the island, who knew of him at all, partook likewise of his enforced hospitality, and "lost the run" of their canoes and their liberty in the same unaccountable manner as before. The result was, that the other blacks who were still left on the island were like the new King Pharoah, and they "knew not Joseph" by sight, but only by report; and when the real living Bishop of Melanesia, about the space of some weeks afterwards, "not knowing what had been done, came in" to port with *his* schooner, the strangers, who knew him not, save by report, said amongst themselves: "This is that kidnapping wicked Bishop, come let us kill him, and the inheritance (of freedom) shall be ours." So they slew him, but reverently covered up his body, without any vindictive mutilation, for all that. Poor gentleman, little did he know when he entered the lion's den, of that other fiend "Bishop" who had been there twice before him, a worthy scion, no doubt, of the *sus. per coll.* and defunct firm of Hare, Bishop, and Williams, who killed the Italian boy by sticking plaster on his mouth and nose, just to sell his white teeth for a trifle to the dentist of 40 years before. We trust that this sham Bishop and real pirate may die in the odour of sanctity, and that when he turns his face to the wall for the last time in that shrinking agony which can no longer face thought, sound, or sight, he may still find more mercy than he dealt! Yes, we repeat the query, could anyone have personated the "Commodore?" There must be some reason for his untimely death. There is never smoke without fire, so they say at least. Goodenough he was, and too good for so graceless a fate.

PRISBANE IN 1822.

One of the best preserved "bits" of old Erisbane, and almost the sole one which has so far escaped all Corporation Goths and Municipal Vandals, is the sloping roadway which leads from the bridge foot to the Queen's Wharf. There stands the old retaining wall; there grows the cactus in a redundancy of vegetation and prickles; and the venerable "G. R.," with crown and "1822" on the front of the ancient Commissariat Store, is still on view. We regard this spot with some of the awe which, in London, we should feel at unearthing an old crypt in Southwark or Ludgate. "A.D. 1822,"

indeed, what of it? Why, John Timbs had just started the "*Mirror*," then the first cheap illustrated periodical, and Thistlewood had just essayed to kill the Ministry; and "Gentleman George" was fully 60, and (sad to relate) had grown very fat. The down had scarce disappeared from the chins of the juvenile heroes of Waterloo, and ladies strolled under the Hyde Park "Achilles" bisected at their waists by belts with giant buckles, their thin arms tightly cased in silk or muslin. A gentleman's coat was all collar, his hat all crown and no brim in those days, and both sexes made "guys" of themselves; the ladies wore bonnets and hats piled up with fruit and flowers like a market gardener's cart, and they promenaded the mud in plain, thin shoes, guiltless, alike, of heels, buckles, rosettes, or sandals—and where are they all now? "1822" indeed! Why, Byron was alive still, and George the Third scarce cold in his grave, and David Garrick's widow was yet in the flesh. Brisbane is verily an old place for Australia. Nor Melbourne, nor Adelaide, nor Auckland can vie with it for antiquity. The old sloping path looked just the same in the days of "Tulip Wright" (of Melbourne-cum-Hobart) as it does in 1892, and a cruel piece of fun was poked at "our village" in the "fifties," and poked, too, with all naïve unconscious seriousness. The skipper of an English ship pulled up in his gig from the Bay, and, stopping at Baxter's ferry—Baxter himself was there—he quietly asked, "How much further up the river it was to Brisbane?" You can safely wager, gentle reader, that the horny-handed sons of Ipswich laughed galore, crowed lusty chanticleer, when they heard the story already related earlier in this book. For 70 tremendous years in Australia's history—such a 70 years as she may never again see in the way of growth and wonders—for three score and ten years has this old spot remained unchanged midst all the vicissitudes, joys, sorrows, births, loves, and deaths, crimes and godlike deeds of good, which have made up Australia's complex tale from 1822 to 1892; and, before the place gets "improved," we should advise those who have not seen it just to go and take a last peep at it, and "photographers please copy."

BRIDGET.

We really must devote an article to Bridget, for she devotes a great deal of *her* time to our articles; the labour is divided thus: We write them overnight, and Bridget lights the fire with them in the morning. Bridget's idiosyncrasy is peculiar; she has a mania for "tidying" matters. This same "tidying," however, must not,

on any account, be confounded with "cleaning," you know. The latter is *not* one of Bridget's weaknesses, by any means. If Bridget can manage to remove all the papers lying on the sideboard to the chiffonier, and all the papers lying on the chiffonier to the sideboard, every morning before we get up, then Bridget is happy indeed. The whole thing is quite perfect, the whole work crowned, provided *we* can never manage to find any single thing in the same place where we laid it overnight. If we stifle our natural irritability, and try to be reconciled to the change established under Bridget's new *régime*, then Bridget, the indefatigable, is at us again, and everything, by the next day, is once more "tidied" into some new position, and our weary hunt commences afresh. We regret that we have no phrenological cast of Bridget's head; it must surely have curious and rare developments somewhere on it. Bridget does not particularly object to dust; she never disturbs it; we can, and do, write our name, frequently, with our fingers on the mirrors and windows; but Bridget is quite impervious to all such feeble hints. Our lady friends inform us that the only antidote to "Bridgetism," is to get married ourselves. We pen these lines in fear and trembling, lest they should meet the basilisk eye of Bridget. We believe she can read a little, and if she sees them, will say, "Och! the craythur! fwhat 'id he be dhriuing at wid his badtherashin and nansince about his scraps av paypurs? Sure it's mesilf intoirely that kapes his bit av a place clane for him a tarl, a tarl." We shudder to contemplate what new form of torture a vindictive Bridget might invent for us! seeing how terribly we suffer already under Bridget's good intentions alone.

And, now, I am reminded that the space, which I set out for myself when I commenced this book, has been quite, and more than, filled; and, yet, the volume is not one whit more remarkable for what I have been able to record therein, than it is for that which—through want of room—I have been compelled to omit. The reminiscences, for 40 years, of that new and vivid life which came to Australia with the gold discovery, are matters not easily compressed into a few pages. However, the remedy will be easy hereafter, if the subject, so far, proves to be one of any interest; and, if not so, then this book is, already, long enough.

[The End.]

TABLE OF AVERAGE TEMPERATURES.

The following list gives the average temperature of a single year in the places specified. The exact "annual mean," of course, requires observations to be extended over a period of greater length than has been possible at some of them; but the table will be useful to show, generally, the position which Australia occupies with respect to the rest of the world in point of heat and cold. And I have given the approximate latitude of some of the places, in order to illustrate that temperature is not always governed by proximity to, or distance from, the equator. The thermometer is *not* a sentimental instrument, and its records form a sarcastic comment on the theory that a black man must not labour at Port Darwin, though he may at Havannah, or Batavia, especially, too, when we remember that Nature herself, for thousands of years past, acclimatized black and brown people in cool Tasmania, and still colder New Zealand, while, no *white* race ever originated in the tropics:—

Approximate latitude.	Distance from, or elevation above, the sea.	Name of place.	Average of a year's temperature, "Fahrenheit."	Approximate latitude.	Distance from, or elevation above, the sea.	Name of place.	Average of a year's temperature, "Fahrenheit."	
deg. min.			deg. points.	deg. min.			deg. points.	
12 28	Far inland	Port Darwin, N. Australia	84 30	43 7	1,921 feet	Toulon, France	62 06	
11 55		Pondicherry, India	83 75			Inverell, N. S. Wales	62 0	
11 5		Port Essington, N. Australia	82 80			Lisbon, Portugal		
16 16		Daly Waters, C. Australia	82 60			Toowoomba, Queensland		
10 27		Cumana, S. America	81 86			Naples, Italy	61 0	
17 18		Goode Island, Torres Straits	81 50			Nagasaki, Japan	60 80	
		Derby, W. Australia	81 0			Rome, Italy	60 40	
6 40		Colombo, Ceylon	80 70			Nice, France	60 0	
1 20		Bombay	79 70			43 36	Montpellier, France	59 36
		Singapore	79 0			33 24	Bathurst, N. S. Wales	59 20
22 23	Jamaica, W. Indies	78 90	37 0	Auckland, New Zealand	59 10			
	Calcutta	78 50	43 17	Marseilles, France	59 0			
6 10	Batavia	78 30	37 50	Melbourne, Australia	58 50			
21 10	Havannah, W. Indies	78 08	30 32	Armidale, N. S. Wales	58 30			
	Normanton, Queensland	78 0	36 22	Beechworth, Victoria	58 0			
Cossack, W. Australia	35 2		Albany, W. Australia	58 0				
Levuka, Fiji Islands	28 37		Stanthorpe, Queensland					
19 11	Travancore, S. India	41 26	44 50	Launceston, Tasmania	57 10			
	Vera Cruz, Mexico	77 92	41 50	Bordeaux, France	56 48			
15 28	Cooktown, Queensland	77 60	36 12	Coona, N. S. Wales	56 20			
14 36	Manilla	77 45	45 28	Milan, Italy	55 76			
	Seringapatam, India	77 0	42 53	Hobart, Tasmania	55 10			
19 15	Barbadoes, W. Indies	76 50	33 36	Mt. Victoria, N. S. W.				
	Townsville, Queensland	74 60	40 0	Pekin, China	55 0			
23 0	Mauritius	74 10	41 15	Wellington, New Zealand	54 70			
	Rio Janeiro	74 0	39 56	New York	53 80			
Onslow, W. Australia	Philadelpia, United States		53 42					
Boulia, Queensland	Bath, England		53 0					
30 2	Winton, Queensland	73 0	50 50	Brussels, Belgium	51 80			
	Cairo, Egypt	72 50	52 22	Amsterdam, Holland	51 62			
29 43	Grafton, N. S. Wales	72 50	42 18	1,337 feet	Oatlands, Tasmania	51 50		
23 21	Mackay, Queensland	72 0	48 50	Paris	51 08			
	Rockhampton, Queensland	72 0	48 12	Geneva, Switzerland	50 54			
30 3	Bourke, N. S. Wales	71 50	51 30	Vienna, Austria	50 36			
	(104 deg. Jan., 41 deg. July)	46 0	46 0	London				
35 0	Far inland	Thargomindah, Q'land	37 22	3,000 feet	Dunedin, New Zealand	50 30		
	Algiers, N. Africa	70 0	53 21	Mount Macedon, Victoria	49 50			
30 0	Clermont, Queensland	69 0	52 14	Dublin	49 10			
	Wallgett, N. S. Wales	68 60	55 57	Warsaw, Poland	48 56			
32 0	Port Natal, S. Africa	67 90	53 52	Edinburgh, Scotland	47 84			
27 50	Madeira, Canary Islands	67 50	55 45	4,640 feet	Kiandra, N. S. Wales	47 30		
	Brisbane, Queensland	67 70	55 45	Far inland	Copenhagen	45 68		
34 0	Charleville, Queensland	67 0	59 20	Moscow	43 50			
	Casino, N. S. Wales	66 50	46 47	Stockholm	42 26			
32 47	Malta	65 60	59 56	Toronto, Canada	42 20			
	Wentworth, N. S. Wales	65 10	70 0	Quebec, Canada	41 74			
34 50	Roma, Queensland	65 0	59 56	Fredericton, New Brunswick	39 40			
	Cape Town, S. Africa		70 0	Victoria, British Columbia	37 60			
33 51	New Orleans, U. S.	64 76	56 0	St. Petersburg, Russia	35 66			
	Port Macquarie, N. S. W.	64 10	73 0	North Cape	32 0			
36 30	Sydney	63 60		Winnipeg, Canada	29 70			
32 47	Cadiz	63 50		Nain, Labrador	26 50			
	Maitland, N. S. Wales	63 0		Godhaven	22 0			
34 50	Adelaide, S. Australia	62 80		Upernavik, Greenland	12 20			
				Melville Island, Arctic circle	1 25			

A decorative flourish consisting of symmetrical, flowing lines that frame the text. The lines are thin and elegant, with small diamond-shaped accents at the top and bottom center.

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